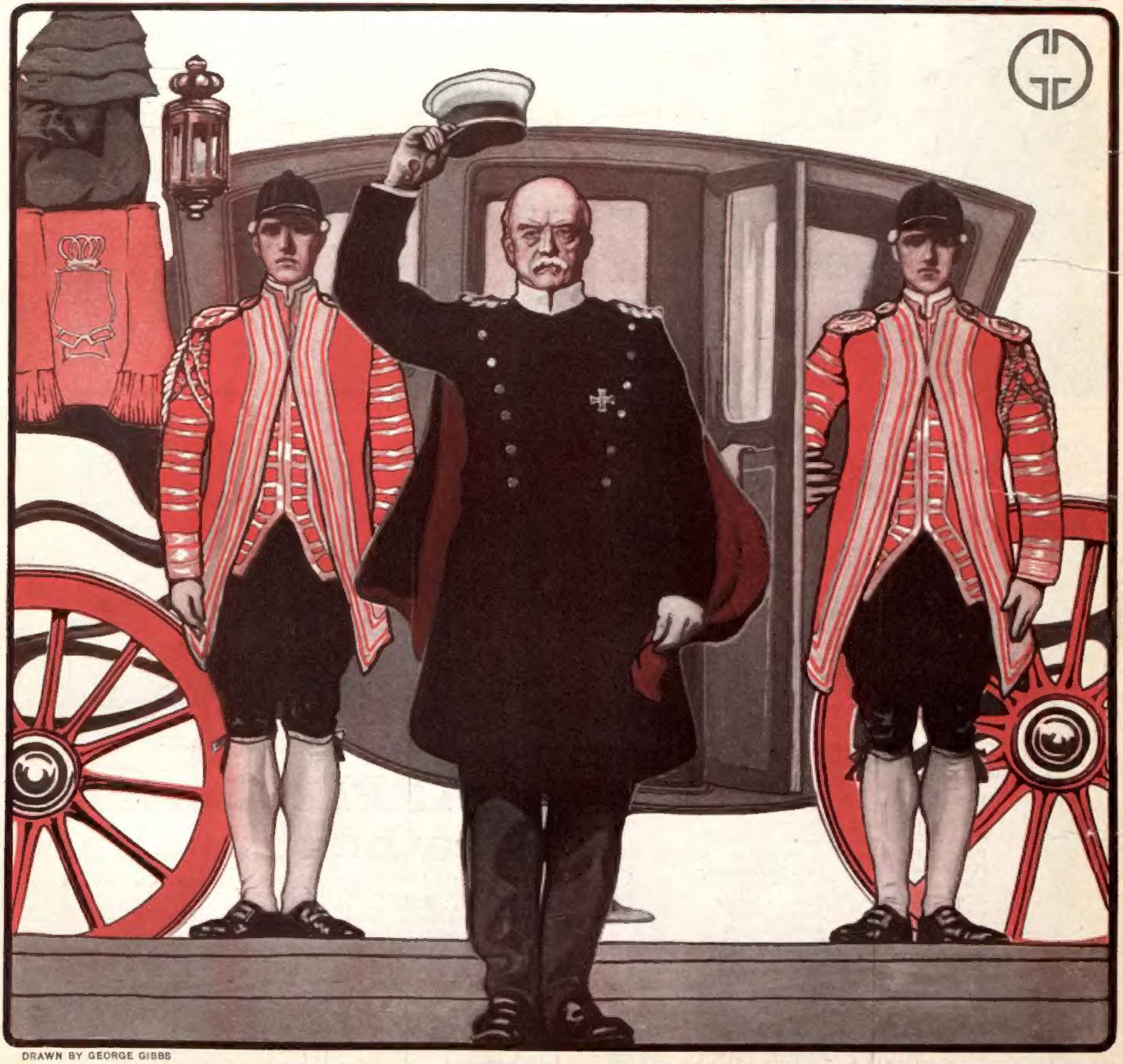
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A°. D'. 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

NOVEMBER 28, 1903 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

THE STOLEN INTERVIEW

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

AS YOUR LETTER GOES

Between Chicago St. Paul and Minneapolis the fast mail route is via the

CHICAGO
MILWAUKEE
AND
ST. PAUL
Railway

This is also the route of The Pioneer Limited, the train of trains to the Twin Cities. Other famous trains of this company are The Overland Limited, between Chicago, Omaha and San Francisco, and The Southwest Limited, Chicago and Kansas City. In crossing the continent, why not go one way and return another? Complete information about rates, routes and train service on request.

F. A. MILLER,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

The Crawford Shoe
For Men & Women, $3.50

Ask Your Friends

If they wear Crawford Shoes

If they do they will show you Crawford Styles that cannot be duplicated elsewhere for less than $7.00. They will tell you Crawford Lasts are the most comfortable in the world. They will prove to you that Crawford Materials are the best because they outwear all other $3.50 shoes.

This is the testimony that makes our business double every year. Wearers of Crawford Shoes are the best advertisement we have. One trial of Crawford Shoes will make *you* an enthusiast.

A FREE SUBSCRIPTION

Send us your name and address on a postal and you will receive regularly the famous Crawford Fashion Books. Out four times a year. They keep you up-to-date on Custom Styles in Shoes.

Crawford Shoe Makers
MAIL ORDER DEPT., SECTION 38
138 Duane Street, New York City

MEN'S STORES
New York, 93-95 Nassau St., cor. Fulton St.
1363 Broadway, Herald Square, 36th St.
150 W. 125th St., near 7th Ave.
825 Broadway, bet. 12th and 13th Sts.
1733 Amsterdam Ave.
Brooklyn, 433 Fulton St., near Jay St.
Brooklyn, 189 Broadway, near Driggs Ave.
Brooklyn, 956 Broadway, near Stuyvesant Ave.
Washington, 903 Penna. Ave., near 9th St.
Baltimore, 208 E. Baltimore St., near Calvert St.
Phila., 1120 Chestnut St., bet. 11th and 12th Sts.
Richmond, Va., 23 W. Broad St.
Troy, N. Y., 314-316 Fulton St.
Schenectady, N. Y., 455 State Street.
Providence, R. I., 149-153 Westminster St.
Easton, Pa., 342 Northampton St.
Denver, Colo., 1220-1228 16th St.

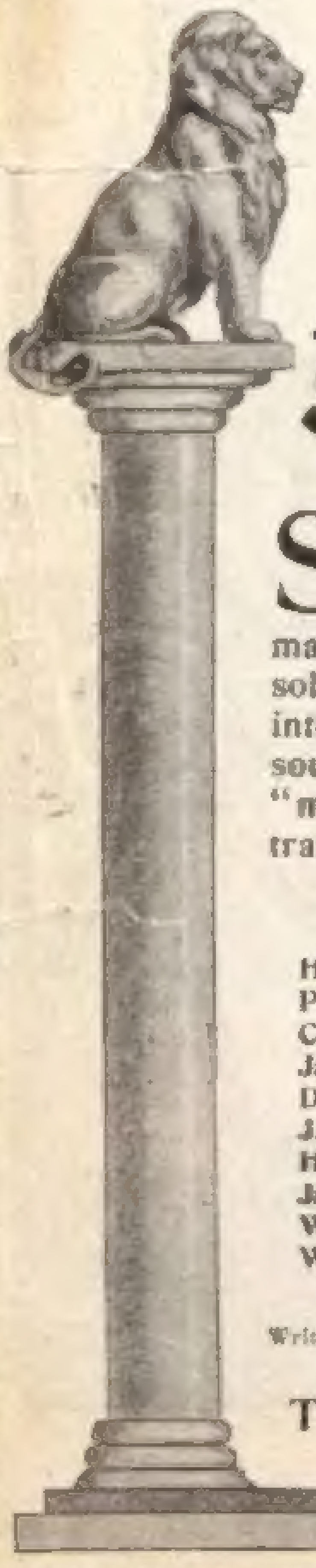
WOMEN'S STORES
New York, 150 W. 125th St., near 7th Ave.
137 Fulton St., cor. Nassau St.
825 Broadway, between 12th and 13th Sts.
1363 Broadway, Herald Square, 36th St.
1733 Amsterdam Ave.
Brooklyn, 433 Fulton St., near Jay St.
Brooklyn, 189 Broadway, near Driggs Ave.
Phila., 1120 Chestnut St., bet. 11th and 12th Sts.
Baltimore, 208 E. Baltimore St., near Calvert St.
Washington, 928 Penna. Ave., near 9th St.
Providence, R. I., 149-153 Westminster St.

FACTORIES: New York City; Brockton, Mass.

Bachelor

Order No. 816 — Box Calf, Blucher, Medium Narrow Toe, Flat Last, Military Heel, New Extension, Double Sole. **No. 823** — Velour Calf, Medium Sole. **No. 835** — Russet Calf, Medium Sole.

Crawford Shoes are sent most anywhere for $3.75 per pair, delivered free. Special low shipping rates to far distant points.



4%
Absolute Security

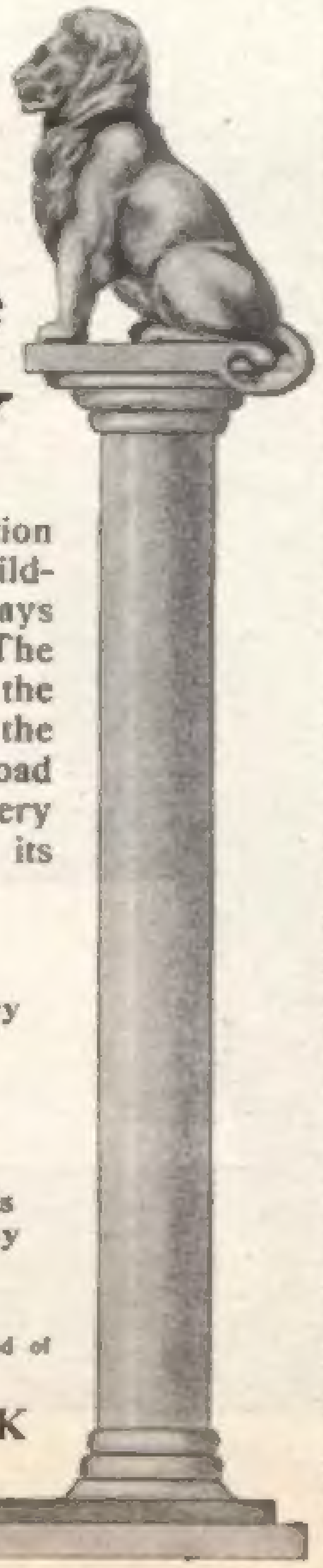
SECURITY is the first consideration in choosing a bank. A solid building and secure vaults do not always make a solid bank — but they help. The solidity of this bank is based on the integrity of its $1,000,000 capital, the sound banking methods and broad "margin of safety" insisted upon in every transaction, and the character of its

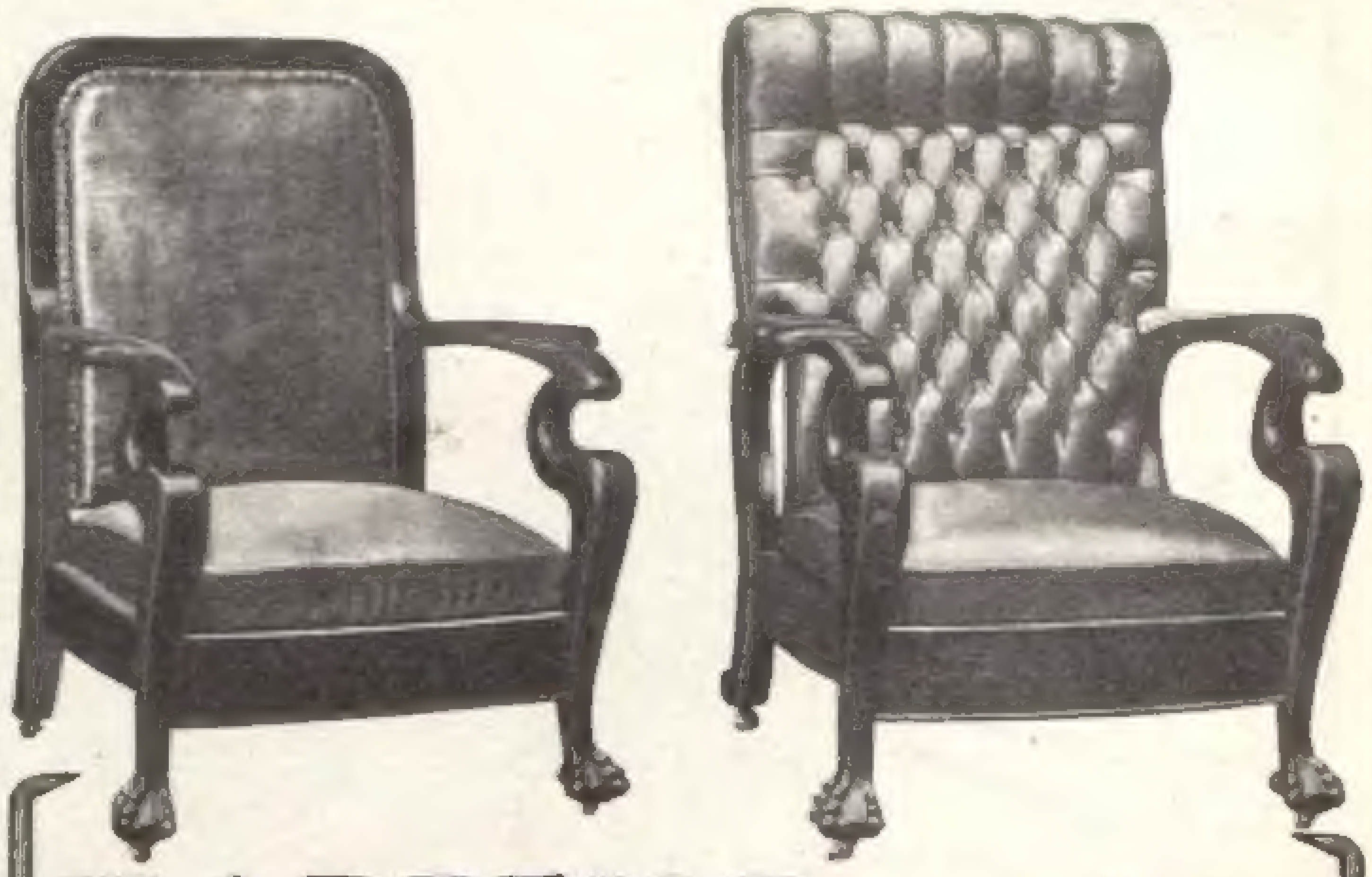
BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Henry C. Frick
P. C. Knox
Charles Lockhart
James McCrea
David E. Park
J. A. Schoonmaker
Henry C. Fownes
James H. Lockhart
William B. Schiller
William N. Frew
A. W. Mellon
H. C. McEldowney
R. B. Mellon
Frank J. Hearne
John B. Finley
James H. Hyde
Frank B. Smith
Edward A. Woods
George I. Whitney
B. F. Jones, Jr.
George E. Shaw

Write for illustrated booklet No. 2, describing our method of safe banking by mail, paying 4 per cent. interest

THE UNION SAVINGS BANK
Frick Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.





KARPEN Genuine Leather Furniture

is the only upholstered furniture guaranteed by the maker — the only upholstered furniture bearing a trade-mark. It must give satisfactory wear or your money back. This makes it the only safe upholstered furniture to buy. Every piece is marked with the two trade-marks below. Refuse substitutes offered by unreliable dealers. Leading dealers have our goods. The prices are no higher than you pay for ordinary furniture. The designs are by far the most graceful. The workmanship thorough — materials the very best. The covering is the best leather made, — Karpen Sterling Genuine Leather. The spring work is U. S. Government standard and is specified in all government furniture.

Sold by high-grade furniture dealers everywhere. Don't forget that most of the leather furniture offered for sale is covered with cheap split leather which looks well only when new, but wears shabby, cracks and peels in a short time.

Karpen
Guaranteed
Upholstered
Furniture
CHICAGO

Insist on seeing these trade-marks on all the leather upholstered furniture you buy. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

Karpen
Leather
Furniture

Send today for our free booklet. It exposes the shams in leather furniture, shows over 300 beautiful and correct Karpen designs, and tells how and where they may be best used.

S. Karpen & Bros., Karpen Building, **Chicago**
ESTABLISHED 1880.
Largest Makers of Fine Upholstered Furniture in the World

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1903, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain

Founded A°D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 176 PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 28, 1903 Number 22

THE STOLEN INTERVIEW

"Tommy" Shows Aptitude for Journalism

By JEROME K. JEROME

Copyright, 1903, by Jerome K. Jerome. Copyright in Great Britain

"COME in," said Peter Hope.

Peter Hope was tall and thin, clean-shaven but for a pair of side-whiskers close-cropped and terminating just below the ear, with hair of the kind referred to by sympathetic barbers as "getting a little thin on the top, sir," but arranged with economy, that everywhere is poverty's true helpmate. About Mr. Peter Hope's linen, which was white though somewhat frayed, there was a self-assertiveness that invariably arrested the attention of even the most casual observer. Decidedly there was too much of it—its ostentation aided and abetted by the retiring nature of the cutaway coat, whose aim and object clearly was to slip off and disappear behind its owner's back. "I'm a poor old thing," it seemed to say; "I don't shine—or rather, I shine too much—among these up-to-date young modes. I only hamper you. You would be much more comfortable without me!" To persuade it to accompany him its proprietor had to employ force, keeping fastened the lowest of its three buttons. At every step it struggled for its liberty. Another characteristic of Peter's, linking him to the past, was his black silk cravat, secured by a pair of gold pins chained together. Watching him as he now sat writing, his long legs, encased in tightly-strapped gray trousering, crossed beneath the table, the lamplight falling on his fresh-complexioned face, upon the shapely hand that steadied the half-written sheet, a stranger might have rubbed his eyes, wondering by what hallucination he thus found himself in presence seemingly of some young beau belonging to the early forties, but looking closer would have seen the many wrinkles.

"Come in," repeated Mr. Peter Hope, raising his voice but not his eyes.

The door opened and a small white face, out of which gleamed a pair of bright black eyes, was thrust sideways into the room.

"Come in," repeated Mr. Peter Hope for the third time; "who is it?"

A hand not overclean, grasping a greasy cloth cap, appeared below the face.

"Not ready yet," said Mr. Hope; "sit down and wait."

The door opened wider and the whole of the figure slid in, and closing the door behind it, sat itself down upon the extreme edge of the chair nearest.

"Which are you—Central News or Courier?" demanded Mr. Peter Hope, but without looking up from his work.

The bright black eyes, which had just commenced an examination of the room by a careful scrutiny of the smoke-grimed ceiling, descended and fixed themselves on the one clearly-defined bald patch on his head, that, had he been aware of it, would have troubled Mr. Peter Hope. But the full red lips beneath the turned-up nose remained motionless.

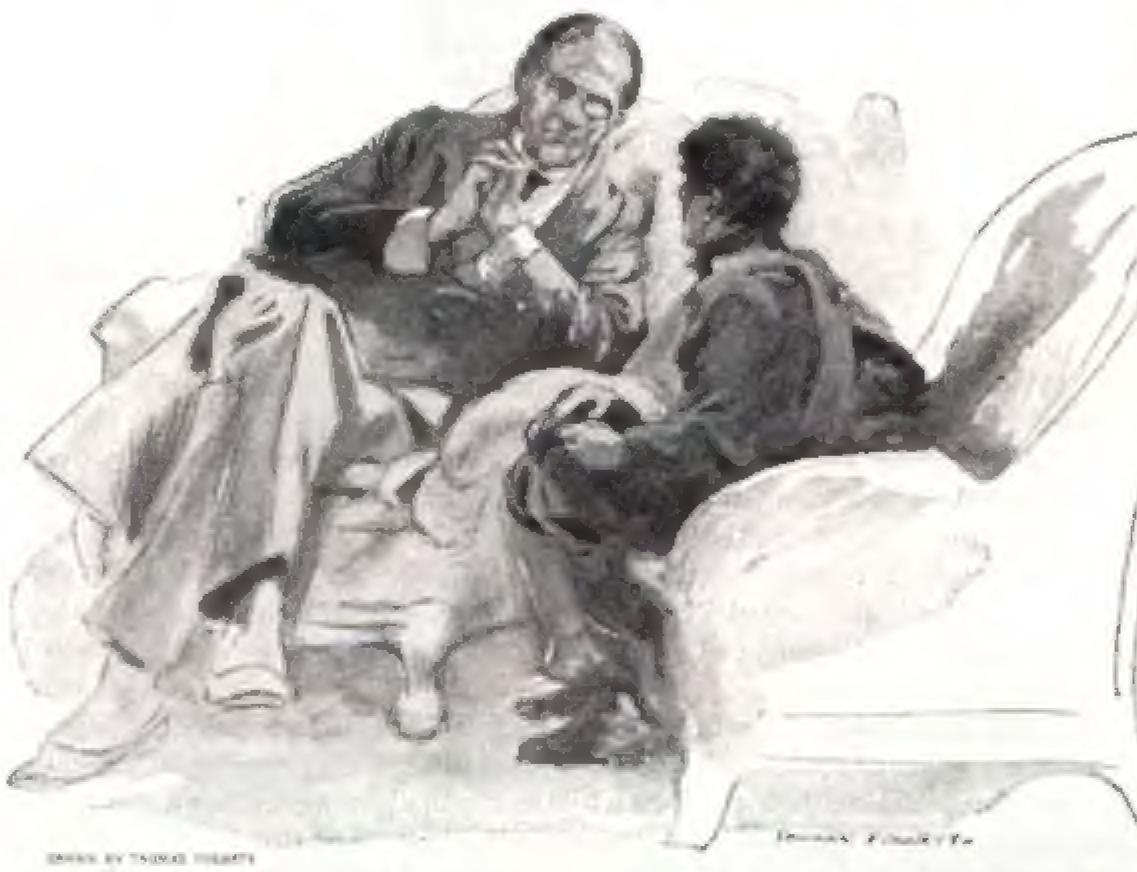
That he had received no answer to his question appeared to have escaped the attention of Mr. Peter Hope. The thin white hand moved steadily to and fro across the paper. Three more sheets were added to those upon the floor. Then Mr. Peter Hope pushed back his chair and turned his gaze for the first time upon his visitor.

To Peter Hope, hack journalist, long familiar with the genus Printer's Devil, small white face, tangled hair, dirty hands and greasy caps were common objects in the neighborhood of that buried rivulet, the Fleet. But this was a new species. Peter Hope sought his spectacles, found them after some trouble under a heap of newspapers, adjusted them upon his high arched nose, leaned forward and looked long and up and down.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Peter Hope; "what is it?"

The figure rose to its full height of five feet one and came forward slowly.

Over a tight-fitting garibaldi of blue silk, excessively décolleté, it wore what once had been a boy's pepper-and-salt jacket. A worsted comforter wound round the neck still left a wide expanse of throat showing above the garibaldi. Below the jacket fell a long black skirt, the train of which had been looped up about the waist and fastened with a cricket belt.


DRAWN BY THOMAS FOGARTY

"AND YOU'LL LET ME INTERVIEW YOU?" ASKED "TOMMY"

"Who are you? What do you want?" asked Mr. Peter Hope.

For answer, the figure, passing the greasy cap into its other hand, stooped down and, seizing the front of the long skirt, began to haul it up.

"Don't do that," said Mr. Peter Hope. "I say, you know, you——"

But by this time the skirt had practically disappeared, leaving to view a pair of much-patched trousers, diving into the right-hand pocket of which the dirty hand drew forth a folded paper, which, having opened and smoothed out, it laid upon the desk.

Mr. Peter Hope pushed up his spectacles till they rested on his eyebrows, and read out aloud:

Steak and kidney pie, ... 4d.
Do. (large size), ... 6d.
Boiled mutton——

"That's where I've been for the last two weeks," said the figure. "Hammond's Eating-House!"

The listener noticed with surprise that the voice, though it told him as plainly as if he had risen and drawn aside the red rep curtains, that outside in Gough Square the yellow fog lay like the ghost of a dead sea, betrayed no cockney accent, found no difficulty with its aitches.

"You ask for Emma. She'll say a good word for me. She told me so."

"But, my good——" Mr. Peter Hope, checking himself, sought again the assistance of his glasses. The glasses being unable to decide the point, their owner had to put the question bluntly.

"Are you a boy or a girl?"

"I dunno."

"You don't know!"

"What's the difference?"

Mr. Peter Hope stood up and taking the strange figure by the shoulders turned it round slowly twice, apparently under the impression that the process might afford to him some clew.

"What is your name?"

"'Tommy.'"

"'Tommy' what?"

"Anything you like. I dunno. I've had so many of 'em."

"What do you want? What have you come for?"

"You're Mr. Hope, ain't you, second floor, sixteen Gough Square?"

"That is my name."

"You want somebody to do for you?"

"You mean a housekeeper?"

"Didn't say anything about housekeeper. Said you wanted somebody to do for you—cook and clean the place up. Heard 'em talking about it in the shop this afternoon. Old lady in a green bonnet was asking Mother Hammond if she knew of any one."

"Mrs. Postwhistle—yes, I did ask her to look out for some one for me. Why, do you know of any one—have you been sent by anybody?"

"You don't want anything too 'laborate in the way o' cooking? You was a simple old chap, so they said; not much trouble."

"No—no. I don't want much—some one clean and respectable. But why couldn't she come herself? Who is it?"

"Well, what's wrong about me?"

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Peter Hope.

"Why won't I do? I can make beds and clean rooms—all that sort o' thing. As for cooking, I've got a natural aptitude for it. You ask Emma. She'll tell you. You don't want nothing 'laborate?

"Done a lot of looking after other people for their benefit," continued "Tommy." "Don't see why I shouldn't do it for my own."

"My dear—I do wish I knew whether you were a boy or a girl. Do you seriously suggest that I should engage you as my housekeeper?" asked Mr. Peter Hope, now upright with his back to the fire.

"I'd do for you all right," persisted "Tommy." "You give me my grub and a shake-down and, say, sixpence a week, and I'll grumble less than most of 'em."

"Don't be ridiculous," said Mr. Peter Hope.

"You won't try me?"

"Of course not; you must be mad."

"All right. No harm done." The dirty hand reached out toward the desk, and possessing itself again of Hammond's bill-of-fare, commenced the operations necessary for bearing it away in safety.

"Here's a shilling for you," said Mr. Peter Hope.

"Rather not," said "Tommy." "Thanks all the same."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Peter Hope.

"Rather not," repeated "Tommy." "Never know where that sort of thing may lead you to."

"All right," said Mr. Peter Hope, replacing the coin in his pocket. "Don't!"

The figure moved toward the door.

"Wait a minute. Wait a minute," said Mr. Peter Hope irritably.

The figure, with its hand upon the door, stood still.

"Are you going back to Hammond's?"

"No. I've finished there. Only took me on for a couple o' weeks, while one of the gals was ill. She came back this morning."

"Who are your people?"

"Tommy" seemed puzzled.

"What d'ye mean?"

"Well, whom do you live with?"

"Nobody."

"You've got nobody to look after you—to take care of you?"

"Take care of me! D'ye think I'm a bloomin' kid?"

"Then where are you going to now?"

"Going? Out."

Peter Hope's irritation was growing.

"I mean, where are you going to sleep? Got any money for a lodging?"

"Yes, I've got some money," answered "Tommy." "But I don't think much o' lodgings. Not a particular nice class as you meet there. I shall sleep out to-night. 'Tain't raining."

For no reason whatever, as he told himself, Peter's memory would persist in wandering to Ilford Cemetery, in a certain desolate corner of which lay a fragile little woman whose lungs had been but ill-adapted to breathing London fogs; with, on the top of her, a still smaller and still more fragile mite of humanity, that in compliment to its only relative worth a penny-piece had been christened Thomas, a name common enough in all conscience, as Peter had reminded himself more than once. In the name of common-sense, what had dead-and-buried Tommy Hope to do with this affair? The whole thing was the veriest sentiment, and sentiment was Mr. Peter Hope's abomination. Now and then the suspicion had crossed Peter's mind that he was something of a sentimentalist himself—things had suggested this to him. The fear had always made him savage.

"You wait here till I come back," he growled, seizing the astonished "Tommy" by the worsted comforter and spinning it into the centre of the room. "Sit down, and don't you dare to move." And Peter went out and slammed the door behind him.

"Oh, well, it's all in the day's work," commented "Tommy" cheerfully, and sat down as bid.

Five minutes passed, maybe ten. Then Peter returned accompanied by a large, restful lady to whom surprise—one felt it instinctively—had always been and always would remain an unknown quantity.

"Tommy" rose.

"That's the—the article," explained Peter.

Mrs. Postwhistle compressed her lips and slightly tossed her head. It was the attitude of not ill-natured contempt from which she regarded most human affairs.

"That's right," said Mrs. Postwhistle, "I remember seeing 'er there—leastways it was an 'er right enough then. What 'ave you done with your clothes?"

"They weren't mine," explained "Tommy." "They were things what Mrs. Hammond had lent me."

"Is that your own?" asked Mrs. Postwhistle, indicating the blue silk garibaldi.

"Yes."

"What went with it?"

"Tights. They were too far gone."

"What made you give up the tumbling business and go to Mrs. 'Ammond's?"

"It gave me up. Hurt myself."

"Who were you with last?"

"Martini troupe."

"And before that?"

"Oh, heaps of 'em."

"Nobody ever told you whether you was a boy or a girl?"

"Nobody as I'd care to believe. Some of them called me the one, some of them the other. It depended upon what was wanted."

"How old are you?"

"I dunno."

Mrs. Postwhistle turned to Peter, who was jingling keys. "Well, there's the bed upstairs. It's for you to decide."

"What I don't want to do," explained Peter, sinking his voice to a confidential whisper, "is to make a fool of myself."

"That's always a good rule," agreed Mrs. Postwhistle, "for those to whom it's possible."

"Anyhow," said Peter, "one night can't do any harm. To-morrow we can think what's to be done."

"To-morrow" had always been Peter's lucky day. At the mere mention of the magic date his spirits invariably rose. He now turned upon "Tommy" a countenance from which all hesitation was banished.

"Very well, 'Tommy,'" said Mr. Peter Hope, "you can sleep here to-night. Go with Mrs. Postwhistle and she'll show you your room."

The black eyes shone. "You're going to give me a trial?"

"We'll talk about all that to-morrow."

The black eyes clouded. "Look here. I tell you straight, it ain't no good."

"What do you mean? What isn't any good?" demanded Peter.

"You'll want to send me to prison."

"To prison!"

"Oh, yes. You'll call it a school, I know. You ain't the first that's tried that on. It won't work." The bright black eyes were flashing passionately. "I ain't done any harm. I'm willing to work. I can keep myself. I always have. What's it got to do with anybody else?"

Had the bright black eyes retained their expression of passionate defiance, Peter Hope might have retained his common-sense. Only, Fate arranged that instead they should suddenly fill with wild tears. And at sight of them Peter's common-sense went out of the room disgusted and there was born the history of many things.

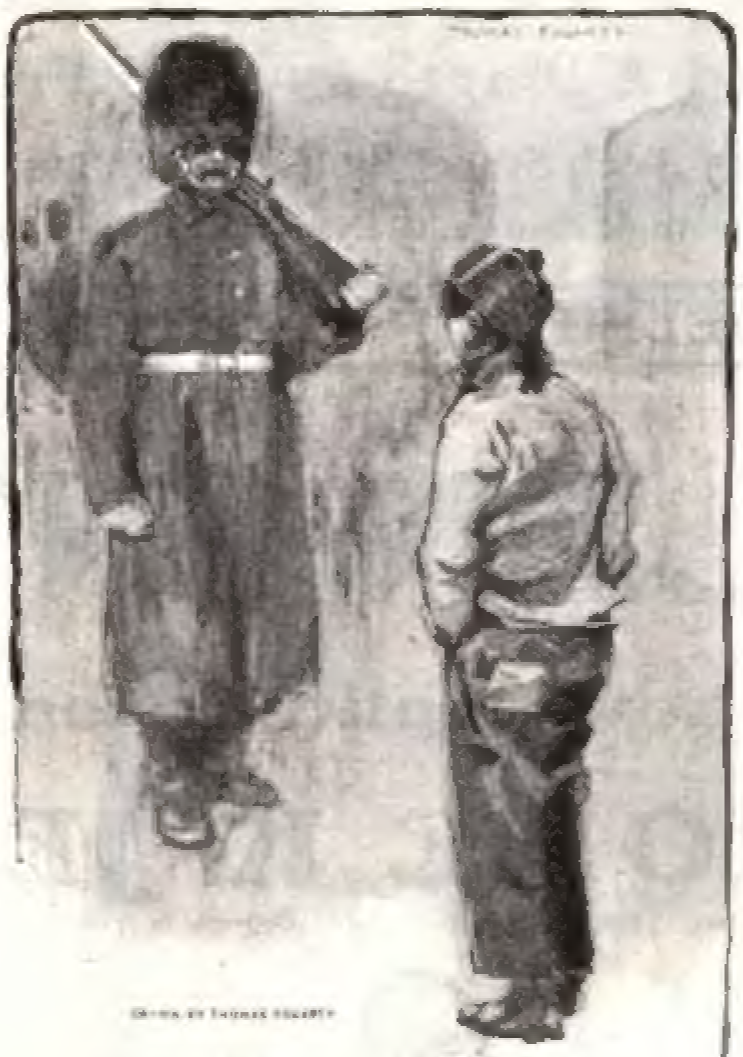
"Don't be silly," said Peter. "You didn't understand. Of course I'm going to give you a trial. You're going to 'do' for me. I merely meant that we'd leave the details till to-morrow. Come, housekeeper, don't cry."

The little wet face looked up. "You mean it—honor bright?"

"Honor bright. Now go and wash yourself. Then you shall get me my supper."

The odd figure, still heaving from its paroxysm of sobs, stood up. "And I have my grub, my lodging and sixpence a week?"

"Yes, yes. I think that's a fair arrangement," agreed Mr. Peter Hope, considering; "don't you, Mrs. Postwhistle?"



"NOW, THEN, YOUNG SEVENTEEN-AND-SIXPENCE THE SOOT," SAID THE SENTRY, "WOT DO YOU WANT?"

"With a frock—or a suit of trousers thrown in," suggested Mrs. Postwhistle. "It's generally done."

"If it's the custom, certainly," agreed Mr. Peter Hope. "Sixpence a week and clothes."

And this time it was Peter that sat waiting the return of "Tommy."

"I rather hope," said Peter, "it's a boy. It was the fogs, you know. If I could only have afforded to send him away."

The door opened.

"Ah, that's better, much better," said Mr. Peter Hope. "'Pon my word, you look quite respectable."

By the practicable Mrs. Postwhistle a working agreement, benefiting both parties, had been arrived at with the long-trained skirt; while an ample shawl, arranged with judgment, disguised the nakedness that lay beneath. Peter, a fastidious gentleman, observed with satisfaction that the hands, now clean, had been well cared for.

"Give me that cap," said Peter. He threw it in the glowing fire. It burned brightly, diffusing strange odors.

"There's a traveling cap of mine hanging up in the passage; you can wear that for the present. Take this half-sovereign and get me some cold meat and beer for supper. You'll find everything else you want in that sideboard or else in the kitchen. Don't ask me a hundred questions and don't make a noise," and Peter went back to his work.

"Good idea, that half-sovereign," said Peter; "sha'n't be bothered with 'Master Tommy' any more—don't expect. Starting a nursery at our time of life. Madness." Peter's pen scratched and spluttered.

"Quarter of an hour," said Peter, looking at his watch. "Told you so." The article on which Peter was now engaged appeared to be of a worrying nature.

"Then why," said Peter, "why did he refuse that shilling? Artfulness," concluded Peter, "pure artfulness. We've got out of this business cheaply. Good idea, that half-sovereign." Peter gave vent to a chuckle.

But luck evidently was not with Peter that night.

"Pingles was sold out," explained "Tommy," entering with parcels; "had to go to Bow's in Farringdon Street."

"Oh," said Peter without looking up.

"Tommy" passed through into the little kitchen behind. Peter wrote on rapidly, making up for lost time.

"Good," murmured Peter, smiling to himself; "that's a neat phrase. That ought to irritate them."

Now, as he wrote, while with noiseless footsteps "Tommy," unseen behind him, moved to and fro and in and out the little kitchen, there came to Peter Hope this very curious experience: It felt to him as if for a long time he had been ill—so ill as not even to have been aware of it—and that now he was beginning to be himself again; consciousness of things returning to him. This solidly-furnished, long, oak-paneled room, with its air of Old-World dignity of repose—this sober, kindly room in which for more than half his life he had lived and worked: why had he forgotten it? It came forward greeting him with an amused smile, as of some friend long parted from the faded photos in stiff wooden frames upon the chimney-piece, among them that of the fragile little woman with the unadaptable lungs. "God bless my soul," said Mr. Peter Hope, pushing back his chair. "It's thirty years ago. How time does fly. Why, let me see, I must be——"

"D'you like it with a head on it?" demanded "Tommy," who had been waiting patiently for signs.

Peter shook himself awake and went to his supper.

A bright idea occurred to Peter in the night. "Of course; why didn't I think of it before? Settle the question at once." Peter fell into an easy sleep.

"'Tommy,'" said Peter as he sat himself down to breakfast the next morning—"By the by," with a puzzled expression, putting down his cup, "what is this?"

"Cauffee," Tommy informed him; "you said cauffee."

"Oh," replied Peter, "for the future, 'Tommy,' if you don't mind, I will take tea of a morning."

"All the same to me," explained the agreeable "Tommy"—"it's your breakfast."

"What I was about to say," continued Peter, "was that you're not looking very well, 'Tommy.'"

"I'm all right," asserted "Tommy"; "never nothing the matter with me."

"Not that you know of, perhaps, but one can be in a very bad way, 'Tommy,' without being aware of it. I cannot have any one about me that I am not sure is in thoroughly sound health."

"If you mean you've changed your mind and want to get rid of me," began "Tommy," with its chin in the air.

"I don't want any of your uppishness," snapped Peter, who had wound himself up for the occasion to a degree of assertiveness that surprised even himself. "If you are a thoroughly strong and healthy person, as I think you are, I shall be very glad to retain your services. But upon that point I must be satisfied. It is the custom," explained Peter. "It is always done in good families. Run round to this address"—Peter wrote it upon a leaf of his notebook—"and ask Doctor Smith to come and see me before he begins his round. You go at once, and don't let us have any argument."

"That is the way to talk to that young person—clearly," said Peter to himself, listening to "Tommy's" footsteps dying down the stairs. Hearing the street door slam, Peter stole into the kitchen and brewed himself a cup of coffee.

"Dr. Smith," who had commenced life as Herr Schmidt, but who, in consequence of differences of opinion with his Government, was now an Englishman with strong Tory prejudices, had but one sorrow: it was that strangers would mistake him for a foreigner. He was short and stout, with bushy eyebrows and a gray mustache, and looked so fierce that children cried when they saw him, until he patted them upon the head and addressed them as "mein leedle frent" in a voice so soft and tender that they had to leave off howling just to wonder where it came from. He and Peter, who was a vehement Radical, had been cronies for many years, and had each an indulgent contempt for the other's understanding, tempered by a sincere affection for one another they would have found it difficult to account for.

"What tink you is de matter wid de leedle wench?" demanded Doctor Smith, Peter having opened the case. Peter glanced round the room. The kitchen door was closed.

"How do you know it's a wench?"

The eyes beneath the bushy brows grew rounder. "If it is not a wench why dress it——"

"Haven't dressed it," interrupted Peter; "just what I'm waiting to do—so soon as I know;" and Peter recounted the events of the preceding evening.

Tears gathered in the Doctor's small, round eyes. His absurd sentimentalism was the quality in his friend that most irritated Peter.

"What mean you to do wid it?" inquired the Doctor.

"I don't know," confessed Peter. "If it's a boy, as I rather think it is, maybe I'll be able to find it a place in one of the offices—after I've taught it a little civilization."

"And if it be a girl?"

"How can it be a girl when it wears trousers?" demanded Peter. "Why anticipate difficulties?"

Peter, alone, paced to and fro, his hands behind his back, his ear on the alert to catch the slightest sound from above.

"I do hope it is a boy," said Peter, glancing up.

Peter's eyes rested on the photo of the fragile little woman gazing down at him from its stiff frame upon the chimney-piece. Thirty years ago Peter had paced this same room, his hands behind his back, his ear alert to catch the slightest sound from above—had said to himself the same words.

"It's odd," mused Peter, "very odd indeed."

The door opened. The stout Doctor, preceded at a little distance by his watchchain, entered and closed the door behind him.

"A fery healty child," said the Doctor; "as fine a child as any one could wish to see. A girl."

The two old gentlemen looked at one another.

"What am I to do with it?" demanded Peter.

"A very awkward position for you," agreed the sympathetic Doctor.

"I was a fool," declared Peter.

"You haf no one here to look after de leedle wench when you are away," pointed out the thoughtful Doctor.

"And from what I've seen of the imp," added Peter, "it will want some looking after."

"I tink—I tink," said the helpful Doctor, "I see a way out!"

"What?"

The Doctor thrust his fierce face forward and tapped knowingly with his right forefinger the right side of his round nose. "*I* will take charge of de leedle wench."

"You!"

"To me the case will not present the same difficulties. I haf a housekeeper."

"Oh, yes—Mrs. Whateley."

"She is a goot woman, when you know her," explained the Doctor. "She only wants managing."

"Pooh!" ejaculated Peter.

"Why do you say that?" inquired the Doctor.

"You! bringing up a headstrong girl. The idea!"

"I should be kind, but firm."

"You don't know her."

"How long haf you known her?"

"Anyhow, I'm not a soft-hearted sentimentalist that would just spoil the child."

"Girls are not boys," persisted the Doctor; "they want different treatment."

"Well, I'm not a brute," snarled Peter. "Besides, suppose she turns out rubbish. What do we know about her?"

"I take my chance," agreed the generous Doctor.

"It wouldn't be fair," retorted honest Peter.

"Tink it over," said the Doctor. "A place is never home widout de leedle feet. We Englishmen love the home. You are different. You haf no sentiment."

"I cannot help feeling," explained Peter, "a sense of duty in this matter. The child came to me. It is as if this thing had been laid upon me."

"If you look upon it that way, Peter," sighed the Doctor.

"With sentiment," went on Peter, "I have nothing to do; but duty—duty is quite another thing." Peter, feeling himself an ancient Roman, thanked the Doctor and shook hands with him.

"Tommy," summoned, appeared.

"The Doctor, 'Tommy,'" said Peter, without looking up from his writing, "gives a very satisfactory account of you. So you can stop."

"Told you so," returned "Tommy"; "might have saved your money."

"But we shall have to find you another name."

"What for?"

"If you are to be a housekeeper you must be a girl."

"Don't like girls."

"Can't say I think much of them myself, 'Tommy.' We must make the best of it. To begin with, we must get you proper clothes."

"Hate skirts. They hamper you."

"'Tommy,'" said Peter severely, "don't argue."

"Pointing out facts ain't arguing," argued "Tommy." "They do hamper you. You try 'em."

The clothes were quickly made, and after a while they came to fit; but the name proved more difficult of adjustment. A sweet-faced, laughing lady, known to fame by a title respectable and orthodox, appears an honored guest to-day at many a literary gathering. But the old fellows, pressing round, still call her "Tommy."

The week's trial came to an end. Peter, whose digestion was delicate, had had a happy thought.

"What I propose, 'Tommy'—I mean 'Jane,'" said Peter, "is that we should get in a woman to do just the mere cooking. That will give you more time to—to attend to other things, 'Tommy'—'Jane,' I mean."

"What other things?" chin in the air.

"The—the keeping of the rooms in order, 'Tommy.' The—the dusting."

"Don't want twenty-four hours a day to dust four rooms."

"Then there are messages, 'Tommy.' It would be a great advantage to me to have some one I could send on a message without feeling I was interfering with the housework."

"What are you driving at?" demanded "Tommy." "Why, I don't have half enough to do as it is. I can do all ——"

Peter put his foot down. "When I say a thing I mean a thing. The sooner you understand that, the better. How dare you argue with me. Fiddle-de-dee." For two pins Peter would have employed an expletive even stronger, so determined was he feeling.

"Tommy" without another word left the room.

Poor Peter! his triumph was short-lived. Five minutes later "Tommy" returned, clad in the long black skirt, supported by the cricket belt, the blue garibaldi cut décolleté, the pepper-and-salt jacket, the worsted comforter, the red lips very tightly pressed, the long lashes over the black eyes moving very rapidly.

"'Tommy'" (severely), "what is this tomfoolery?"

"I understand. I ain't no good to you. Thanks for giving me a trial. My fault."

"'Tommy'" (less severely), "don't be an idiot."

"Ain't an idiot. 'Twas Emma. Told me I was good at cooking. Said I'd got an aptitude for it. She meant well."

"'Tommy'" (no trace of severity), "sit down—Emma was quite right. Your cooking is—is promising. As Emma puts it, you have aptitude. Your—your perseverance, your hopefulness prove it."

"Then why d'ye want to get some one else in to do it?"

If Peter could have answered truthfully! If Peter could have replied:

"My dear, I am a lonely old gentleman. I did not know it until—until the other day. Now I cannot forget it again. Wife and child died many years ago. I was poor or I might have saved them. That made me hard. The clock of my life stood still. I hid away the key. I did not want to think. You crept to me out of the cruel fog; awakened old dreams. Do not go away any more," perhaps "Tommy," in spite of her fierce independence, would have consented to be useful; and thus Peter might have gained his end at less cost of indigestion. But the penalty for being an anti-sentimentalist is that you must not talk like this even to yourself. So Peter had to cast about for other methods.

"Why shouldn't I keep two servants if I like!" It did seem hard on the old gentleman.

"What's the sense of paying two to do the work of one? You would only be keeping me on out of charity." The black eyes flashed. "I ain't a beggar."

"And you really think, 'Tommy'—I should say 'Jane'—you can manage the—the whole of it? You won't mind being sent on a message, perhaps in the very middle of your cooking? It was that I was thinking of, 'Tommy'—some cooks would."

"You go easy," "Tommy" advised him, "till I complain of having too much to do."

Peter returned to his desk.

The fortnight that followed was a period of trouble to Peter, for "Tommy," her suspicions having been aroused, was skeptical of "business" demanding that Peter should dine with this man at the club, lunch with this editor at the Cheshire Cheese. At once the chin would go up into the air, the black eyes cloud threateningly. Peter, an unmarried man for thirty years, lacking experience, would, under cross-examination, contradict himself, become confused, break down over essential points.

"Really," grumbled Peter to himself one evening, sawing at a mutton chop; "really, there's no other word for it—I'm henpecked." Peter that day had "looked forward to a little dinner at a favorite restaurant—with his dear old friend Blenkinsopp, a bit of a gourmet, 'Tommy'; that means a man who likes what you would call elaborate cooking!"—forgetful at the moment that he had used up Blenkinsopp three days before for a farewell supper, Blenkinsopp having to set out the next morning for Egypt. Peter was not facile at invention. Names had always been a difficulty to him.

Another happy thought occurred to Peter.

"'Tommy'—I mean 'Jane,'" said Peter, "I know what I'll do with you."

"What's the game now?"

"I'll make a journalist of you."

"Don't talk rot."

"It isn't rot. Besides, I won't have you answer me like that. As a Devil—that means, 'Tommy,' the unseen person in the background that helps a journalist to do his work—you would be invaluable to me. It would pay me, 'Tommy'—pay me very handsomely. I should make money out of you."

This appeared to be an argument that "Tommy" understood. Peter, with secret delight, noticed that the chin retained its normal level.

"I did help a chap to sell papers once," remembered "Tommy"; "he said I was fly at it."

"I told you so," exclaimed Peter triumphantly. "The methods are different, but the instinct required is the same. We will get a woman in to relieve you of the housework ——"

The chin shot up into the air.

"I could do it in my spare time."

"You see, 'Tommy,' I should want you to go about with me—to be always with me."

"Better try me first. Maybe you're making an error."

Peter was learning the wisdom of the serpent. "Quite right, 'Tommy.' We will first see what you can do. Perhaps, after all, it may turn out that you are better as a cook." In his heart Peter doubted this.

But the seed had fallen upon good ground. It was "Tommy" herself that manœuvred her first essay in journalism. A great man had come to London—was staying in apartments especially prepared for him in St. James' Palace. Said every journalist in London to himself: "If I could obtain an interview with this Big Man what a big thing it would be for me." For a week past Peter had carried everywhere about with him a paper headed "Interview of Our Special Correspondent with Prince Blank," questions down left-hand column, very narrow; space for answers right-hand side, very wide. But the Big Man was experienced.

"I wonder," said Peter, spreading the neatly-folded paper on the desk before him—"I wonder if there can be any way of getting at him—any dodge or trick, any piece of low cunning, any plausible lie that I haven't thought of."

"Old Man Martin, called himself Martini, was just such another," commented "Tommy"; "come paytime, Saturday afternoon, you just couldn't get at him—simply wasn't any way. I was a bit too good for him once, though," remembered "Tommy," with a touch of pride in her voice. "Got half a quid out of him that time. It did surprise him."

"No," communed Peter to himself aloud, "I don't honestly think there can be any method, creditable or discreditable, that I haven't tried." Peter flung the one-sided interview into the waste-paper basket and, slipping his notebook into his pocket, departed to drink tea with a lady novelist whose great desire, as stated in a postscript to her invitation, was to avoid publicity, if possible.

"Tommy," as soon as Peter's back was turned, fished the interview out again.

An hour later, in the fog around St. James' Palace, stood an Imp, clad in patched trousers and a pepper-and-salt jacket, gazing with admiring eyes upon the Sentry.

"Now, then, young Seventeen-and-sixpence the soot," said the Sentry, "wot do you want?"

"Makes you a bit anxious, don't it," suggested the Imp, "having a big pot like him to look after?"

"Does get a bit on yer mind, if yer thinks about it," agreed the Sentry.

"How do you find him to talk to like?"

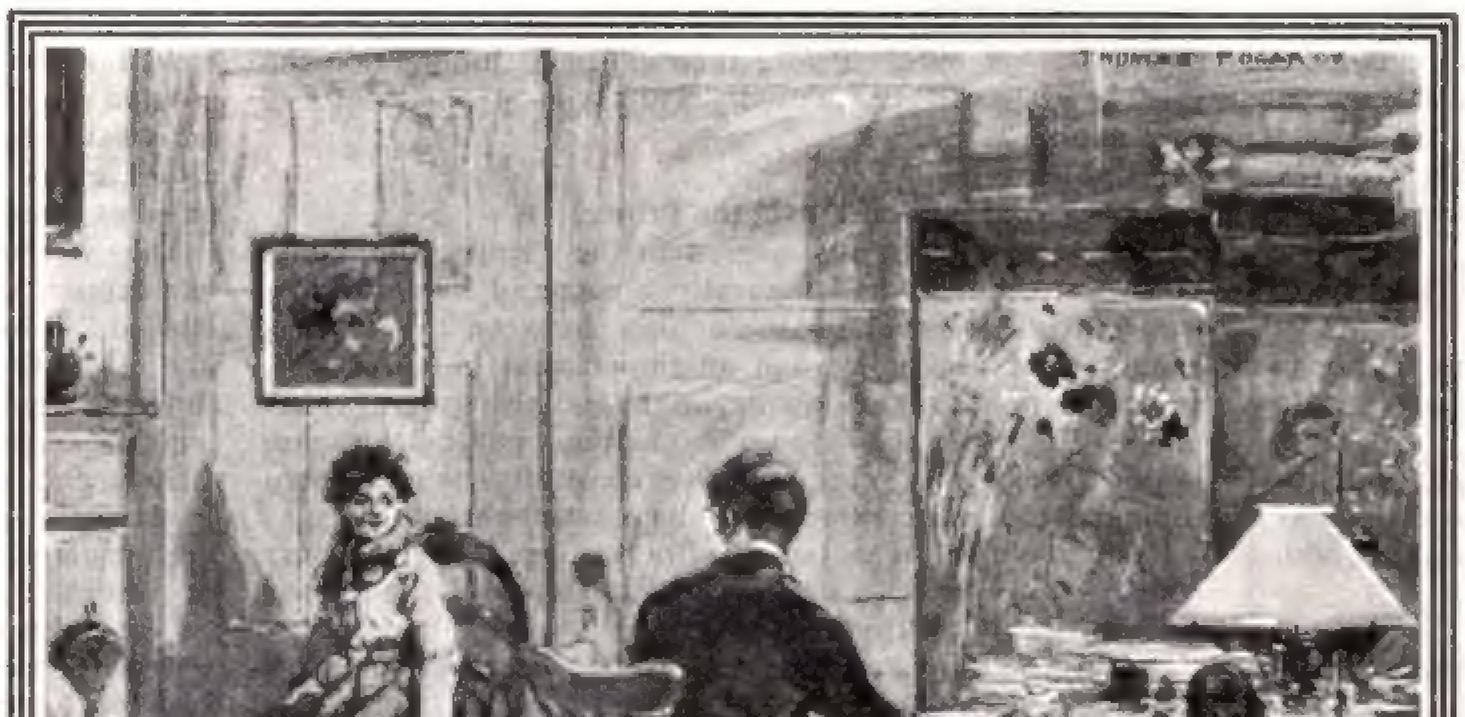
"Well," said the Sentry, bringing his right leg into action for the purpose of relieving his left, "ain't 'ad much to do with 'im myself, not person'ly, as yet. Oh, 'e ain't a bad sort when yer know 'im."

"That's his shake-down, ain't it?" asked the Imp, "where the lights are."

"That's it," admitted the Sentry. "You ain't an Anarchist? Tell me, if you are."

"I'll let you know if I feel it coming on," the Imp assured him.

Had the Sentry been a man of swift and penetrating observation, which he wasn't, he might have asked the question in a more serious tone. For he would have remarked that the Imp's black eyes were resting lovingly upon a rain-water



"GOD BLESS MY SOUL!" SAID MR. PETER HOPE, "WHAT IS IT?"

pipe giving to a skillful climber easy access to the terrace underneath the Prince's windows.

"I would like to see him," said the Imp.

"Friend o' yours?" asked the Sentry.

"Well, not exactly," admitted the Imp. "But then, you know, everybody's talking about him down our street."

"Well, yer'll 'ave to be quick about it," said the Sentry. "'E's off to-night."

"Tommy's" face fell. "I thought it wasn't till Friday morning."

"Ah," said the Sentry, "that's wot the papers say, is it?" The Sentry's voice took unconsciously the accent of those from whom no secret is hid. "I'll tell yer wot yer can do," continued the Sentry, enjoying an unaccustomed sense of importance. The Sentry glanced left, then right. "'E's a-slipping off all by 'imself down to Osborne by the 6:40 from Waterloo. Nobody knows it — 'cept, o' course, just a few of us. That's 'is way all over. 'E just 'ates ——"

A footstep sounded down the corridor. The Sentry became statuesque.

At Waterloo "Tommy" inspected the 6:40 train. Only one compartment indicated possibilities, an extra large one at the end of the coach next the guard's van. It was labeled "Reserved," and in place of the usual fittings was furnished with a table and four easy-chairs. Having noted its position, "Tommy" took a walk up the platform and disappeared into the fog.

Twenty minutes later Prince Blank stepped hurriedly across the platform, unnoticed save by half a dozen obsequious officials, and entered the compartment reserved for him. The obsequious officials bowed. Prince Blank, in military fashion, raised his hand. The 6:40 moved slowly forth.

Prince Blank, who was a stout gentleman, though he tried to disguise the fact, seldom found himself alone. When he did he generally indulged himself in a little healthy relaxation. With two hours' run to Southampton before him, free from all possibility of intrusion, Prince Blank let loose the buttons of his powerfully-built waistcoat, rested his bald head on the top of his chair, stretched his great legs upon another, and closed his terrible, small eyes.

For an instant it seemed to Prince Blank that a draft had entered into the carriage. As, however, the sensation immediately passed away again he did not trouble to wake up. Then the Prince dreamed that somebody was in the carriage with him — was sitting opposite to him. This being an annoying sort of dream, the Prince opened his eyes for the purpose of dispelling it. There was somebody sitting opposite to him — a very grimy little person, wiping blood off its face and hands with a dingy handkerchief. Had the Prince been a man capable of surprise he would have been surprised.

"It's all right," "Tommy" assured him; "I ain't here to do any harm. I ain't an Anarchist."

The Prince, by a muscular effort, retired some four or five inches and commenced to rebutton his waistcoat. "How did you get here?" asked the Prince.

"'Twas a bigger job than I'd reckoned on," admitted "Tommy," seeking a dry inch in the smeared handkerchief and finding none. "But that don't matter," added "Tommy" cheerfully, "now I'm here."

"If you do not wish me to hand you over to the police at Southampton you had better answer my questions," remarked the Prince dryly.

"Tommy" was not afraid of princes, but in the lexicon of her harassed youth "police" had always been a word of dread.

"I wanted to get at you."

"I gather that."

"There didn't seem any other way. It's jolly difficult to get at you. You're so jolly artful."

"Tell me how you managed it."

"There's a little bridge for signals just outside Waterloo. I could see that the train would have to pass under it. So I climbed up and waited. It being a foggy night, you see, nobody twigged me. I knew which was your carriage — leastways I guessed it; and as it came along I did a drop." "Tommy" spread out her arms and legs to illustrate the action. "The lamps, you know," explained "Tommy," still dabbing at her face; "one of them caught me."

"And from the roof?"

"Oh, well, it was easy after that. There's an iron thing at the back and steps — you've only got to walk downstairs and round the corner and there you are. Bit of luck your other door not being locked; I hadn't thought of that. Haven't got such a thing as a handkerchief about you, have you?"

The Prince drew one from his sleeve and passed it to her.

"You mean to tell me, boy ——"

"Ain't a boy," explained "Tommy." "I'm a girl."

She said it sadly. Deeming her new friends such as could be trusted, "Tommy" had accepted the fact and was trying to get used to it. But for many a long year to come the thought of her lost manhood tinged her voice with bitterness.

"A girl!"

"Tommy" nodded her head.

"Umph," said the Prince; "I have heard a good deal about the English girl. I was beginning to think it exaggerated. Stand up."

"Tommy" obeyed. It was not altogether her way, but with those eyes beneath their shaggy brows bent upon her it seemed the simplest thing to do.

"So. And now that you are here, what do you want?"

"To interview you." "Tommy" drew forth her list of questions.

The shaggy brows contracted. "Who put you up to this absurdity? Who was it? Tell me at once."

"Nobody."

"Don't lie to me. His name."

The terrible, small eyes flashed fire. But "Tommy" also had a pair of eyes. Before their blaze of indignation the great man positively quailed. This type of opponent was new to him.

"I'm not lying."

"I beg your pardon," said the Prince.

And at this point it occurred to the Prince, who, being really a great man, had naturally a sense of humor, that a conference conducted on these lines between the leading statesman of an empire and an impertinent hussy of, say, twelve years old at the outside, might end by becoming ridiculous. So the Prince took up his chair and put it down again beside "Tommy's," and employing skillfully his undoubted diplomatic gifts drew from her, bit by bit, the whole story.

"I'm inclined, Miss Jane," said the Great Man, the story ended, "to agree with our friend, Mr. Hope. I should say your métier was journalism."

"And you'll let me interview you?" asked "Tommy," showing her white teeth.

The Great Man, laying a hand heavier than he guessed on "Tommy's" shoulder, rose. "I think you are entitled to it."

"What's your views," demanded "Tommy," reading, "of the future political and social relationships ——"

"Perhaps," suggested the Great Man, "it will be simpler if I write it myself."

"Well," concurred "Tommy," "my spelling is a bit rocky."

The Great Man drew a chair to the table.

"You won't miss out anything — will you?" insisted "Tommy."

"I shall endeavor, Miss Jane, to give you no cause for complaint," he gravely assured her, and sat down to write.

Not till the train began to slacken speed had the Prince finished. Then blotting and refolding the paper, he stood up.

"I have added some instructions on the back of the last page," explained the Prince, "to which you will draw Mr. Hope's particular attention. I would wish you to promise me, Miss Jane, never again to have recourse to dangerous acrobatic tricks, not even in the sacred cause of Journalism."

"Of course, if you hadn't been so jolly difficult to get at ——"

"My fault, I know," agreed the Prince. "There is not the least doubt as to which sex you belong. Nevertheless, I want you to promise me. Come," urged the Prince, "I have done a good deal for you — more than you know."

"All right," consented "Tommy" a little sulkily. "Tommy" hated making promises because she always kept them. "I promise."

"There is your interview." The first Southampton platform lamp shone in upon the Prince and "Tommy" as they stood facing one another. The Prince, who had acquired the reputation, not altogether unjustly, of an ill-tempered and savage old gentleman, did a strange thing: taking the little blood-smeared face between his paws, he kissed it. "Tommy" always remembered the smoky flavor of the bristly gray mustache.

"One thing more," said the Prince sternly, "not a word of all this. Don't open your mouth to speak of it till you are back in Gough Square."

"Do you take me for a mug?" answered "Tommy."

They behaved very oddly to "Tommy" after the Prince had disappeared. Everybody took a deal of trouble for her, but none of them seemed to know why they were doing it. They looked at her and went away, and came again and looked at her. And the more they thought about it the more puzzled they became. Some of them asked her questions; but what "Tommy" really didn't know added to what she didn't mean to tell was so prodigious that Curiosity itself paled at contemplation of it.

They washed and brushed her up and gave her an excellent supper, and putting her into a first-class compartment, labeled "Reserved," sent her back to Waterloo and thence in a cab to Gough Square, where she arrived about midnight, suffering from a sense of self-importance, traces of which to this day are still discernible.

Such and thus was the commencement of "Tommy's" journalistic career, leading to many histories still famous in the annals of Bohemia which stretches east and west from St. Bride's Street to the confines of Soho, which is bordered on the north by Bloomsbury and reaches south to the great water. Some of them, maybe, are worth the telling. But I run on. Some other day — perhaps.

A Senator of Two Republics

BY G. G. VEST

Ex-Senator from Missouri

James G. Blaine

LIKE all positive and aggressive men with great talent and high aspirations, James G. Blaine had devoted friends and bitter enemies. Politics in this country means war — paper bullets instead of leaden ones being used by the combatants. The public man who has no enemies is either a mere figurehead or a routine drudge whose only object is to please everybody and retain his official position. It is impossible for an ambitious man to attain success in American politics without making enemies. In 1849 I heard Ben Hardin, one of the most remarkable men in Kentucky at that time, declare that the public man without enemies was also without achievement. "When you look for the best fruit in an orchard," he said, "always hunt for the tree around which can be found the largest number of sticks and stones. Even Washington had enemies, but we hear nothing of them now because no one can believe that any citizen of the country that Washington made free and independent had ever been the enemy of the Father of his Country."

Mr. Hardin did not exaggerate the love and veneration in which the memory of Washington is enshrined by the people of the United States, although foreigners find it difficult to appreciate the full extent of this feeling. When at Carlsbad, in Austria, several years ago, an intelligent Englishman said to me, "You Americans are idolaters and, instead of worshiping the Deity, kneel at the shrine of Washington. You actually teach your children that he was without sin and could not tell a lie even if he wished to do so." After my return to the United States an amusing incident occurred between two of my best friends, in the Democratic cloakroom of the Senate, which reminded me of my English acquaintance.

Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, who talks exceedingly well, both publicly and privately, was discussing the relative merits of great military commanders, and declared that though Washington was, all in all, the most admirable character in history, he was not a great general. Senator Daniels, of Virginia, Blackburn's closest friend, was dozing upon a sofa in the cloakroom, and I called his attention to what Blackburn had said about our first President. "Oh," replied Daniels, "Blackburn has a personal grievance against Washington." "What grievance have I against him?" exclaimed the Kentucky Senator hotly. "Well," said Daniels, "Washington couldn't tell a lie."

I first heard of James G. Blaine about the year 1850, when there was a riot or mutiny among the cadets at the Western Military Institute, then located at Blue Lick Springs, in Kentucky. This was a military school established by Colonel J. T. Johnson, a graduate of West Point and a retired army officer, who belonged to one of the most distinguished families in Kentucky. Richard M. Johnson, once Vice-President of the United States, and Robert W. Johnson, a United States Senator from Arkansas and afterward a Confederate Senator, were members of this family; and Tom L. Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland, Ohio, whose phenomenal success has shown what Southern dash and brains can accomplish when transplanted to the North, comes from the same stock. In the trouble at Blue Lick Springs there was a serious collision between the faculty, in which Blaine was Professor of Mathematics, and the cadets — knives and pistols being freely used by the latter. There was a great deal of comment in the newspapers upon the affair, one account being that Major Blaine, as he was termed, had distinguished himself in suppressing the disturbance, although he used only the weapons given him by nature,

Editor's Note — This is the seventh in a series of Senator Vest's personal recollections.

while the cadets, who were all from the Southern States, were armed with pistols and knives. Another account was that Major Blaine had fought gallantly until the appearance of the pistols and knives, when he retreated from the conflict. From what I subsequently knew of Blaine, it is impossible for me to believe that he was deficient in personal courage, for I have never known a more aggressive and fearless man in public or private life. Besides this, he continued in the faculty of the academy the trusted and valued assistant of Colonel Johnson, who, under no circumstances, would have tolerated anything like cowardice, or even timidity, on the part of any one connected with the institution of which he was principal.

Blaine was at this time a handsome and very attractive young man, about twenty-one years of age, and was exceedingly popular with the Kentuckians, in whose homes he was a welcome guest. He adapted himself readily to the habits of the people generally and, although a Pennsylvanian by birth, was in taste and feeling a Kentuckian.

In 1853 I became a citizen of Missouri, and twenty-nine years afterward we met as colleagues in the United States Senate. The first speech I heard Mr. Blaine make after I entered the Senate was at the called session of 1879, when he replied to Senator Hill, of Georgia, on the amendments proposed by the Democrats to the army appropriation bill which prohibited the appointment of supervisors and United States marshals to be present at the polls. He was not an orator, but a strong, incisive and attractive speaker, who prepared himself thoroughly, and was quick to see the most vulnerable point of attack in the enemy's lines. The seat of Roscoe Conkling, Blaine's most inveterate enemy, was on the Republican side of the aisle in the Senate chamber, while Blaine occupied a seat on the same row but some distance east of that occupied by Conkling. The debate had become very warm, and as Blaine, in his excitement, advanced toward Conkling and the Democratic side of the chamber, shaking his fist defiantly at his opponents and hurling invectives at the Confederate Brigadiers, as he called them, Conkling, forgetting for the moment Blaine's Turkey Gobbler speech in the Thirty-ninth Congress, when they were both members of the House of Representatives, suggested another point to his old enemy, which Blaine accepted with alacrity, and this was the only time in fifteen years when the two had spoken to each other.

When Blaine Took Back-Water

SOME weeks after this Senator John S. Williams, of Kentucky, generally known in that State as "Cerro Gordo" Williams, a typical Kentucky gentleman of the olden time, delivered his maiden speech in the Senate, and, though it was not ornate or a polished effort, it was frank, manly and to me most attractive. I had not heard such a speech since my boyhood, and could almost smell the barbacued meat which I remembered to have enjoyed so much when listening to Clay, Crittenden and the other famous orators of my native State. While Williams was speaking Blaine entered the chamber and, obviously intending to disconcert the new Senator, asked him in a sneering tone why he had taken up arms in the Civil War against the Union when his State had not passed an ordinance of secession. Senator Williams, without a moment's hesitation, replied, with flashing eyes and a voice which rang through the chamber like a trumpet, that he believed the Southern cause to be just and had gone to the front at the beginning of the war without hiring a substitute. As Blaine had been drafted and had sent a substitute to the Union Army, the retort took him by surprise, and for the first and only time in his career he took his seat without any reply, while there was a ripple of laughter throughout the entire chamber.

The popular impression about Mr. Blaine, which I shared before being associated with him in the Senate, was that he owed his success to brilliancy and quickness of perception. In fact he was one of the most studious and industrious men I have ever known in public life. His love of books was marvelous and he had more general information than any man in the Senate. He studied public questions thoroughly and his foresight was wonderful. When Lincoln and Douglass made their celebrated joint canvass in Illinois for the United States Senatorship in 1858 Blaine attended their meetings and wrote an account of them to the Kennebec Journal, of which he was editor. In one of his letters during the canvass he prophesied that Douglass would defeat Lincoln for the Senatorship, but that Lincoln would be elected President in 1860. Mr. Lincoln cut this letter from an Illinois paper in which it was republished and carried it in his notebook until after he was inaugurated the first time as Chief Executive.

I remember very distinctly a conversation with Mr. Blaine, when he was a member of the Senate, in which he spoke of the necessity for increasing our trade with foreign countries, and especially with the Central and South American States. He was an enthusiast on this subject, and said that the great problem of the future was to find markets for the manufactured products and cereals of the United States so that there should be high wages for the workingman, both in factories and on the farms, and at the same time the manufacturers should receive sufficient profits on their investments. He declared that there was much more danger from future labor conditions in the North than from the negro question in the South. "The negro," he said, "has been a slave for centuries and must remain, from climatic reasons, in the cotton, tobacco and rice fields of the South, dependent largely, if not entirely, upon the white owners of the soil for the compensation which they choose to give him. The negroes cannot enter into labor unions and there never will be a general exodus of the race. The white wage-earners of the North, on the other hand," he said, "are members of organized labor unions and can enforce their demands for higher wages whenever they wish to do so. This," he declared, "is the burning question of the future, and the statesman who can solve it, so as to prevent antagonism between the employer and employee in the Northern States, will deserve to have his name added to those of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln."

PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

JAMES G. BLAINE

Mr. Blaine had spoken, before I became a member of the Senate, on the subject of increasing our trade with the Central and South American States and had advocated payment of subsidies to steamship lines running between this country and the South American ports. When he became Secretary of State under Garfield he addressed himself earnestly during the three months of Garfield's administration to the scheme of having a delegate convention at Washington City where the United States, with the Central and South American Republics, should be represented, the object of the convention being to increase the commerce between this country and the country south of us. The assassination of Garfield prevented the consummation of this project, but when Blaine again became Secretary of State under Harrison he immediately revived the idea, and succeeded in having legislation enacted which brought about the Pan-American Congress, when the United States and the Central and South American Republics were represented by delegates at Washington City, and the creation of a bureau in our State Department devoted to the promotion of commercial intercourse between all the American countries.

If Mr. Blaine could have lived but a few years longer he would have seen all his apprehension in regard to the labor question fully realized.

His Advocacy of Pan-Americanism

MR. BLAINE was a good hater and never made any attempt to compromise with those who had offended him. I was one of the committee appointed by the Senate to attend the funeral of ex-President Arthur at New York when Blaine refused to take the hand of ex-Senator Edmunds, who was present also as one of the Senate committee. When Blaine was a candidate for the Presidency in 1884 it seems that Edmunds had criticised Blaine's record in connection with the Mulligan letters, and, even in the presence of death, Blaine refused to take the hand of a man who had reflected upon his personal integrity.

When Mr. Blaine desired to do so he could be the most entertaining conversationalist I have ever met. He seemed to know something about everything and everybody and his memory was phenomenal. He very often came over to the Democratic side of the Senate chamber and talked freely with those of us who were familiar with the past history of Kentucky. He knew all about the State and its public men, and was never tired of discussing the striking characteristics of the Kentuckians. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Henry Clay, and nothing pleased him so much as the institution of a parallel between his own career and that of the great Kentuckian.

He was also familiar with the history of Missouri and talked to me very often about Colonel Benton and his astonishing career. I remember that on one occasion he related to me a very amusing episode which occurred in Washington City before Blaine became a member of Congress in '62, but which was told him by some of the old inhabitants who were residents of the city when Colonel Benton had his home there.

Mr. Blaine said that after Fremont became famous as a pathfinder, Benton, who had opposed his marriage with his daughter Jessie, became reconciled with his son-in-law and took great pride in his achievements as a Western explorer. The square on the southern side of Pennsylvania Avenue, now occupied by Center Market, was then used as a show-ground for circuses and other peripatetic exhibitions. About this time P. T. Barnum was beginning his career as a showman, and as Colonel Benton was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue opposite this show-ground he was attracted by the words "John C. Fremont" uttered in a loud voice by a showman standing at the door of a small tent, in front of which was a garish caricature of a nondescript animal supposed to represent the "Woolly Horse" discovered by Fremont in the recesses of the Rocky Mountains. Benton stalked across the avenue and listened with great disgust to the statement by Barnum, who was his own doorkeeper and solicitor, that inside the tent could be found the greatest natural curiosity in the world, "The Woolly Horse, captured by General Fremont and now on exhibition!" Benton denounced Barnum as an impostor and denied that his son-in-law had discovered any such animal. Barnum, who did not know Benton, told him flippantly to pay his quarter and go into the show or make less noise. Whereupon the indignant statesman called upon the police to arrest Barnum, and a large crowd assembled to witness the extraordinary scene. The police refused to interfere, and Barnum received a free advertisement, much to his gratification and profit.

The great ambition of Blaine's life was to be President of the United States, but his combative temperament and bitter tongue made him a most unfortunate candidate for his party. New York was the great pivotal State in a Presidential contest, and Conkling was always ready to make any sacrifice necessary to defeat the ambition of Blaine. When in 1884 Blaine was nominated by the Republican party for President his enemies appeared everywhere in the Empire State.

Mr. Blaine hoped by reciprocity to perpetuate his fame as a statesman and to establish for all time to come amicable relations between a high protective tariff, in which he thoroughly believed, and the labor unions, whose political power would insure the permanent success of the Republican party. Reciprocity is not in favor now with Republican leaders, and the reciprocal treaties or arrangements negotiated by Mr. Kasson, and submitted to the Senate of the United States, have met with great opposition. The difficulty which confronts the Republican party, and which confronted Mr. Blaine, is that any treaty providing for reciprocity necessarily interferes with the selfish greed of some highly protected interest in the United States. The labor unions insist that the profits of the manufacturers shall be divided with the workmen, and they are politically powerful enough to enforce this demand.

Whereon His Fame Will Rest

THE fame of Mr. Blaine will, in my judgment, rest more upon his memorial address, in the hall of the National House of Representatives, on the death of President Garfield than upon reciprocity or any act of his public life. It was a wonderful oration and worthy the best days of oratory in ancient or modern times. Nothing in the English language is more beautiful than the closing words of this great tribute to the murdered President. Their mournful cadence will never be forgotten by those who heard them, and they will be read with sympathetic emotion so long as the English language is written or spoken among men:

> Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing waters; on its fair sails whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening arched low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

International Skull and Cross Bones, Ltd.

A Practical Example of the Principles of "High Finance"

By Ellis Parker Butler

I

IN THE days when Belize, on the coast of Honduras, was the meeting-place for pirates great and pirates small, many queer craft appeared in that harbor, and many rich cargoes of goods that had been shipped for far other ports were unladed, and no questions asked. Piracy was a booming business and the source of many large incomes, but it was at the best subject to extreme fluctuations.

The year 1728 was remarkable for some of the greatest successes in the piratical world. Not only did the pirates make a vast number of unusually rich captures on the sea, but they became so daring as to attack the coast towns and levy tribute. Piratical profits made a new high record in that year, and the leading spirits of the business predicted still greater returns for the next year.

It so happened that the master pirate, Blackbeard, toward the close of September of that year, while cruising off the island of Jamaica, ran alongside the sloop Ann Eliza, bound from New York to Spanish Town, and, boarding her, murdered the crew and appropriated the cargo. In this there was nothing surprising, for such was Blackbeard's pleasant custom, but there was aboard the sloop a young man of the town of New York, and his face was so fair and childlike, his eyes so blue and innocent, and his manner so suave and pleasing, that Blackbeard preserved his life, and announced his intention of taking him to Belize where he could easily be sold as a slave at a good, round sum.

For several days after his capture the young man (whose name was John Henry Vandam) was considerably downcast, but on the fifth day, Blackbeard, who was a great hand for eccentric actions, ordered John Henry into his cabin. The poor fellow expected to be murdered, but to his surprise found a banquet laid such as he had not imagined the pirate craft could produce, and when he had overeaten and overdrunk to the extent to which he had become accustomed in the town of New York, he felt more like himself than he had since leaving the Battery. In both eating and drinking the terrible Blackbeard proved himself a match for John Henry, and while the effects of the banquet were still upon them Blackbeard garrulously bragged of his prowess and wealth, and, led on by the subtle questions of the younger man, divulged many secrets of his terrible life and occupation.

During the remainder of the voyage to Belize, John Henry was preoccupied and thoughtful, and Blackbeard seemed to have forgotten him, but when the ship was safe at anchor in the port the pirate came to the young man and laid his hand roughly on his shoulder and burst into a string of oaths.

"Now, my young ape," he said, grinning coarsely, "I am ready to deal with you. I meant to sell you to some landlubber, but it won't do. You know too much. When I was drunk I told you more than it is good that any man should know about Blackbeard, and as I can't get it out of your head again I am going to remove your head from your body."

The frightful creature drew his sword, and was about to bring it down upon the neck of the landsman, but Vandam sprang backward.

"Stop!" he cried. "If you kill me you will make a tremendous error. However much you may want to kill me, the game is not worth the candle. I can make you a fortune that will make your present wealth look like a mere pittance."

Blackbeard leaned against the mast and laughed long and loud.

"You!" he shouted, slapping his brawny hand upon his blood-stained breeches. "You dainty lady's man! You baby-eyed child! You make a fortune! Beware how you jest with Blackbeard!"

John Henry put his hand into his pockets and carelessly rattled the few coins he still possessed.

"Mr. Blackbeard," he said, "you can't frighten me. You have just said I must die, so no threat you can make can awe me, but as for jesting, I give you my word I am as far from jesting as I ever was in my life. A man on the edge of the grave (if you put your victims in graves) does not jest. He talks business. All I ask is five minutes of your time, and if I don't convince you that you can make more money in my way in a year than you can in your way in a lifetime, you can bring out a plank and I will cheerfully walk it into eternity."

Something in the indifferent, cheerful mien of the young man impressed the veteran pirate and he threw his sword on the deck and seated himself astride a cannon.

"Go on, young one," he said, "but remember, you die at the end of your talk."

John Henry smiled.

"First," he said, "I will tell you the story of my life. I am a promoter."

Blackbeard swore a mighty oath.

"Now, by the immortal marlinspike," he vowed, "I didn't say I would listen to the tale of your life, and I sha'n't do it."

"You have already heard it," said John Henry. "I am a promoter—that is the story of my life."

"And what in the big brass binnacle is a promoter?" asked Blackbeard coarsely.

"A promoter," said John Henry, "is a man who takes a business that isn't as good as it might be, and makes people think it is better than it would be if it was as good as it isn't."

Blackbeard scratched his blood-matted locks thoughtfully.

"Yes! oh yes!" he said, nodding his head wisely. "I understand. The man from whom I bought my first ship must have been one of them."

"Did you pay a big price?" asked John Henry.

"I did," said Blackbeard.

"Was it a good ship?" asked John Henry.

"It was not," said Blackbeard with decision.

"You are right," said John Henry. "That man was a promoter. I am glad you understand what a promoter is, for it will make my further explanations easier. But my line is not ships—it is industrial promotion. Did you ever think of selling your pirate business?"

"No," Blackbeard said grimly, "nor I can't. I'm it. I'm the whole business. Take me away and there is no business left. Blackbeard is the whole thing. When he dies the business isn't worth a plugged Spanish dollar."

"In other words," said John Henry, "the assets of your business are your brains, your daring, your courage, your ship and your crew."

"Right you are, my hearty," shouted the pirate, "and I can't sell any of them but the ship. You see," he continued, "the pirate business is a free-for-all business. Anybody who can buy or steal a ship can go into it."

John Henry waved his hand toward the town of Belize.

"Wouldn't all the men in that town like to go into it?" he asked. "Then why don't they? Plenty of them have money enough to buy a ship."

Blackbeard's eyes twinkled.

"They don't have the courage, or the daring, or the brain," he said scornfully.

"All right," said John Henry. "What I propose to do is to sell them your courage, and daring, and brain, and ship."

Blackbeard scowled.

"The scuttle-butt you do!" he roared; "but I propose to keep them myself."

"Of course," said John Henry, "that is also what I propose. I mean to sell them your business for ten times what it is worth, and let you keep it at the same time. You get the money and you keep the business."

Blackbeard arose to his feet and swore an oath that unfurled the mainsail.

"Vandam," he shouted, "if you can do that you are a bigger pirate than I am. But what do the other fellows get?"

"Well," said John Henry thoughtfully, "they get a run for their money, and they get experience. But it won't do them any good. It never does."

II

"NOW, Mr. Blackbeard," said John Henry, "according to the detailed statement which you made to me in confidence the other night at the banquet, this year has been the most prosperous in the whole history of modern piracy. All the members of the brotherhood of the sea have prospered. More ships have been taken than ever before. Logically, therefore, you look for still better profits next year, and better the next, and so on."

"That's right, my hearty," admitted Blackbeard.

"But it is not true," John Henry declared positively, "for the opposite is the fact. This year has ruined the pirate business. England, France and the colonists will be enraged by this great attack on their commerce. They will send out countless men-of-war and drive the pirates from the seas. And the reports of your vast success this year will cause hundreds of men to embark in piracy who would never have done so but for the phenomenal winnings you have made. Even if the navies of the world should not combine to hunt you down (as they will), this vast increase in the pirate ranks will so divide the spoils that the expense will exceed the profit. In short, the business of piracy will be a losing one from now on."

Blackbeard rubbed his beard meditatively.

"I hadn't looked at it that way," he said.

"No," said John Henry, "of course not. But it is true. For the next ten years the business of piracy on the high seas will be profitless. If you don't take my advice you will go bankrupt inside of eighteen months."

Blackbeard shook his head sadly.

"You are right," he groaned, "you are right. I'll sell my ship for what it will bring and quit. What's the use of fighting against fate?"

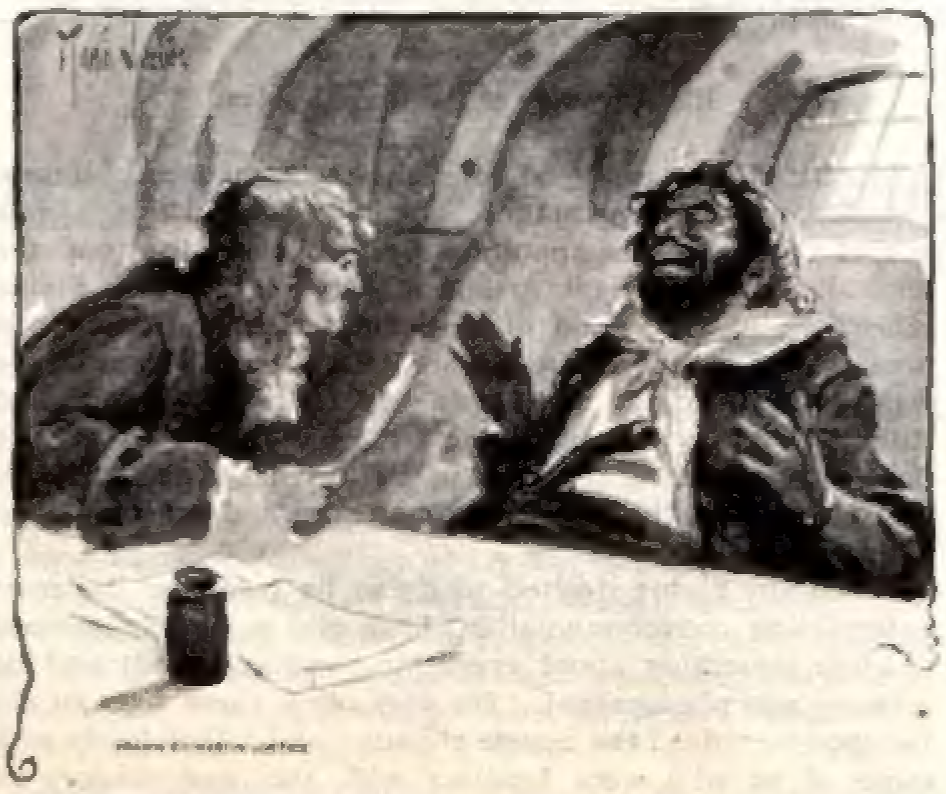
John Henry laid his hand on the pirate's arm.

"You can do one of two things," he announced, "Cut off my head as you proposed and sell out for forty thousand Spanish dollars, or leave my head where it is and make a vast fortune."

"Considering that I don't need your head very badly in its severed state," said the pirate, "I shall accept your second proposition. And now, what will you do next?"

John Henry placed his hand in that of the grimy pirate and shook it heartily.

"The next thing to do," he said, "is to form a trust and capitalize it."



"WE WILL TAKE THE GENERAL PUBLIC IN AS A PARTNER"

III

WHEN John Henry and the pirate had retired to the cabin of the ship they seated themselves at the table with pens, ink and paper before them.

"Now," said John Henry, "I will show you how we do these things in New York, where all men are unselfish. You have a business that paid you well this year. Quite unselfishly we will permit the general public to share in your good fortune. We will take the general public in as a partner. Of course," he added with a twinkle in his eye, "if the business doesn't pay so well next year we will be very sorry, but we can't help it."

Blackbeard, who was beginning to understand the art of finance, jovially jabbed John Henry in the ribs and then lay back and guffawed.

"But," continued John Henry, "we will not end there. We will be still more unselfish. We will not shut out your competitors, the other pirates. You and I know this is a plan to favor the general public, and we might conduct the operation of benevolently taking the public's money without outside assistance. But that might seem selfish. We will take five of the leading pirates into our confidence and make them partners with us."

"I wouldn't do that," said Blackbeard greedily. "Why should we divide with them?"

"Because," John Henry explained, "we are unselfish. And besides, in union is strength. Alone you represent a certain amount of power in piracy. The five greatest pirates separately represent certain amounts of power in piracy. But if you combine and work in harmony to freeze out the lesser pirates your power is doubled. Consequently, the value of your business is doubled and it will sell for twice as much. And besides that, by my plan, in the end you will get for yourself not only your own business, but that of your partners. This is called 'letting them in on the ground floor.' It is a beautiful operation."

"I don't just understand it," said Blackbeard doubtfully, "but if it works as you say it must be a very beautiful operation, and I shall always be in favor of letting people in on the ground floor hereafter."

"It will work," said John Henry. "And first we must form the trust. As soon as we make the combination of the six greatest and most unscrupulous pirates we will form a fleet of all their ships and destroy the ships of all the pirates who are not in the trust. It will be easy, for singly they cannot withstand our assaults."

"That will be delightful," said Blackbeard; "it is the sort of work I like."

"Very well," said John Henry, "just give me the names of the five most successful pirates you know."

As he named them, John Henry put the names on paper.

"What are their ships worth?" he asked next.

Blackbeard considered.

"My ship is the best in the lot," he said, "and I consider it worth forty thousand Spanish dollars."

"That is near enough," John Henry said. "We will put down the six ships at two hundred and forty thousand dollars. And your trade-mark is worth another two hundred and forty thousand."

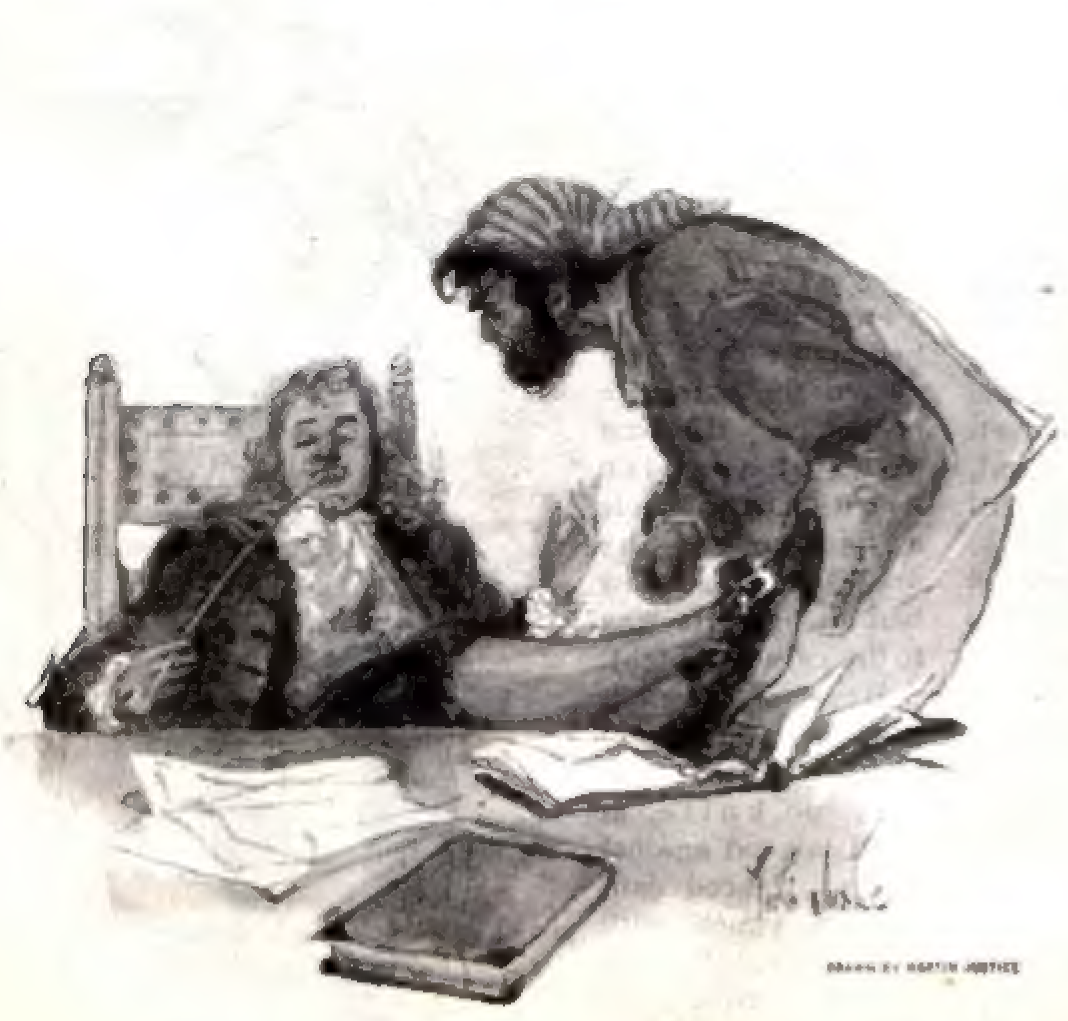
"I have no trade-mark," Blackbeard declared.

"Oh, yes you have!" said John Henry. "The Jolly Roger that you fly at your masthead is a trade-mark. No vessel will lower her flag until she sees that brand. It is worth money."

"I think you are right again," Blackbeard admitted.

"I'm always right," said John Henry, "and I will also put down 'advertising, two hundred and forty thousand dollars.'"

"Do so," said the pirate, "but please explain what it means. I did not know I had ever advertised."



"THEN," ROARED BLACKBEARD, "WHAT DO I GET?"

"Yes," John Henry assured him, "you have advertised your trade-mark every time you took a ship or murdered a crew. There is not a person in the world that does not fear the Jolly Roger, nor hardly a ship that will not surrender at sight of it. If there were no pirates in existence, and a man started out to be one, it would take many years and much loss of money and blood before his mere flag would be such an important factor as the Jolly Roger now is, so I consider two hundred and forty thousand dollars a very small allowance, indeed, to put down for advertising."

The pirate admitted that this reasoning was correct.

"Then," said John Henry, "we have for the total actual value of the assets of the six associated pirates the sum of seven hundred and twenty thousand dollars. But as the six pirates are to be a combination and work together, all these values may safely be doubled, which will make one million four hundred and forty thousand dollars. To be quite safe, we will call it an even two millions."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Blackbeard. "I see it all now! We capitalize for two millions!"

John Henry looked at the pirate with a pitying glance.

"For that two millions," he said coldly, "we issue first mortgage bonds drawing six per cent. interest. These bonds go to the six pirates in part payment for their businesses. As you are the greatest pirate and the originator of the scheme, you will receive five hundred thousand dollars in bonds, and we will give to each of the other five pirates three hundred thousand."

"I'm glad I originated the scheme," said Blackbeard heartily.

"Then," said John Henry, not heeding the interruption, "we will issue four million dollars in preferred stock in the company, bearing interest at seven per cent."

"What's a preferred stock, and why issue so much?" asked Blackbeard, who was now as eager as a child to learn the details.

"Preferred stock," explained John Henry patiently, "is stock on which the dividends are paid in full at the agreed per cent. before any dividends are paid on the other, or common stock. If there is any money to pay dividends the preferred stockholders get the preference. That is why they are so called. And as to why we should issue four millions of them, the answer is — Why not?"

"Why not, indeed?" asked Blackbeard.

"So far, so good," said John Henry. "Now for the common stock. How much do you suppose the six pirates who are to go into our company earned this year?"

Blackbeard considered the question carefully.

"I am willing to swear," he said, "that we took goods and money to the value of eight hundred thousand Spanish dollars."

"Good!" said John Henry. "The interest on our two million in bonds at six per cent. will be one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and the dividend on our preferred stock at seven per cent. will be two hundred and eighty thousand dollars. That makes a total of four hundred thousand dollars, and leaves four hundred thousand of the earnings still unplaced. Four per cent. per year is a good dividend on common stock these days, and four hundred thousand dollars would pay four per cent. on ten million dollars. So we will issue that amount of our common stock. The public will buy it greedily, for they will suppose the combination will earn even more than the six pirates earned when they were separate. The public will not know that we are capitalizing the concern on the basis of a good-times year in order to get rid of the property before bad times come to wipe out all the profit entirely."

Blackbeard looked doubtful.

"That hardly seems honest," he said, "and it looks as if it would be rough on the public."

"Honest!" exclaimed John Henry. "What have you got to do with honesty? Are you a pirate or are you not? And as for the public — the public be d——d!"

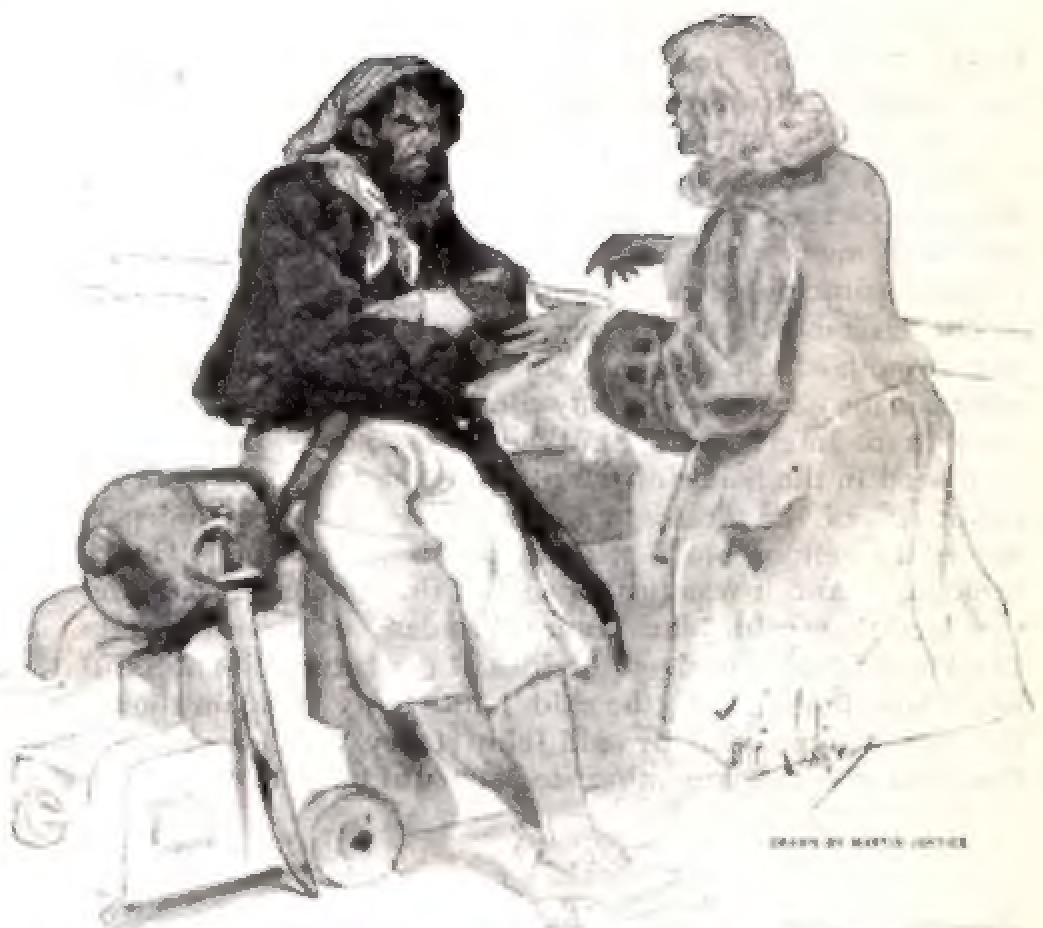
"Very well," said the pirate meekly. "What are you going to do next?"

John Henry arose from the table.

"I have a lot to do," he said briskly. "First I want your long boat to take me around to the ships of these five associate pirates of ours. I want to interest them in our plan. Then I want to have the International Skull and Cross Bones, Ltd., incorporated under the laws of the Colony of New Jersey. And then," he said, smiling, "I want to go over to Belize and organize a stock exchange."

IV

JOHN HENRY VANDAM had little difficulty in convincing the five pirates that it would be greatly to their advantage to come into the International Skull and Cross Bones. He took each pirate singly and explained that the combination was sure to be effected in any case, and that it was only a question whether that particular pirate preferred to come in or be annihilated, and as the pirates were all simple-minded, whole-souled creatures they gladly agreed to form a part of an association at the head of which the immortal Blackbeard was to rule.



"BUT REMEMBER, YOU DIE AT THE END OF YOUR TALK"

John Henry then drew up the articles of incorporation of the International Skull and Cross Bones, Ltd., a corporation organized under the laws of the Colony of New Jersey. The capital stock was named as four millions preferred and ten millions common, and the object of the corporation was concisely stated to be "to transact any kind of business anywhere on sea, on land or in the air." The officers of the corporation were given as Blackbeard, president; Steve Bonnet, vice-president, and John Henry Vandam, secretary, treasurer and general manager. To complete the five directors necessary the names of Redhead Pete and Whisky Briggs were put down, but they were merely dummies. In fact, the corporation was in reality an unlimited monarchy, with Blackbeard as Czar and John Henry as the power behind the throne.

The prospectus of the company was a glowing production. It set forth that for many years piracy had been a clean, legitimate and profitable business; that the profits were large and had been growing larger every year; that if the present earnings continued the common stock would pay four per cent., but that there was every reason to believe that piracy was but in its infancy, and that there was no reason to doubt that, as a result of the association of the six greatest pirates in the business and the elimination of all other pirates, the International Skull and Cross Bones, Ltd., should, in a few years, pay ten, forty, or even a hundred per cent. on the common stock. Attention was called to the fact that this stock would be issued in shares of one hundred dollars each, thus allowing the humblest person to possess an interest in this great company. The stock would be issued at par, and its sale would be confided to John Henry Vandam.

In the town of Belize were many gambling-halls at that day, and John Henry went to the proprietor of the largest and suggested that he convert it into a stock exchange on the model of those existing in London and Amsterdam.

"But," said the proprietor, "we have no stocks."

"Never mind that," said John Henry. "I have just organized one stock company, and if its stock is not sufficient to keep things humming I will organize as many more as may be needed. That is my business as a promoter."

The town of Belize was delighted when it learned it was to have a stock exchange, for it knew that a stock exchange was a highly moral institution, conducted on strictly business principles and an honor and credit to the town; and the leading men rushed to buy seats. The ex-proprietor of the gambling-hall made more money selling seats in his stock exchange than he had made in his life before, and he highly recommended John Henry Vandam and spoke of the stock of the International Skull as a fine investment.

"And now," said John Henry to Blackbeard, "we are ready to do business."

"Yes," Blackbeard replied, "but one thing bothers me. You are taking all the trouble and worry and work, but I don't see where you come in for any profits."

"You forget," said John Henry, "that I am trying to keep my head on my shoulders, which is quite enough for me; but if you want to do this thing as they do it in New York you can pay me for promoting the company."

"I want to treat every one fairly," swore Blackbeard, "and all you have to do is to name the proper figure."

"In New York," said John Henry, "for doing a job such as this I would receive $500,000 in bonds, $500,000 in preferred stock, and $1,000,000 in common stock."

"Bless my topgallant sails!" cried Blackbeard, "you shall have it here, too! The job isn't worth it, but nerve like yours is cheap at the price."

"Thank you," said John Henry, "I appreciate the compliment. Now only one thing more is necessary. Call the associated pirates together and have them sign this very unimportant little agreement!"

When the pirates had gathered on board the Revenge, John Henry presented the selling agreement for their signatures, and with many oaths they made their bloody marks. By a singular coincidence each made a skull and cross bones.

The agreement set forth that, whereas John Henry Vandam had organized the company and was a business man, and whereas the pirates were only pirates, it was agreed that all stock in the International Skull and Cross Bones, Ltd., should be placed in the hands of John Henry Vandam, to be sold for the benefit of the pirates; and the pirates of the second part agreed to sell no stock without permission of John Henry Vandam. And it was further agreed that in consideration of the fact that said John Henry Vandam and said pirate Blackbeard had conceived the idea of the International Skull and Cross Bones, Ltd., the said John Henry Vandam should sell the stock owned by said John Henry Vandam and said Blackbeard before any other stock should be sold."

"All of which," said John Henry lightly, "is merely a matter of form and doesn't amount to a row of pins."

So the pirates slapped him on the back and went on deck, where they held an old-time orgy.

V

THE morning of the opening of the Belize Stock Exchange there were twenty-three pirate craft in the harbor, and as Blackbeard leaned on his ship's rail and gazed at them he shook his head.

"John Henry," he said, bringing his mighty fist down with a crash that made the solid oak creak, "we have made a mistake. We were fools to let these five dead ones in on the ground floor. What was the sense of dividing with them. I don't see why they should share our prosperity, and for a plugged doubloon I would sail over and sink the whole bunch."

"I see," said John Henry, "that you are beginning to be a financier yourself. But don't worry about the five. If you tackled them single-handed you might have your ship sunk or be killed. Watch me, and in a short while you will see that our respected fellow-pirates don't get a counterfeit peso. We are not running a benevolent institution, if I know it."

Having given Blackbeard a few instructions, John Henry climbed down the ship's ladder and was rowed to Belize in the long boat.

As soon as the hour of nine struck the stock exchange opened for business and John Henry began selling the common and preferred stock of the International Skull. The good citizens of the town seemed rather wary at first, and although John Henry received $100 for the first few shares, by ten o'clock preferred had dropped to 98 and common to 90, and the bears were still trying to lower the price. At ten minutes after ten John Henry glanced anxiously from the window overlooking the harbor, and smiled, for he saw the six ships of the associated pirates cleared for action and bearing down upon the unsuspecting vessels of the independent pirates.

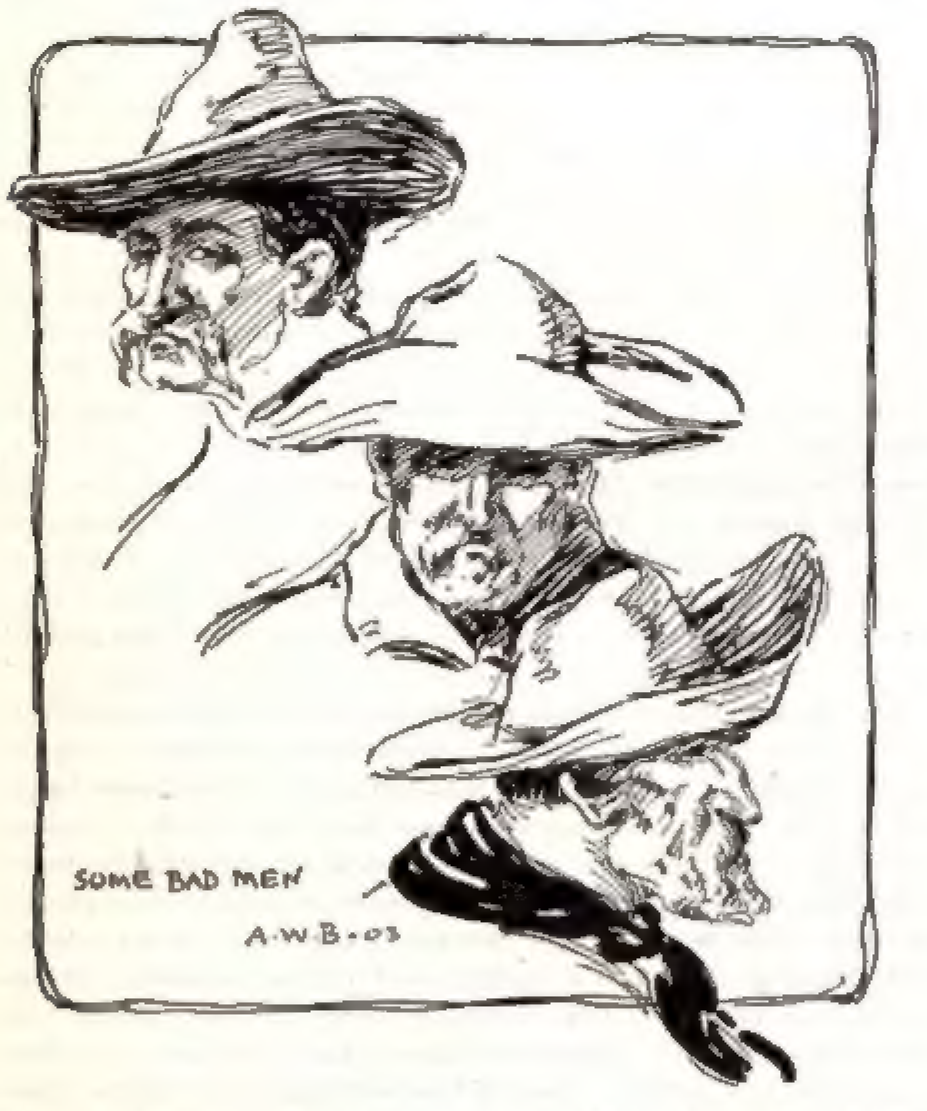
At the sound of the first gun International Skull common jumped to 95. When the first independent pirate lowered his flag International common touched 100, and by the

(Continued on Page 26)

FOLLOWING THE CIRCUS

By Arthur E. McFarlane

CIRCUS TROUBLES



SOME BAD MEN

THERE is a certain Kansas town which will remember one circus day until Kansas has given up growing corn. The tents had just been erected when an overcurious cyclone from the rural districts blew in to see the animals. . . . Still wiping shreds of canvas from its whiskers and using the centre-poles as toothpicks, it then took a little whirl through the downtown wards. When the leading citizens had begun to protrude their eyes from their storm-cellars and attempt to decide which were their late dwelling-places and which their winter wood-piles, some sixteen elephants from the circus swept down upon them in one of the wildest stampedes ever known in showman annals. And shortly after that there needed no town-crier to announce that most of the lions and tigers were also going wide.

It is hardly necessary to say that the very big shows try to make large loops around the best-known centres of the cyclone industry. More than that, they do not willingly go into those places where the "bad men" live. There are "bayou burgs" along the lower Mississippi, and "cow towns" out West into which the millions invested in a circus of the first class could only venture at the imminent risk of getting absolutely beyond the pale of insurance; and, as it is, the rate they pay is high.

But many of the smaller shows seem ready to take the chances. It is not that they still challenge the inhabitants to battle, but that they know the said inhabitants generally have money as well as knocks for circuses. They can be reasonably sure of the latter, at any rate. When steamboat shows tie to certain Southern levees they commonly keep the steam from getting low, and see that the way is open between the lot and the gangplank. In the new Territories showmen frequently have experiences, their retailing of which would make it well worth any enterprising writer's time to visit them thereafter in the hospital.

The bad man rarely comes intending to be bad. He merely desires to give some rein to a natural spirit of humor. Three or four of them will drift in together, and as they move around the chopped shavings of the menagerie tent it is evident from the fine abandon of their gait that they have primed themselves for the business with all thoroughness. "Chawbacon Sid" brings the others to a halt before the lion cage. "Stop right here, boys; stop right here! I've got to go in there and Samson a few of them animiles. And once I get their jaws open I'm goin' to reach down a little and jest pull 'em plum inside out! That's what old Daniel should 'a' done. If I'd 'a' had the chance that that man had I'd 'a' done somethin' you could blow on brass about!"

But they drag him on, "Johnny the Wood-butcher" having begun to gravitate powerfully toward the elephants. "Now here's where you got to keep tight a-holt of *me*!" he announces; "for I've had a hunch agen elephants ever sence I was whaled with a two-horse tug for not knowin' how to spell 'em. I could spare lions, but if you was to let me loose on them elephants I'd shure do 'em harm!" Another is even more jocose. "As fur as *I'm* consarned, I'd jest like to rastle a few, playful-like, with that lop-eared old bull over there. Only I'm right down scared I might give him a fall that'd break his collar-bone!"

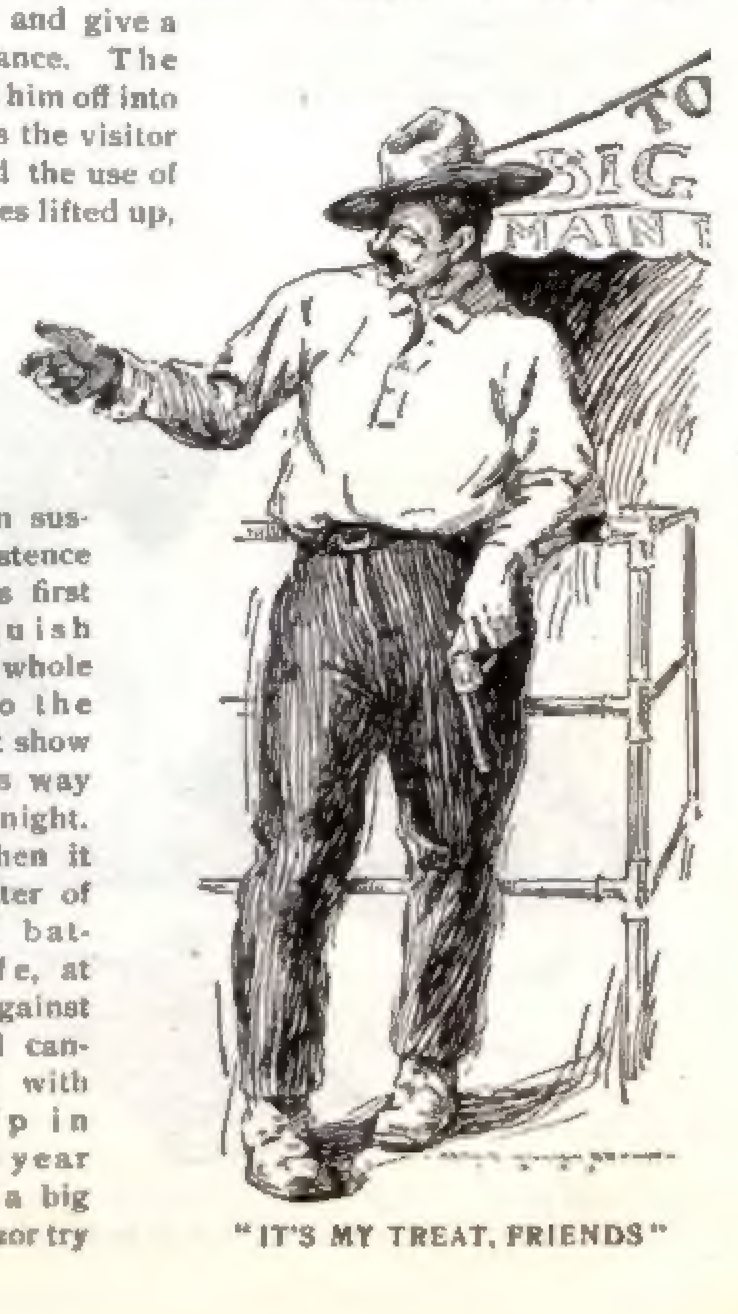
So they lurch on into the exhibition tent. The animal men breathe freely again, but the ushers in the arena do not. Frequently enough the visitors stop at the entrance torch. "Now I reckon, William," one of them will judicially assert, —"I reckon I could shoot out that shandelyeer a heap sight quicker'n any man in this tent!" He does not lack for takers. With earnest emulation they unlimber their guns and take their turn. By the time they have extinguished one luminary it is only natural that other equally emulous citizens are shooting at the rest of them all the way down the line. And the circus people must either stop them or prepare to fight the audience, wrathfully a-bellow on the benches. Whatever side they choose, it is generally the wrong one, and sorrow is their portion.

In the South and West "show day" is a kind of hugely magnified "court day." Everybody is in town, and all such belligerents as have been gunning for each other during the preceding weeks may safely, or unsafely, count upon meeting then. In Nashville the manager of a circus once had the pleasure of helping hold two men apart who had whipped out their weapons on sight in the middle of the crowd at the entrance alleys. He afterward learned, with various feelings, that they were father and son! Sometimes an individual, with his right hand already groping beneath his coat-tails, will move slowly but frowningly down the hippodrome track, intently scanning the tiers of "slatters." It may be that the man he is seeking is one of a bunch in the choicest part of the reserved's. But even so, once his hand goes to his coat-tails, all in the least danger of crowding him get right out. They'd just as soon sit on the fifty-centres, anyhow—no matter if they did pay a dollar. When the smoke clears a gang of "prop" men are down among the jacks picking up the late occupant of the reserved, or are bearing the remains of the hostile one who sought him back to the entrance again. But the band doesn't stop. "Such happenin's ain't any part of the show's program," an ancient bandmaster explained to us; "and if we stopped a lot of people'd think somethin' more was goin' on than they could see, an' get worked up an' panicky!"

And in full seriousness it is sometimes very rash for a show to interfere too much. The town may have a psychological viewpoint of its own. On one occasion the head usher of a big circus playing out West undertook to expostulate with a large, unkempt citizen who was standing squarely in front of the expectant audience. The usher suggested that he find a seat. He said he preferred standing exactly where he was. From the crowd behind there went up cries of "Drop him!" "Lay him cold!" "Bust his crust!" Thus encouraged the usher spoke to him a second, a third, and still a fourth time. Then the unkempt one drew forth a huge, blued-steel six-shooter, and gave him such a crack with the butt of it that the unfortunate in the buttons was off duty for a week afterward. From the crowd arose a roar of satisfaction! It was the man with the gun they were backing! He was the mayor, and they considered that in that moment the imperiled dignity of the town had been punctiliously sustained! "Of course you can always *persuade* them, especially in the North," we were told; "but there's parts of the South where it's only safe to persuade for about three minutes, and places West where you'd better stop at a minute and a half! Besides, if you get *too* polite you're twice as likely to use some word they don't know the meanin' of, and naturally they'll loose on you for *that*."

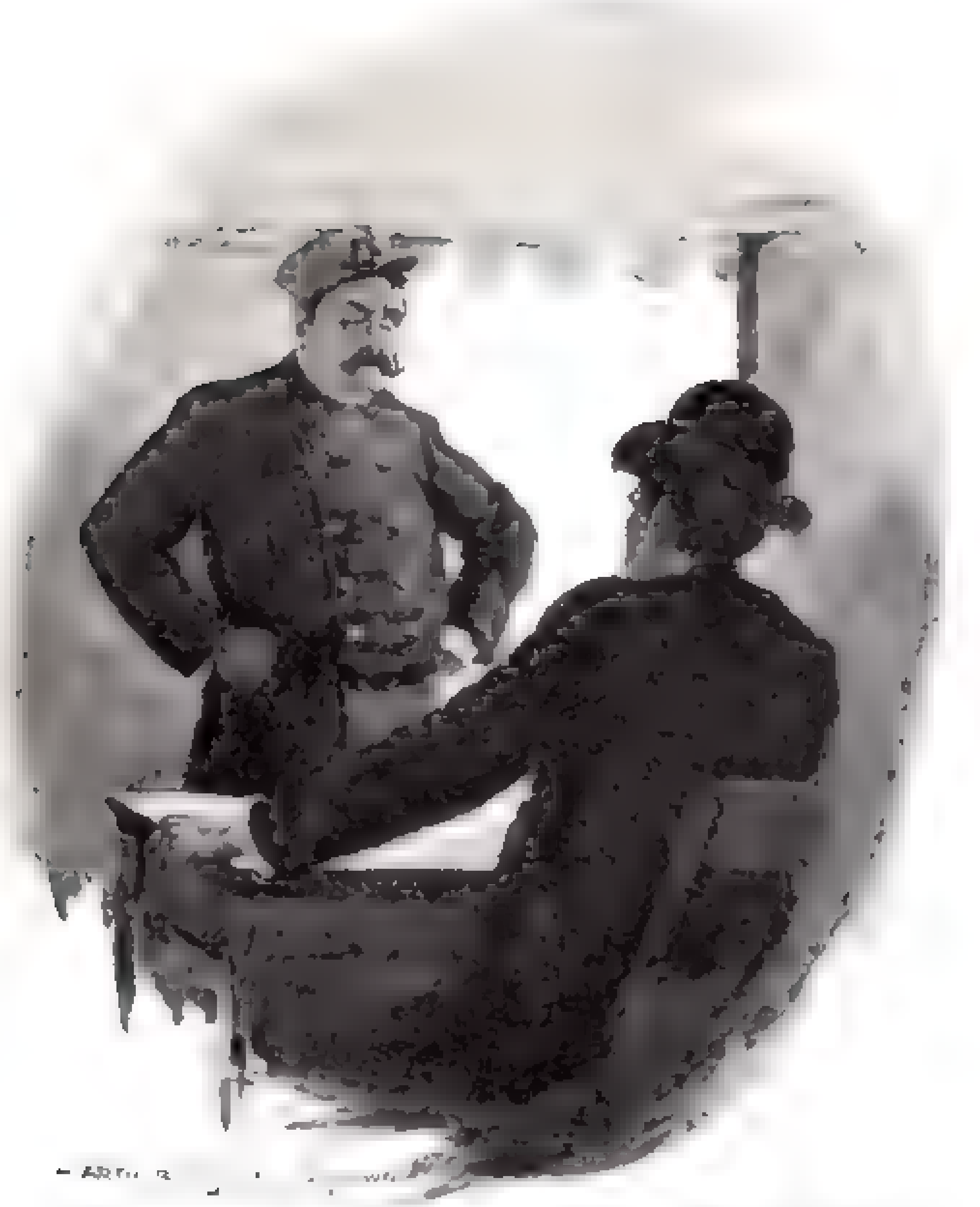
The fellow-townsman feeling, however, is most often the dangerous co-efficient. For example, during a performance in Montana an exhilarated miner attempted to clamber up a trapeze ladder and give a rival performance. The "artist" shook him off into the net, and, as the visitor had not learned the use of the net, his knees lifted up, smote him under the chin, and occasioned him suffering of a kind he had never even suspected the existence of before. His first howl of anguish brought the whole audience into the arena, and that show had to fight its way to the cars that night.

However, when it is a mere matter of hand-to-hand battling, no knife, at least, is good against an experienced canvasman armed with a stake. Up in Cleveland this year the writer saw a big negro with a razor try



"IT'S MY TREAT, FRIENDS"

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. McFarlane on the growth and organization of the modern circus. The next will appear in an early number.



HE DID NOT SEEM, PRECISELY, TO BE PRESENT IN HIS PROTECTIVE CAPACITY

to "carve" one of the circus men. The stake used by the latter was about the size of a cordwood stick and, if possible, apparently more awkward to handle. But within a matter of seconds the assailant, battered and broken-headed, was fleeing a stricken field. Short of the manner in which a deck-hand on a Great Lakes freighter will use a hatchway plank to take care of an Italian with a dagger, stake-swinging is as clever a kind of heavy-weight single-stick as is to be seen on earth.

But the show does not often get the chance to do its fighting hand-to-hand. A wrinkled "razor-back" one day explained how those things go. "If you do make good on a bunch, and get them on the run for the outside, they'll slash the sidewalls on you to get through. And once they are outside, first thing you know they've cut your guys and safeties. It's all on the showman *then!* For a while it's like as if the whole blamed canopy of heaven had been fetched down and pegged around you! You're all in if a pole hits you; and generally you're wishin' one *had* before you've got out from under the crowd jumpin' on you from up above. Then again, when you do get out you don't know why you didn't stay under. For, to bale up and load, you've got to light your beacons: and once they get you up against them, you're nothin' but the back end of a shootin'-gallery!"

Yet if a show is used *too* unmercifully it is a long time before it or any other show will enter that town again. And they could revenge themselves in no more cruel manner Even the circus men themselves hardly realize what "show day" means in the back county districts. Some years ago a circus was playing in Arkansas. The place was sufficiently far in from the centres of civilization for every other man to bring his gun. When an up-river resident, who had driven in with his wife and daughter, was pulling his double-barrel from the bottom of the family buckboard, a hammer caught and the top of his head was blown off. After such a tragedy the proprietor naturally looked for a small house that night The accident made no difference whatever. And in one of the front rows sat the man's wife and daughter!

But these experiences of half-civilized callousness and brutality can hardly be written down as peculiarly circus afflictions. Indeed, of actual fighting the big shows need see almost none at all. What, then, are their troubles? They do not complain of the frequent accidents, for they are all in the day's work. A poor loader has his jaw broken by a crank wagon pole; the ambulance is waiting for him at the next station, and the circus will see that he is well looked after The week following, the manager's private car is "side wiped" by the tail of a runaway freight. Had the circus train been going a little faster it might next day have been without that manager. Such things are chances which the craft must face; and it does face them with most philosophical fatalism

Nor does it make any more of the frequent fond attempts to hold up the ticket-wagon—wherein is the circus treasury. To look in through the wire-latticed side door and see the ticket takers ankle-deep in a drift of bills and silver is a sight which fills certain types of mind with immoral enterprise. It is not for nothing that one of those ticket men bunks in the back of the van, nor that a big repeater hangs just above his head. On one occasion the wagon was rolled completely from the car; but its occupant, though dazed within and bruised without, was game and held the fort. It is very rarely indeed that such highwaymen do get anything

It is from another and a more sinister kind of highway business that the modern circus mainly suffers. It is not so long since one of the largest of them when showing in a Western town—presumably under the reign of law—had a genial gentleman take his stand at the entrance and invite all his acquaintances to come in free. "It's my treat, friends," he said, "only it doesn't cost me any more than it costs you. Step along lively, now! You, Jonesy—why didn't you bring *all* your folks? —Hurry up there, Hickory—no stop at the pasteboard dispensary on this line!" Before he felt ready to enter himself he had passed in almost a hundred. As the show was playing to a full house that meant a hold-up for not less than fifty dollars It stood for it because the genial gentleman was the town marshal; if it had resisted, on some trumped-up charge or other it would have been attached, with the choice between paying up to the hilt and losing a month's playing

That from the West. This from the South: A well-known show was preparing to open in a Mississippi Valley town when its managers received a visit from a group of local officials—which was palpably a "shake-down" visit. Now the managers had paid the state and municipal licenses, they had given out complimentary tickets to the town council, the local paper and the chief of police, and "shake down" they would not! About an hour later, when ticket-selling had begun, some of their late visitors appeared again, this time with a certain goat-bearded justice of the peace and a slant-eyed sheriff. The two latter in their turn called upon the manager. They had heard that some of their citizens were being given short change, but they were unwilling, as yet, to believe it. The circus authorities were even more unwilling to believe it. Whereupon the justice of the peace fixed his court behind the sideshow "banners," and the sheriff went to work. Upon a continuous series of well-timed complaints—two or three from the same individual in some cases—the ticket-seller was repeatedly haled before the bar, fined fifteen dollars, and sent back to accumulate more fines. It sounds incredible, doesn't it? Well, it is true, none the less.

Again, an experience which, occurring during the present season, fell under the writer's own observation. This time one of the biggest industrial centres in the Northeastern States was the scene of the detestable farce. The circus had barely got its tents pitched before a line of "phoney lay-outs" were being set up directly flanking the entrance from the street. There was one roulette-wheel and five large boards checkered off into numbered squares, on which the banker offered a kind of *rouge-et-noir*. By skillful "capping" at the commencement, and the eternal folly of mankind, they soon were all doing a "land-office business." In the mean time one of the highest representatives of the city—a man holding a position of peculiar trust—had with some of his friends descended upon the manager's tent. He was furiously insisting that some one "come uptown and see about things. And why hadn't they come of themselves? Did they think he had nothing better to do than to chase after them?" Now, again the license fees had been paid and all due forms gone through. But after a while the circus adjuster was sent along with him: if it was absolutely necessary he could give out more free tickets, but he must observe the show's unbroken rule and refuse to be bled for money

In the mean time the circus had as yet been given no police protection. It had paid for mounted men to precede the parade, which mounted men had failed to appear. Now, however, a police captain arrived at the private office. But he did not seem, precisely, to be present in his protective capacity. He seemed rather to be waiting for the circus to make some proposition to him. The managers proposed that he should drive away the flourishing gentry who had established themselves at the entrance. The captain wanted to know, with profanity, how their being there concerned the show? It was pointed out that its ability to protect its patrons meant a very great deal to a circus. More than that, one of the cook-tent boys, who that morning had been paid off, had just lost forty dollars, his entire savings, and would have to sleep in the straw that night. The managers also pointed out that the brotherhood of the red-and-black sweat-boards were upon property which was legally under the show's control, and if the proper authorities would not remove them they would act themselves. "To h— with you!" said the honorable police captain. "They'll stay right there!" A few minutes afterward, however, the gambling-stands were carried on down the block till they were past the show-ground frontage, where they still continued to do all the business they could handle. And only the fact that the early afternoon papers were full of the affair eventually compelled them to close up. I watched them being tipped off. It was one of the visitors of the morning who gave the word, accompanied by his friendly regrets. The dealers reluctantly knocked over the dice-pins for a few more throws, then swept the piles of coin and rolls of bills into their valises, carefully folded up their boards and canvas, and departed like so many drummers who had been conscientiously showing their samples. Half an hour later the police arrived in force

Meanwhile the circus adjuster had returned. He had paid no money but he had to pay in tickets. Where thirty-six had been sent with the compliments of the circus, one hundred had been demanded, and demanded with scornful wrath Nor would most of those tickets be used personally. They would be put out and realized upon in cash.

One could cite hundreds of such cases. And let no small town hold up its hands in pharisaic horror at the wickedness of the big ones. The straightest we played in during weeks was one of three hundred and fifty thousand, and the rottenest one of thirty thousand. And if you belong to that school of enlightened economists who believe that "after all, there's no great difference between a reform administration and a corrupt one you'll not travel long with a circus before you are made aware of some of the differences. "Our next town is P——," said the adjuster, one day; "Lord, I just mortally dread to think of what's waiting for us there. But we can't have C——'s all the way through!" "If we could only get things the way they are in Canada!" said another badgered circus man. "There you pay fifty dollars a day license; but a government detective goes with it, and they can't hold you up with him along!" "Look out when you get to D——," an advance man wires back; "they're wolves!" In one town the son of the city treasurer sent a messenger boy out to the lot with a demand for one hundred and twenty-five tickets: unless they were forthcoming at once the license fee would be raised to four hundred dollars. As a matter of fact, this was a bluff, and the showmen were clear-seeing enough to treat it as such. But in any case the show could not have stopped to fight the blackmailer, for it has its life only by moving. To beat off attachments, most circuses have an arrangement with the agents of some trust company in every town ahead, whereby they are enabled to give a bond at any time during the day or night; and just as the show is loading at midnight is the honest attacher's favorite hour. Fifty thousand dollars is the figure one big circus reckons as necessary for its general safeguarding

In another town, where the show had paid for having the streets watered for its parade—though they were not watered—and had paid for having a sewer-broken block put into shape—which the circus engineer corps had, however, to put into shape itself—the mayor sent to the grounds a demand for "*thirty* more of the two-dollar ones!" In the next county a justice of the peace asked in much the same words as the police captain above-mentioned: "What difference it made to the circus, anyway, *what* sort of people were doing business at the entrance?"

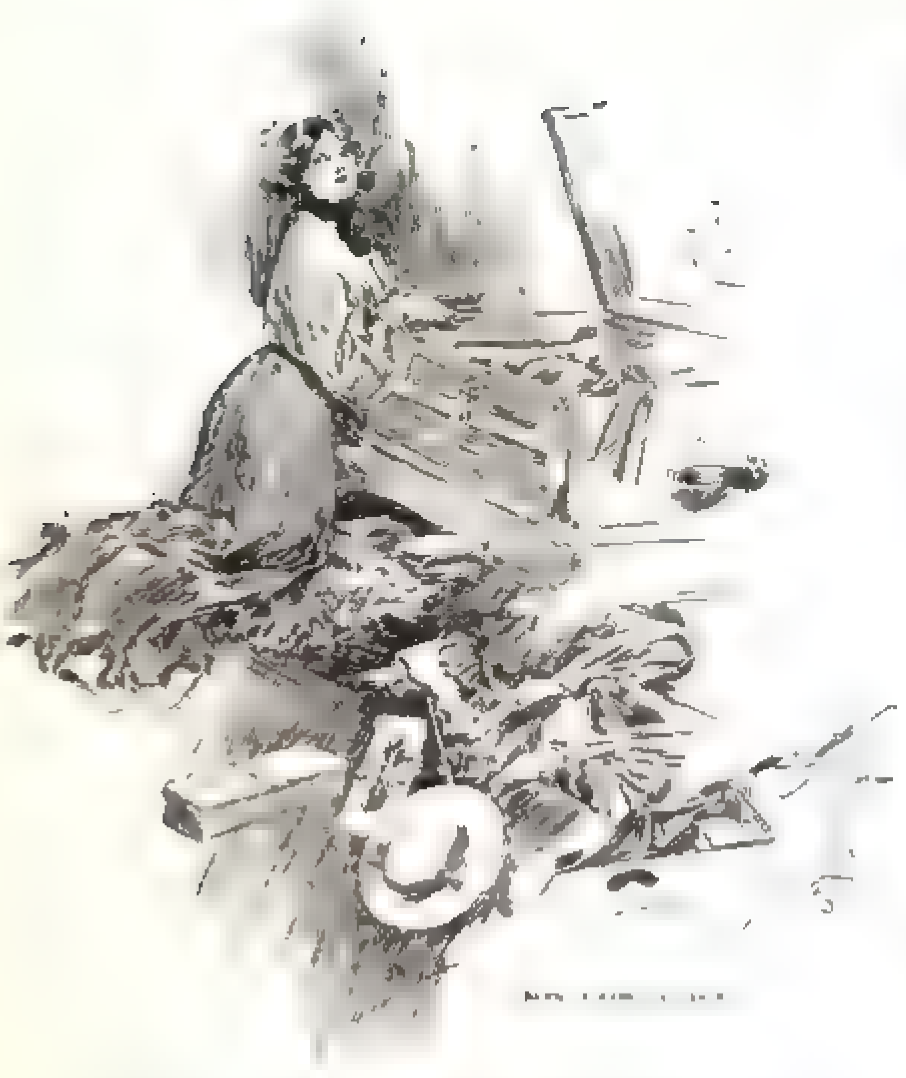
Much worse than that, there are public officials who want the circus to be vicious *in order* that it may yield them blackmail. In one middle-sized town we were in the mayor asked with an all-comprehensive leer "where the lucky boys—

(Continued on Page 20)

THE USHER SUGGESTED THAT HE FIND A SEAT

THE COST

By David Graham Phillips



WHEN OLIVIA CAME BACK THAT EVENING SHE FOUND HER PACKING

VI

SCARBOROUGH soon lifted himself high above the throng, and was marked by faculty and students as a man worth watching. The manner of this achievement was one of those forecasts of the future with which youth bristles for those who take the trouble to watch it.

Although Pierson was only a Sophomore he was the political as well as the social leader of his fraternity. Envy said that the Sigma Alphas truckled to his wealth; perhaps the exacter truth was that his wealth forced an earlier recognition of his real capacity. His position as leader made him manager of the "Sigma Alpha combination" of fraternities and "barbs" which for six years had dominated the Washington and Jefferson Literary Society. The "barbs" had always voted humbly with the aristocratic Sigma Alphas; so Pierson's political leadership apparently had no onerous duties attached to it—and he was not the man to make work for himself.

As the annual election approached he heard rumors of "barb" disaffection, of threatened "barb" revolt. Vance, his "barb" lieutenant, reassured him. "Always a few kickers," said Vance, "and they make a lot of noise. But they won't draw off twenty votes." Pierson made himself easy—there was no danger of one of those hard fought contests which in past years had developed at Battle Field many of Indiana's adroit political leaders.

On election night he felt important and powerful as he sat in the front row among the arrogant Sigma Alphas, at the head of his forces massed in the left side of the hall. He had insisted on Scarborough's occupying a seat just behind him. He tilted back in his armchair and said, in an undertone: "You're voting with us?"

Scarborough shook his head. "Can't do it. I'm pledged to Adee."

Pierson looked amused. "Who's he? And who's putting him up?"

"I'm nominating him," replied Scarborough, "as the 'barb' candidate."

"Take my advice—don't do it, old man," said Pierson in a friendly, somewhat patronizing tone. "You'll only get our fellows down on you—them and all the fraternity men. And—well, your candidate'll have a dozen votes or so, at most—and there'll be a laugh."

"Yes—I suppose there will be a laugh," said Scarborough, his eyes twinkling.

"Don't do it," urged Pierson. "Be practical."

"No—I leave that to your people."

Just then nominations for president were called for and the candidates of the two factions were proposed and seconded. "The nominations for president are——" began the chairman, but before he could utter the word "closed" Scarborough was on his feet—was saying, "Mr. Chairman!"

Pierson dropped his eyes and grew red with embarrassment for his friend who was thus "rushing on to make a fool of himself."

Scarborough's glance traveled slowly from row to row of expectant young men. "Mr. Chairman and fellow-members of the Washington and Jefferson Society," he said in a conversational tone. "I have the honor of placing in nomination Frank Adee, of Richmond. In addition to other qualifications of which it would be superfluous for me to speak in this presence, he represents the masses of the membership of this society which has been too long dominated by and for its classes. It is time to compel the fraternities to take faction and caste and political wire-pulling away from this hall, and to keep them away. It is time to rededicate our society to equality, to freedom of thought and speech, to the democratic ideas of the humble yet proud builders of this college of ours."

Scarborough made no attempt at oratory, made not a single gesture. It was as though he were talking privately and earnestly with each one there. He sat amid silence; when a few "barbs" nervously applauded the fraternity men of both factions, recovering themselves, raised a succession of ironical cheers. A shabby, frightened "barb" stood awkwardly, and in a trembling, weak voice seconded the nomination. There was an outburst of "barb" applause—strong, defiant. Pierson was anxiously studying the faces of his "barbs." "By Jove," he muttered, "Vance has been caught napping. I believe Scarborough has put up a job on us. If I don't gain time we're beat." And he sprang to his feet, his face white. In a voice which he struggled in vain to keep to his wonted affected indifferent drawl, he said: "Mr. Chairman, I move you, sir, that we adjourn." As he was bending to sit his ready lieutenant seconded the motion.

"Mr. Chairman!" It was an excited voice from the rear of the hall—the voice of a tall, lank, sallow man of perhaps thirty-five. "What right," he shouted shrilly, "has this Mr. Pierson to come here and make that there motion? He ain't never seen here except on election nights. H[illegible]"

The chairman rapped sharply. "Motion to adjourn not debatable," he said, and then mumbled rapidly: "The question's the motion to adjourn. All in favor say 'Aye'—all opposed, 'No'—The Ayes seem to have it—the Ayes have—"

"Mr. Chairman, I call for a count of the ayes and noes!" It was Scarborough, standing completely self-possessed. His voice was not raised but it vibrated through that room, vibrated through those three hundred intensely excited young men.

The chairman—Waller, a Zeta Rho, of the Sigma Alpha combination—knew that Pierson was scowling a command to him to override the rules and adjourn the meeting; but he could not take his eyes from Scarborough's, dared not disobey Scarborough's imperious look. "A count of the ayes and noes is called for," he said. "The secretary will call the roll."

Pierson's motion was lost—132 to 179. For the first time in his life he was beaten; and it was an overwhelming, a public defeat that made his leadership ridiculous. His vanity was cut savagely; it was impossible for him to control himself to remain and witness the inevitable rout. He rose, pale, his hands trembling. He lounged down the wide aisle, his face masked in a supercilious smile, his glance contemptuously upon the jubilant "barbs." They were thick about the doors, and as he passed among them he said, addressing no one in particular: "A revolt of the Helots." A "barb" raised a threatening fist; Pierson sneered, and the fist unclinched and dropped before his fearless eyes.

An hour later Scarborough, his ticket elected and the society adjourned, reached Mrs. Trent's porch. In its darkness he saw the glowing end of a cigarette. "That you, Pierson?" he asked in the tone of one who knows what the answer will be.

"Sit down for a few minutes," came the reply in a strained voice.

He could not see even the outline of Pierson's face, but with those acute sensibilities which made life alternately a keen pleasure and a pain to him, he felt that his friend was struggling for self-control. He waited in silence.

At last Pierson began: "I owe you an apology. I've been thinking all sorts of things about you. I know they're unjust and—mean, which is worse. But, d——n it, Scarborough, I *hate* being beaten. And it doesn't make defeat any the easier because *you* did it."

He paused, but Scarborough did not speak.

"I'm going to be frank," Pierson went on with an effort. "I know you had a perfect right to do as you pleased, but—hang it all, old man—you might have warned me."

"But I didn't do as I pleased," said Scarborough. "And as for telling you——" He paused before he interrupted himself with: "But first I want to say that I don't like to give an account of myself to my friends. What does friendship mean if it forbids freedom? I didn't approve or condemn you because you belonged to a fraternity, and because you headed a clique that was destroying the literary society by making it a place for petty fraternity politics instead of a place to develop speakers, writers and debaters. Yet now you're bringing me to account because I didn't slavishly accept your ideas as my own. Do you think that's a sound basis for a friendship, Pierson?"

When Scarborough began Pierson was full of a grievance which he thought real and deep. He was proposing to forgive Scarborough, forgive him generously, but not without making him realize that it was an act of generosity. As Scarborough talked he was first irritated, then, and suddenly, convinced that he was himself in the wrong—in the wrong throughout. "Don't say another word, Scarborough," he replied, impulsively laying his hand on the arm of his friend—how powerful it felt through the coat sleeve! "I've been spoiled by always having my own way and by people letting me rule them. You gave me my first lesson in defeat. And—I needed it badly. As for your not telling me, you'd have ruined your scheme if you had. Besides, looking back, I see that you did warn me. I know now what you meant by always jumping on the fraternities and the combinations."

"Thank you," said Scarborough simply. "When I saw you leaving the society hall I feared I'd lost a friend. Instead, I've found what a friend I have." Then after a brief silence he continued: "This little incident up there to-night—this little revolution I took part in—has meant a good deal to me. It was the first chance I'd had to carry out the ideas I've thought over and thought over down there on the farm while I was working in the fields or lying in the hay, staring up at the sky. And I don't suppose in all the future I'll ever have a greater temptation to be false to myself than I had in the dread that's been haunting me—the dread of losing your friendship—and the friendship of—of—some others who might see it as I was afraid you would. There are lessons in this incident for you, Fred. But the greatest lesson of all is the one you've taught me—never to be afraid to go forward when The Finger points."

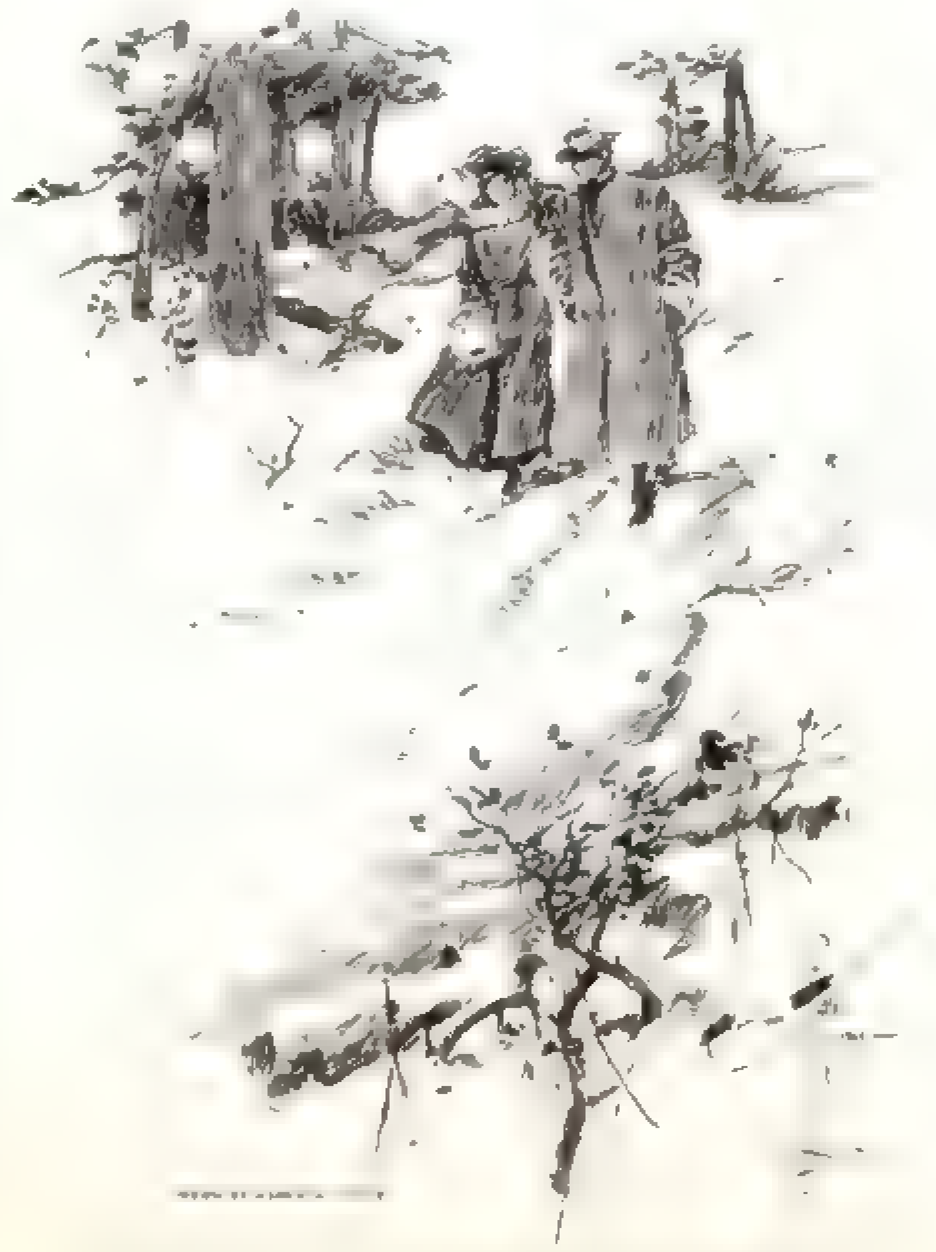
Pierson and Olivia walked to chapel together the next morning, and he told her the story of the defeat, putting himself in a worse light than he deserved. But Olivia, who never lost a chance to attack him for his shortcomings, now, to his amazement, burst out against Scarborough. "It was contemptible," she said indignantly. "It was treachery! It was simply a piece of cold-blooded ambition. He'd sacrifice anything, any one, to ambition. I shall never like him again."

Pierson was puzzled—being in love with her, he had been deceived by her pretense that she had a poor opinion of him, and he did not appreciate that her sense of justice was now clouded by resentment for his sake. At dinner, when the four were together, she attacked Scarborough. Though she did not confess it, he forced her to see that at least his motives were not those she had been attributing to him. When he and Pauline were alone—Olivia and Pierson had to hurry away to a lecture—he said: "What do you think, Miss Gardiner? You—did you—do you—agree with your cousin?"

"I?" Pauline dropped her eyes. "Oh, I——"

She hesitated so long that he said: "Go on—tell me just what you think. I'd—rather know than suspect."

"I think you did right. But—I don't see how you had the courage to do it."



THEY WENT FOR LONG WALKS OVER THE HILLS

"That is, you think I did right—but the sort of right that's worse than wrong"

"No—no!" she protested, putting a good deal of feeling into her voice in the effort to reassure him. "I'd have been ashamed of you if you hadn't done it. And—oh, I despise weakness in a man most of all! And I like to think that if everybody in college had denounced you, you'd have gone straight on. And—you *would!*"

Within a week after this they were calling each the other by their first names

For the Christmas holidays she went with her mother from Battle Field direct to Chicago, to her father's sister, Mrs. Hayden—Colonel Gardiner had been called South on business. When she came back she and Scarborough took up their friendship where they had left it. They read the same books, had similar tastes, disagreed sympathetically, agreed with enthusiasm. She saw a great deal of several other men in her class, enough not to make her preference for him significant to the college—or to herself. They went for moonlight straw-rides, on moonlight and starlight skating and ice-boat parties, for long walks over the hills—all invariably with others, but they were often practically alone. He rapidly dropped his rural manners and mannerisms—Fred Pierson's tailor in Indianapolis made the most radical of the surface changes in him. Late in February his cousin, the superintendent of the farm, telegraphed him to come home. He found his mother ill—plainly dying. And his father—Bladen Scarborough's boast had been that he never took a "dose of drugs" in his life, and for at least seventy of his seventy-nine years he had been "on the jump" daily from long before dawn until long after sundown. Now he was content to sit in his armchair and, with no more vigorous protest than a frown and a growl, to swallow the despised "drugs."

Each day he made them carry him in his great chair into *her* bedroom And there he sat all day long, his shaggy brows down, his gaze rarely wandering from the little ridge her small body made in the high white bed; and in his stern eyes there was a look of stoic anguish Each night, as they were carrying him out to his own room, they took him near the bed; and he leaned forward, and the voice that in all their years had never been anything but gentle for her said: "Good-night, Sallie." And the small form would move slightly there would be a feeble turning of the head, a wan smile on the little old face, a soft "Good-night, Bladen."

It was on Hampden's ninth day at home that the old man said "Good-night, Sallie," and there was no answer—not even a stir. They did not offer to carry him in the next morning; nor did he turn his face from the wall. She died that day; he three days later—he refused food and medicine. He had not shed a tear or made a sound.

Thus the journey side by side for fifty-one years was a journey no longer. They were asleep side by side on the hillside forever.

Hampden stayed at home only one day after the funeral. He came back to Battle Field apparently unchanged He was not in black, for Bladen Scarborough abhorred mourning as he abhorred all other outward symbols of the things of the heart. But after a week he told Pauline about it; and as he talked she sobbed, though his voice did not break nor his eyes dim

"He's like his father," she thought.

When Olivia believed that Dumont was safely forgotten she teased her—"Your adoring and adored Scarborough."

Pauline was amused by this. With fine instinct he had felt—and had never permitted himself to forget—that there was some sort of wall round her for him. It was in perfect good faith that she answered Olivia: "You don't understand him. He's a queer man—sometimes I wonder myself that he doesn't get just a little sentimental. I suppose I'd find him exasperating—if I weren't otherwise engaged."

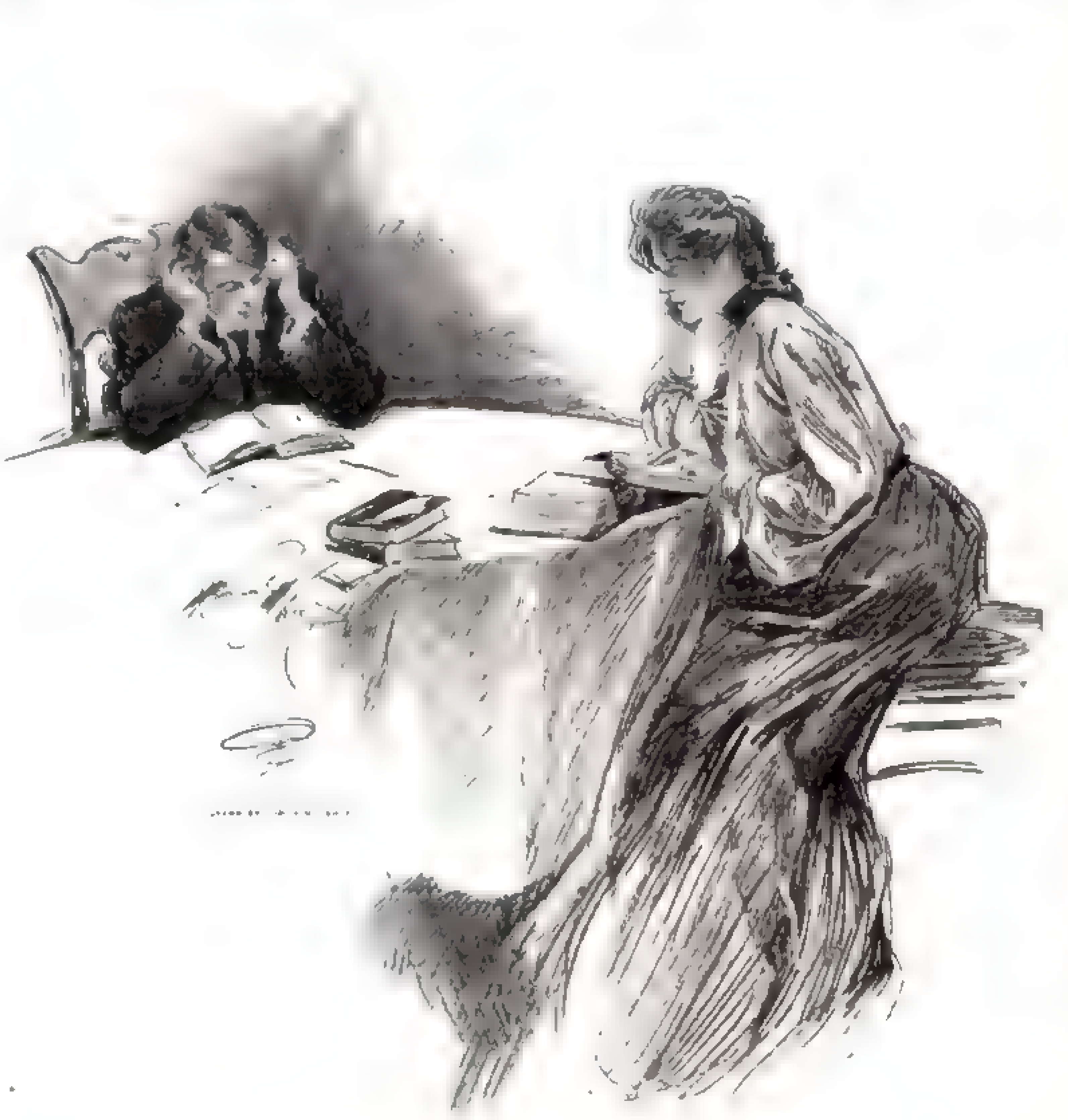
Olivia tried not to show irritation at this reference to Dumont. "I think you're mistaken about which of you is queer," she said. "You are the one—not he."

"I?" Pauline laughed—she was thinking of her charm against any love but one man's, the wedding ring she always wore at her neck. "Why, I *couldn't* fall in love with *him*."

"The woman who gets him will do mighty well for herself—in every way," said Olivia.

"Indeed she will. But—I'd as soon think of falling in love with a tree or a mountain."

She liked her phrase; it seemed to her exactly to define her feeling for Scarborough. She liked it so well that she repeated it to herself reassuringly many times in the next few weeks



PLUNGED HIS ELBOWS FIERCELY UPON THE TABLE . . . AND BEGAN AGAIN

CHAPTER VII

IN THE last week of March came a succession of warm rains. The leaves burst from their impatient hiding just within the cracks in the gray bark. And on Monday the unclouded sun was irradiating a pale green world from a pale blue sky. The four windows of Pauline's and Olivia's sitting-room were up; a warm, scented wind was blowing this way and that the strays of Pauline's red brown hair as she sat at the table, her eyes on a book, her thoughts on a letter—Dumont's first letter on landing in America. A knock, and she frowned slightly.

"Come!" she cried, her expression slowly veering toward welcome.

The door swung back and in came Scarborough. Not the awkward youth of last September, but still unable wholly to conceal how much at a disadvantage he felt before the woman he particularly wished to please. "Yes—I'm ten minutes early," he said, apology in his tone—with that subtle instinct of his, he felt himself not altogether welcome. "But I knew you'd be only reading a novel."

For answer she held up the book which lay before her—a solemn volume in light brown calf

"Analytical geometry," he said. "And on the first day of the finest spring the world ever saw." He was at the window, looking out longingly—sunshine, and soft air washed clean by the rains; the new born leaves and buds; the pioneer birds and flowers. "Let's go for a walk. We can do the Vergil to-night."

"*You*—talking of neglecting *work!*" Her smile seemed to him to sparkle as much in the waves of her hair as in her even white teeth and gold-brown eyes. "So you're human, just like the rest of us"

"Human!" He glanced at her and instantly glanced away

"Do leave that window," she begged. "We must get the Vergil now. I'm reading an essay at the society to-night—they've fined me twice for neglecting it. But if you stand there reminding me of what's going on outside I'll not be able to resist"

"How this would look from Indian Rock!"

She flung open a Vergil textbook with a relentless shake of the head. "I've got the place. Book three, line two forty-five

"'*Una in præcelsa consedit rupe Celæno*——'"

"It doesn't matter what that hideous old Harpy howled at the pious Æneas," he grumbled. "Let's go out and watch the Great God Pan dedicate his brand-new temple."

"Do sit there!" She pointed a slim white forefinger at the chair at the opposite side of the table—the side nearer him. "I'll be generous and work the dictionary to-day." And she opened a fat, black, dull-looking book beside the Vergil.

"Where's the Johnnie?" he asked, reluctantly dropping into the chair.

She laid Dryden's translation of the Æneid on his side of the table. They always read the poetical version before they began to translate for the classroom—Dryden was near enough to the original to give them its spirit, far enough to save their consciences. "Find the place yourself," said she. "I'm not going to do everything."

He opened the Dryden and languidly turned the pages. "'At length rebuff'd, they leave their mangled——'" he began.

"No—two or three lines farther down," she interrupted. "That was in the last lesson."

He pushed back the rebellious lock that insisted on falling down the middle of his forehead, plunged his elbows fiercely upon the table, put his fists against his temples, and began again:

"'High on a craggy cliff Celæno sate
And thus her dismal errand did relate——'

Have you got the place in the Latin?" he interrupted himself.

Fortunately he did not look up, for her eyes were on the waving boughs. "Yes," she replied hastily. "You do your part and I'll do mine"

He read a few lines in an absent-minded singsong, then interrupted himself once more: "Did you ever smell anything like that breeze?"

"Never. '*Bellum etiam pro cæde bonum*'—go on—I'm listening—or trying to"

He read:

"'But know that ere your promised walls you build,
My curse shall severely be fulfilled
Fierce famine is your lot—for this misdeed,
Reduced to grind the plates on which you feed.'"

He glanced at her. She was leaning on her elbow, obviously weaving day-dreams round those boughs as they trembled with the ecstasy of spring

"You are happy to-day?" he said.

"Yes—happier than I have been for a year." She smiled mysteriously. "I've had good news." She turned abruptly, looked him in the eyes with that frank, clear expression—his favorite among his memory-pictures of her was one that had it. "There's one thing that worries me—it's never off my mind longer than a few minutes. And when I'm blue, as I usually am on rainy days, it makes me—horribly uncomfortable. I've often almost asked your advice about it."

"If you'd be sorry afterward that you told me," said he, "I hope you won't. But if I can help you, you know how glad I'd be."

"It's no use to tell Olivia," Pauline went on. "She's bitterly prejudiced. But ever since the first month I knew you I felt that I could trust you, that you were a real friend. And you're so fair in judging people and things"

His eyes twinkled. "I'm afraid I'd tilt the scales—just a little—where you were concerned."

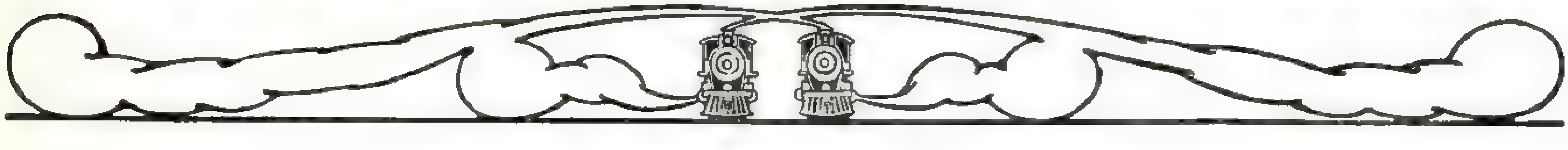
"Oh, I want you to do that," she answered with a smile. "Last fall I did something—well, it was foolish, though I wouldn't admit it to any one else. I was carried away by an impulse. Not that I regret. In the only really important way, I wouldn't undo it if I could—I think"

"If it's done and can't be undone," he said cheerfully, "I don't see that advice is needed"

"But—you don't understand." She seemed to be casting about for words. "As I said, it was last fall—here. In Saint X there was a man—and he and I—we'd cared for each other ever since we were children. And then he went away to college. He did several things that father didn't like. You know how older people are—they don't make allowances. And though father's the gentlest, best—at any rate, he turned against Jack, and——"

(Continued on Page 31)

A Look Along the Line



How the Railroad Situation Looks from the Wall Street Observation Car

By Edwin Lefèvre

IT WOULD not be fair to allow the impression to grow strong that all the manufacturers of securities of this boom were actuated by greed alone. Primarily, some of the great railroad financiers wished to carry out certain cherished projects. The winning of a few millions of dollars was an incident to the adding of some thousands of miles to a railroad system whose growth was as the breath of life to some of these practical dreamers. But all booms in this country have come to an end more from over-production than from under-consumption—a distinction with a difference, this. It was so with the stock boom. The capacity of the public to absorb securities was very great; but it was not unlimited. We were prosperous, richer than ever before. But to buy stocks by the billion was another story. One billion, yes; two billions, yes. A dozen billions, no! Many manufacturers of securities—and insecurities—of all kinds, not realizing that the psychological moment had passed, kept on. The promoters would not desist. Possibly, like many gold-stricken people, they could not see clearly. When even the wisest and shrewdest men in Wall Street, men of experience, familiar with the phenomena of stock gambling and with the psychology of stock gamblers, made the mistake of not closing down their stock-factories, how could amateurs and mere plungers escape being unwise also? Not a banker of importance but failed to realize that the public's eyes had been opened or its appetite for stocks and bonds surfeited with gross over-feeding. The decline in security prices was inevitable, and the only remarkable thing about it is that the greatest losers of all have been, not the public, the "lambs," but the very greatest of the great millionaires. With the ruthless squeezing out of water there has been a woeful evaporation of "paper" profits, an appalling shrinkage in prestige; and the greatest sufferers are the men who seldom lose in the stock market because, mostly, they play with loaded dice, but who lost in this instance because of errors in judgment.

Some Dreams that May Come True

THERE were many "deals" that of course were for personal revenue only; the companies did not profit so much, proportionately, as their managers did. But others were proper, justifiable; indeed, much to be desired. To confine one's self to the railroads, we see the best of them carrying out plans that have involved new securities, more new securities, always more securities! It may be assumed that the men who thus ordered the printing-presses to work overtime were of the honest class; personally honest, that is. Granted, also, that the fortunes of such men as James J. Hill, E. H. Harriman, A. J. Cassatt and other great railroad men were never increased a fraction of a cent in, by or through stock-market operations. That must be so, since all these men have stated in interviews with reporters that they never speculate in stocks and that they leave that to Wall Street gamblers. But granting that they acted with the best intentions in the world, actuated by only one desire and motive—to make each his road stronger, better—this much is none the less true: that they helped to create the excess of securities from which we are to-day suffering, and that the wisdom of the acts and "deals" which necessitated the excessive issues of stocks and bonds has not been proven. Only the future can tell whether these men have dreamed of the future to good purpose. That they have marvelous imaginations goes without saying. Call it foresight, business instinct, what you will; the possessors of these faculties are the business seers, the men who not only dream but do. But after dreaming wonderful things they have confided their dreams to the stock-ticker, in order to have the only ally that could help them realize their dreams. Let us take a few instances.

James J. Hill is beyond question a great man, a wonderful railroad scientist, a poet whose numbers are of mileage. He kept his road out of a receiver's hands during the last hard times, which was accounted a great feat. Since then he has accomplished a far greater; for example, to increase the preferred stock of the Great Northern—which was all that was held by the public—from $25,000,000 to $125,000,000. He did it because he put the money into improvements. But he has said that as he could not pay more than seven per cent. per annum in dividends for fear of arousing antagonistic legislation, and as those who know him and the circumstances best say he was acting properly, it may be overlooked that he quadrupled—or more—the outstanding stock of his road in a few years. He and Mr. Morgan agreed that their holdings of Great Northern and Northern Pacific stocks respectively would become more valuable and the railroad situation in the Northwest strengthened forever if the two roads could secure the control of the Burlington. They previously had tried to get the St. Paul and failed ignominiously. The Burlington was obtained. Mr. Morgan and Mr. Hill decided that the roads they controlled could pay $200 for each share of Burlington stock, and so, to pay for a little over $100,000,000 of Chicago, Burlington and Quincy stock, more than $200,000,000 of bonds were issued. That was quite an increase! The bonds bore interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum. That means that Mr. Hill—he was the moving spirit—felt that Burlington stock was worth that much to his road. But whether it will prove such a good thing as he thinks only the future can determine. Mr. Hill said, before the Northern Pacific panic, that he would not take $100,000,000 for his bargain. But a prominent member of the Union Pacific party which precipitated the Northern Pacific corner by buying the control of the latter right under the noses of Morgan and Hill, told me once that when they first approached Hill to ask for a share of the Burlington in self-protection, they said to him: "You paid a fool price for Burlington. But what's done is done and we are willing to go in on the same terms." Hill refused and the corner, with the resultant panic, followed. When experts disagree as to such a thing as values, how can the average investor know? It was characteristic of Mr. Hill not to dicker. But the man who buys the "C. B. & Q. Joint 4's" around 94 is buying the old Burlington stock at 188, plus, of course, the joint guarantee of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific companies; that and the magic name of bond! But to settle the famous Northern Pacific dispute Mr. Morgan, knowing his previous success in selling securities to a stock-mad public by the train-load, formed the Northern Securities Company, with a capital stock of $400,000,000! For each one hundred shares of Great Northern preferred stock the holder received one hundred and eighty shares of the new stocks, while for every one hundred shares of Northern Pacific the holder thereof received one hundred and fifteen shares of Northern Securities. It was paying a wonderfully high price for a stock like Great Northern preferred, which had been quintupled in a few years, and for one like Northern Pacific, which company had been, a few years before, bankrupt and discredited. Mr. Hill's vision may be inspired, prophetic, clear beyond the power of words to describe. But that he has helped the indigestion of securities is perfectly obvious. And he is not alone. Moreover, the Federal Government contends that the Northern Securities Company has no legal right to exist.

The Far-Reaching Plans of the Pennsylvania

MR. CASSATT is as surely a remarkable man. It is a wonderful institution, the Pennsylvania Railroad. It is a huge body; but it is not unwieldy. A giant but nimble, well-trained, clear-headed. The spirit that moves it is strong, one-purposed, progressive, far-sighted. It does not content itself with keeping up with the times. It goes ahead of them by a generation. What the Pennsylvania does to-day other roads will do ten years hence. I have been told that Mr Cassatt's desk has no papers on it; that he allows no letters, no written memoranda to accumulate, that all letters are answered immediately upon perusal, and that the man's mind, being free from all contemporaneous annoyances and details, can occupy itself with the future. It may be. But Mr. Cassatt has done this: He has bought stocks in other roads which were at one point or another competitors of the Pennsylvania. He did not, because he could not, lease the Norfolk and Western and the Baltimore and Ohio—which controls one-half of the Reading, which in turn controls the Jersey Central—and the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Long Island. The usual criticisms are not so much that Mr. Cassatt paid high prices for stocks of these roads, but that he has had to increase the Pennsylvania's capital to an extent the wisdom of which is not apparent. The Pennsylvania three or four years ago had a capital stock of $100,000,000. To-day it is treble that amount, in round figures, and it may be increased at the management's will to $400,000,000, the stockholders having duly authorized it. It has meant that much more stock to sell. It is a good stock, but it helped the "indigestion." Then there are bond issues and trust certificates for scores of millions.

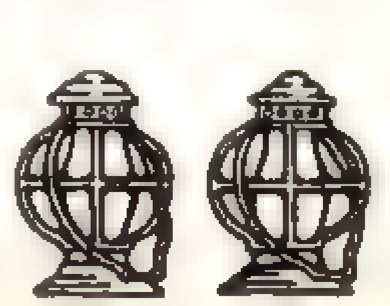
It is all very well to be progressive. When Mr. Cassatt decided to build a tunnel into and a station in the heart of Manhattan, involving an outlay of probably half a hundred millions, he was progressive. But it will be many years before the railroad will be able to regard the tunnel and station as a self-supporting institution. The stock pays six per cent. to-day. The outlay thus incurred—incurred wisely, let us grant—means three millions per annum. The Pennsylvania bought Baltimore and Ohio stock. The price of it rose after the purchase and Mr. Cassatt was a genius. The price of Baltimore and Ohio has since declined, and, moreover, the Baltimore and Ohio has increased its stock. When it was reorganized its capital was $188,000,000 of bonds, $60,000,000 of preferred and $45,000,000 of common stock—indeed, the amount of common was somewhat less; but it was soon increased to the $45,000,000. It has since taken the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern. But also it now has $60,000,000 preferred, $125,000,000 common and $320,000,000 of bonds! Of course, there have been wonderful improvements—for which, by the way, there probably will be more increases in the capital—but the point to consider is whether the value of the Pennsylvania's holdings of Baltimore and Ohio has been increased with the increased capital.

It is the same elsewhere; more improvements, more expenditures, strengthening of railway systems by the elimination of competition; double tracking hundreds of miles; reduction of grades; straightening of curves—all done in the boom, because the public was willing to pay—that is, to buy the stocks issued to pay for all these things. More stocks and bonds; always more stocks and bonds! And while the deluge goes on, there is the wisdom of Mr. Cassatt and the wisdom of investors in Pennsylvania stock to-day—wisdom which is to be determined by time and the ticker

. Mr. Harriman and the Union Pacific

BUT that was the trouble as all agree now—the over-creation of securities. The public would buy anything. Railroad men must make hay while the sun shone. So they made securities, sold them and bettered their roads. In many instances the improvements were indispensable. The "deals" were proper. In others the "deals" were carried out, and big roads "absorbed" smaller ones that a firm of bankers might profit. This latter is the commonest form of financial graft. It is difficult, in many cases impossible, to convict the grafters because they, profiting by the perils and misadventures of the cruder financiers of earlier days, nowadays do everything in a "legal" way, which their less skillful predecessors not always did. But this article treats of the manufacture of securities by the railroad strategist rather than the mere financiers

The name of E. H. Harriman was mentioned in a preceding paragraph together with that of Cassatt and of Hill. Mr. Harriman is a very able man; he has broadness of vision, which makes him a good general; nimbleness of wit and the scent of gain, which makes him a daring financial juggler; and a tenacity which makes him well-nigh invincible. He is a very great man now, for the boom has been good to him in giving him the opportunity of his life and more than kind in securing for him the confidence of such a banking-house as that of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. He is a very great man now;



but it is not so very long ago that he used to importune newspaper reporters to fight on his side in his "differences of opinion" with men and firms like that of Morgan, who did not then reckon him a foeman to look out for. Mr. Harriman's wideness of vision is marvelous. His views are so sound that he has had practically *carte blanche* from the bankers. He would plan. They would consider and study and, in all probability, approve. Result: more securities! Now, of all the railroad reorganizations of the last hard times none was more skillful, cleaner cut, more scientific or fairer than the Union Pacific. The stockholders' equity in the property was much greater than, for instance, in those roads reorganized by Mr. Morgan, whose methods were such that Wall Street years ago called them re-Morganizations. There were $100,000,000 of bonds and $60,000,000 and $100,000,000 of common and preferred stocks, respectively. In the hardest of hard times the road had been able to earn enough to pay interest on that amount of bonds. In other words, the road was reorganized on a rock-bottom basis. Came the boom. The company, like everybody and everything else American, made so much money that the company's preferred stock, which had been considered a "fair gamble" came to be regarded as a "safe investment," and the common, which had kicked about at a few dollars per share, in time sold at more than $130 and paid four per cent. dividends. But Mr. Harriman decided his road must have the Southern Pacific. He bought—for the Union Pacific Company—about ninety out of the two hundred millions of Southern Pacific stock and the company issued bonds—and, wonderful to tell, the bonds were made attractive by being "convertible" into common stock at the option of the holder. The Union Pacific has issued $100,000,000 of such bonds and some $30,000,000 of Oregon Short Line bonds to pay for its holdings of Northern Securities stock, which the Supreme Court may order retransformed into its original elements. To exchange stocks into bonds was clever financiering in boom times. In times of storm and stress the cleverness may not be so obvious

Another vexatious feature of this habit of railroad managers of buying stocks of a railroad was the issuing therefor of their own stock at a valuation nothing short of exorbitant. It may be said that the purchasing companies were not in position to buy the other stocks before, when values had not yet risen. But the wisdom of it, in the mind of the holder of the stock later, may be a different matter.

Mr. Gould and His Mop

TAKE the Missouri Pacific. At the time of the Bryan scare, when the stock, known to the watchers of the ticker as "Mop," sold at about ten dollars or twelve dollars a share, it was current gossip in Wall Street that the only thing that kept the road out of the hands of a receiver was the determination of Miss Helen M. Gould to avert what she knew her father would have been very sorry to see: bankruptcy. She lent the company money and kept it solvent. With the good times the road like every other, made a great deal of money. It followed that the stock would rise; which it did, to $125 a share or more. Increases for improvements and other necessary expenditures were proper enough. But George Gould became ambitious like the other heads of railway systems. Now, Mr. Gould, brave possibly because he has known the strength of his Rockefeller allies, has shown that he possesses a mind of his own. Mr. Cassatt and Mr. Morgan could not dissuade him from carrying out his Wabash plans; in railway English, from invading the Pennsylvania's territory. We find Mr. Gould's Missouri Pacific issuing $14,422,000 stock in 1901 to pay for $14,800,000 Denver and Rio Grande common stock and $7,300,000 preferred—a high price—and before the Denver and Rio Grande had issued $21,250,000 preferred stock to acquire the Rio Grande Western preferred, paying $110 for each $100 of Rio Grande Western stock, which was very high. The Iron Mountain Company similarly took over $23,000,000 of the Texas and Pacific second income bonds at sixty-five per cent. of their face value in Iron Mountain four per cent. bonds. The Texas Pacific seconds sold under twenty a few years ago and were at no time highly regarded, but they were metamorphosed into the bonds of a solvent road. Cost was not considered so long as the new stocks and bonds could be sold easily. They cannot be sold easily to-day, so there are no more "deals."

Mr. Morgan, of course, has done more in this "line" of business than any other man. The Louisville and Nashville road was "captured" by John W. Gates in a market speculation which chance as much as brains or design elevated from a "turn" to the dignity of an exploit. Gates bought the controlling interest—that is, the majority of Louisville and Nashville stock. It did not cost more on an average than $120 a share. But the possession of the property by Gates and his friends was dangerous to the stock market's peace of mind; possibly also to Mr. Morgan and to certain Southern roads. Mr. Morgan transformed $30,000,000 of Louisville and Nashville stock into $46,000,000 of Atlantic Coast Line four per cent. bonds. Louisville and Nashville stock had been selling at about $100 a share when Gates started to buy it. It is selling at this writing at about the same price. The Atlantic Coast Line paid 150 for it in four per cent. bonds.

In the anthracite group Mr. Morgan has been naturally very busy since he reorganized many of the hard coal roads He bought the New York, Susquehanna and Western for the Erie, paying for it $13,000,000 of preferred and $13,000,000 common stock. The Pennsylvania Coal Company was wanted. He paid dear for it—$32,000,000 of four per cent. bonds and $5,000,000 of first preferred stock. In the interest of the Reading—or at least, the Reading took it—he bought $14,500,000 of Jersey Central stock and paid $23,200,000 of Reading bonds, the majority of Reading stock later being sold to the Baltimore and Ohio (which is controlled by the Pennsylvania).

These are but a few instances of the creation of new securities entirely in the furtherance of plans of railroads rather than of stock market pools. The figures of all creations, good, bad and worse, were given in the first article of the series. Stocks! More stocks! Stocks to sell to a greedy public, by the bale, by the ton, by the billion! Some of the stocks were good and represented good value; others merely the promise of value; others absolutely nothing but wind and water, sheer capitalised impudence. It was all part of the strenuous game of the Street. There, as in other places, good flourishes beside evil

CHRONICLES OF THE LITTLE TOT

By Edmund Vance Cooke

The Talk of Two-Year-Old

"Pitypat, pitypat," over the floor;
"Knickaknock, knickaknock," heard at the door;
And the small, soft tones
That the Two-year-old owns
Cry the curious cry "Dubbydo'! dubbydo'!"
'Tis a mystical tongue, but I happen to know
That it means (as nearly as words can state;
'Tis a difficult thing to *quite* translate),
"Father dear, I am here and dislike to wait
Will you kindly open the door for me?
For I can't quite reach the knob, you see."

In prances Two-year-old, charging my knee,
Filled to the brim with imperious glee.
"Hiss up!" is her cry,
Which I cannot deny,
For I read what she means by the light in her eye.
"Father dear" (I interpret), "pray heed my behest
To be placed on your knee, there to sit and to rest
And, furthermore, do me the favor, I pray.
To grant my demand with no vexing delay."

I obey and the Two-year-old promptly demands
All things in the sweep of her plundering hands.
"Taw dat?" cry the lips
And the pink finger-tips,
And of course it is clear that they mean "Father dear,
What *is* that cylindrical rod in your ear?
Is it merely a method of dressing your hair,
Or has it some deeper significance there?"

I humbly explain how a pencil is used
And Two-year-old deigns to be highly amused.
"Me! me!" she demands,
Reaching wide-fingered hands,
Whose intent, plainly meant, is to say, "Sir, I'm sent,
By the monosyllabicist I represent
To bid you deliver that marvelous treasure,
Or suffer the pain of our deepest displeasure."

She grasps the stiletto, unsheathed from my ear,
And then like a Bayard, devoid of all fear
And ripe for a row,
Bends back and cries "Dow!"
Which signifies, "Sir, 'tis my wish to retire
From the throne of your knee. I've achieved my desire
And I crave a seclusion, with nobody nigh
To prevent me from running this point in my eye.
And I also decline to allow a complaint
Should my pleasure impel me to suck of the paint."

"Oh, Two-year-old, Two-year-old, hark to my cry,
Prithee yield me the weapon and poke not your eye!"
"Na! na! na!" comes the word
And I blench as 'tis heard,
Yet gird up my courage and do the rash deed,
As Two-year-old curses me, root, branch and seed
To the portal she flies, as she cries "Dubbydo!"
And the pregnant portent of that accent I know.
"I loathe thee and leave thee," it says. "Nevermore
Will I rattle the knob of the traitorous door."

. . . . . .

And 'tis fully five minutes, or possibly ten,
Ere Two-year-old comes for admittance again.

FREE SEED

IMPORTANT changes this year in the Government's plan of distributing seeds and plants will interest the farmers of the United States and the Senators and Representatives in Congress. To handle seeds intelligently, adapting them to the sections of the country where they will best grow, the United States has been divided into large agricultural districts, and maps showing this arrangement will be furnished to Members of Congress. In addition to the usual allotment of miscellaneous vegetable seed, of which each Senator and Representative will have 12,000 packages to his credit, there will be for every one of these statesmen 500 packages containing novelties, each package including five new varieties of seeds with full directions for planting and cultivation. To all the recipients of these novelties a franked postal card will be supplied, with a request that he make a report to the Department of Agriculture as to his success in raising the plants.

In this way the many scientific achievements of specialists in the Government service will be diverted to practical fields. There have been developed within the past few years many agricultural novelties which give promise of greatly benefiting the farming industry of the United States, and Secretary Wilson is anxious that the tillers of the soil shall reap the harvest of these propagating experiments.

That city people may also enjoy the advantages of scientific advancement in plant cultivation, the allotment of flower seeds to Senators and Representatives has been increased to 500 packages, each containing five packets, and arrangements have been made to enable every member whose constituents are wholly or in the main dwellers of cities to exchange his 12,000 packages of vegetable seeds for the seeds of flowers. Moreover, for these strictly city constituents a special collection is being prepared of seeds of flowers suitable for small dooryards, lots, balconies and window boxes.

The number of trees for each member to distribute has been increased to 100. Bulbs are now ready for distribution. In addition to the regular consignments of seeds, members will be provided with a miscellaneous assortment of seeds to meet without delay demands that come for mixed varieties in small lots. Members will be furnished envelopes for sending these through the mails. This system will enable them to send out more than five packets to one address, if that is desired.

An important item was provided for by the last session of Congress. The Public Printer was authorized to furnish the Secretary of Agriculture with the franks of Senators and Representatives. These will be supplied in sufficient quantities to enable members to send out all the seed allotted them without having to resort to document slips. In the matter of cotton and tobacco, the method adopted last year of sending out special collections adapted to certain districts will be continued. The Bureau of Plant Industry is conducting extensive experiments in cotton culture, and the methods of distributing seed are in keeping with this scientific work. With some of the seed to be sent out this year will go the announcement to cotton planters that the varieties they are receiving are new and of the greatest value and cannot be bought on the market at any price. They will, therefore, be asked to plant with care, report results, and carefully save the seed of the matured plants.

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

¶ When we notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once, in order not to miss a number, using the special blank inclosed for that purpose. New subscriptions which are received by us on, or before, Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of the next week following. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal, bankers' or express money orders. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶To manage men, study women.

¶The darkest hour is always just before breakfast.

¶A man who goes with the current always ends in slack water.

¶In these days of speculation the pool and its money are soon parted.

¶Misfortunes never come singly because people always multiply them.

¶Matches are not all made in Heaven. Some are made in South Dakota

¶When Debt stands at the door Opportunity does not get a chance to knock.

¶"Put yourself in his place" may be a good rule provided it is not a tight place.

¶The best evidence that women do not want to vote is found in the fact that they do not vote.

¶There is no doubt that the trusts which set out to possess the land and sea got some of the water, but they did not succeed in salting it down.

¶A man recovered a verdict for $20,000 from a railroad for the loss of his legs. "Lucky dog," said the pauper. "Poor fellow," said the millionaire.

Greedy Little Colombia

NO ONE has seriously blamed Colombia for trying to make all she could out of the Panama Canal deal, but the ingenuous statesmen who have been ostensibly administering her affairs should have known that there was a limit to the patience and forbearance of the American people. Assuming that the canal is to be built by the Panama route, Colombia was certain to have a pretty good thing out of the trade that so much industrial and commercial activity is sure to generate, not only when the canal shall be built, but while it is building. She would, in fact, have participated very liberally in the benefits of the enterprise and she would not have been called upon to bear any of the expenses. When, in addition to this, she was to get a bonus of $10,000,000, and $250,000 annually by way of solace, she really overstepped the bounds of reason in imitating the daughters of the horse leech and still crying, "Give!"

There were two other reasons why the Colombia statesmen should have thought seriously before putting in a claim for further largess. One is that President Roosevelt has the option of taking the Nicaragua route for the canal, and the advocates of that route have been ready on the slightest excuse to put up a very emphatic argument. The other reason is that if Colombia could not come to terms with the Administration at Washington she could not grant the Panama concession to any other nation. President Roosevelt has permitted it to be known in a way that leaves no ground for misunderstanding that the Monroe Doctrine is something more than a political theory.

These considerations undoubtedly influenced the leaders in the revolution in Panama to set up a government of their own, although it is unquestionable that they had other and very real grievances. The important thing now is that Panama professes herself ready to treat with our Government on equitable terms, and if the canal shall finally be built the chances are that Colombia will be left out in the cold. Greedy little Colombia! The cake was passing—a big plate full—but she would not take any because the frosting was not thick enough to suit her; and now she may not get any cake at all.

His Personal Account

NOT long ago a man high in finance and conspicuous before the country lost his reputation, was uncovered as a blackmailer and bunco-steerer on a large scale who was trafficking upon his good name. On every side one heard the remark: "Yes, his lost reputation. But what does he care? Hasn't he got money by the barrel full? Not a door will be closed against him; not an acquaintance will be less friendly."

There is much truth in this—much surface truth. But get below the surface, study the elements that make up the substance of reputation and of character, and what seemed so mournfully true seems utterly false. The principles of morality are the principles of sound policy, too, as the human race has learned through the ages. These accounts in "consequences" are not made up in a moment or in the public highway. But they are made up. And all realize this solemn truth who do not fancy they know a man's life through and through because they see him in public now and then, or read his public acts. Destiny has other and better ways of meting out justice than such conditions as taking away a man's money—leaving it to him may be far more effectual. Nor does destiny deal with individuals for the purpose of making a gallery play. It does not care for applause or for condemnation. Silently and privately it deals with each man. And it is not often cheated.

The Child and the Rod

NO DOUBT much can be said for the view that the bringing up of children is, as General Hancock said of the tariff, "largely a local question." Still, an impartial observer, situated in remote safety, may be permitted once in a while to make a purely general observation, or at least to ask a question that does not contain a covert attack upon anybody in particular.

For example, why is it that the noisiest, the most ill-behaved children are also the children that are disciplined the most severely?

Are the children bad because they are beaten or browbeaten, or both? Are the children beaten or browbeaten, or both, because they are bad?

It would do parents no harm to think on this problem while they are cutting switches.

Saving the White Mountains

ONLY those who have climbed Mount Adams this summer and witnessed the devastation wrought by the lumbermen along the beautiful path to the Cascade can have an adequate idea of the pressing necessity of some decisive movement for setting aside the White Mountains as a national reservation. Right across that sylvan trail, to the care and preservation of which Professor Edmands has devoted so much time, thought and money, the lumbermen have driven their roads, and taken out on either hand some of the finest timber. Half-way up, just where the path intercepted a shaded, babbling brook, where the thrush and the winter-wren loved to linger, a great, sprawling, logging camp has been built; and instead of the secluded, bird-haunted stream one comes upon a broad morass, dotted with the stumps of fallen trees, and exposed to the full glare of the sunlight. Multiply this scene by thousands of square acres and one has some vague conception of what the slopes of the Presidential Range will be like in a few years if the lumber companies are permitted to pursue their work without hindrance.

Of course we cannot blame the lumbermen. With them it is a matter of business and not of sentiment. They have as a rule been very ready to cooperate with the state and national forestry experts in the development of their property, as far as it has been for their pecuniary interest to do so. Wholesale cutting has for the most part been given up, except on the slopes, where, unfortunately, wholesale cutting is the most disastrous. If part of the trees are taken out the others are pretty sure to go down in heavy gales; and if the slopes are once laid bare, erosion starts and vegetation on a large scale can no longer gain a permanent foothold. If the beauty of the White Mountains is to be preserved and their inestimable value as a storage reservoir of moisture is to be retained, they must be made a national park.

An appropriation of $10,000,000 would probably be sufficient to secure the most important part of the White Mountain region from further injury, and it would not be a bad investment.

The Ninety Per Cent. Who Fail

A WHILE ago it was Chicago that discovered that bad cooking was responsible for most of the divorces out that way. And now it is a Chicago woman who proposes that women be admitted to the suffrage wherever they can pass a satisfactory examination in housekeeping, and she suggests that the qualification would exclude most of her sex as effectually as the present barrier

Considerably more than ninety per cent. of the men who engage in business fail; rarely is there a man of any age who has not been discharged at least once in his life for incompetence; where is there an employer of male labor who is not brimful of stories of his trials with help who don't know their business and won't learn? So, we see that if the women as a rule fall short of giving satisfaction in their chief line of endeavor, their husbands, fathers and brothers have small right to sit in judgment.

The First Advertiser

PROBABLY several hundred million dollars are being spent each year in this country upon advertising. Yet the advertising industry is in its infancy, and the men of trade and commerce are just beginning to wake up to the truth that the possibilities of advertising are the greatest factor in modern business.

The first advertiser was the man who sought out the place where the most people passed and hung out a sign over his establishment. And the last advertiser will be able to do no more. The change has come in the nature of the place where the most people pass and in the character of the sign. The modern means of locomotion and the printing-press have made the crowd that passes a particular door in a particular street of comparatively small importance. For the merchant, or the enterprising manufacturer who is merchant also, can find a far vaster crowd to pass before and gaze at his sign. And if he knows how to word that sign he will have his hands full taking care of those who want his goods.

The wise seller of to-day asks himself two questions: Where will my sign meet the eyes of the people of the kind I wish to meet? What sort of a sign will attract most eyes?

The Perils of Prosperity

THERE is a hotel in New York City which, for the last four years, has been enlivened every evening by the noisy ostentations of the most conspicuous men in the late boom's enormous product of the get-rich-quick. And they still go there; but instead of spending money like water they wait round in the hope that some one will take pity on them in their fallen estate. They were rich—almost millionaires, multi-millionaires even. They are poor, so poor that their families are no longer living in small palaces near "the Avenue" but in large boarding-houses far from it.

All that these people have left is the memory of their brief day of tawdry splendor—and extravagant taste. Each one of them is a melancholy lesson not in the mutability of human fortunes but in the perils of sudden prosperity. It is a pity that the newspapers which a few months ago were exciting the imaginations of the masses with tales of sudden wealth and splendor are not now devoting an equal amount of space and headlines to the second half of those stories. For it's the second half that's important.

The Dunce of His Class

MANY a boy has been a dullard at school and has made a failure of his after life simply because there was some defect in his ears which made it impossible for him to hear distinctly or some defect in his eyes which made it impossible for him to see things as they are. The brain gets not only the most of its information through the ears and the eyes, but also the most of its skill in the all-important faculty of judgment. And if the ears do not hear well and the eyes do not see correctly, both information and training are necessarily defective and awry.

These facts are obvious; yet thousands on thousands grow up, struggle, fail wholly or partially, die without knowing the simple and perhaps easily curable why of their misfortunes. And in every school to-day there are these curable so-called dullards.

Every pair of young eyes and young ears should be suspected until they have been competently examined.

THE BOSS

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Copyright, 1903, by The Curtis Publishing Company. Copyright in Great Britain

CHAPTER XXVI

SINCE time began, no man, not even a king, has been better obeyed in his mandates than was I while Chief of Tammany Hall. From high to low, from the leader of a district to the last mean straggler in the ranks, one and all, they pulled and hauled, or ran and climbed like sailors in a gale, at the glance of my eye or the toss of my finger

Tammany Hall was never more sharply organized. I worked over the business like an artist over an etching. Discipline was brought to a pitch never before known My district leaders were the pick of the covey, and every one, for force and talents of executive kind, fit to lead a brigade into battle. Under these were the captains of election precincts; and a rank below the latter came the block captains—one for each city block. Thus were made up those wheels within wheels which taken together completed the machine. They fitted one with the other, block captains with precinct captains, the latter with district leaders, and these last with myself, and all like the wheels and springs and ratchets and regulators of a clock—one sure, too, when wound and oiled and started, to strike the hours and announce the time of day in local politics to a nicety that owned no precedent.

There would be a quartette of tickets; I could see that fact of four corners in its approach long months before the conventions. Besides the two regular parties and the mugwump-independents—which tribe, like the poor, we have always with us—the laborites would try again. These had not come to the field in any force since that giant uprising when we beat them with the reputable old gentleman. Nor did I fear them now. My trained senses told me, as with thumb on wrist I counted the public pulse, how those clans of labor were not so formidable by three-fourths as on that other day a decade and more before.

Of those three camps of politics set over against us, that one to be the strongest was the party of reform. This knowledge swelled my stock of courage, already mounting high If it were no more than to rout the administration now worrying the withers of the town, why then, the machine was safe to win.

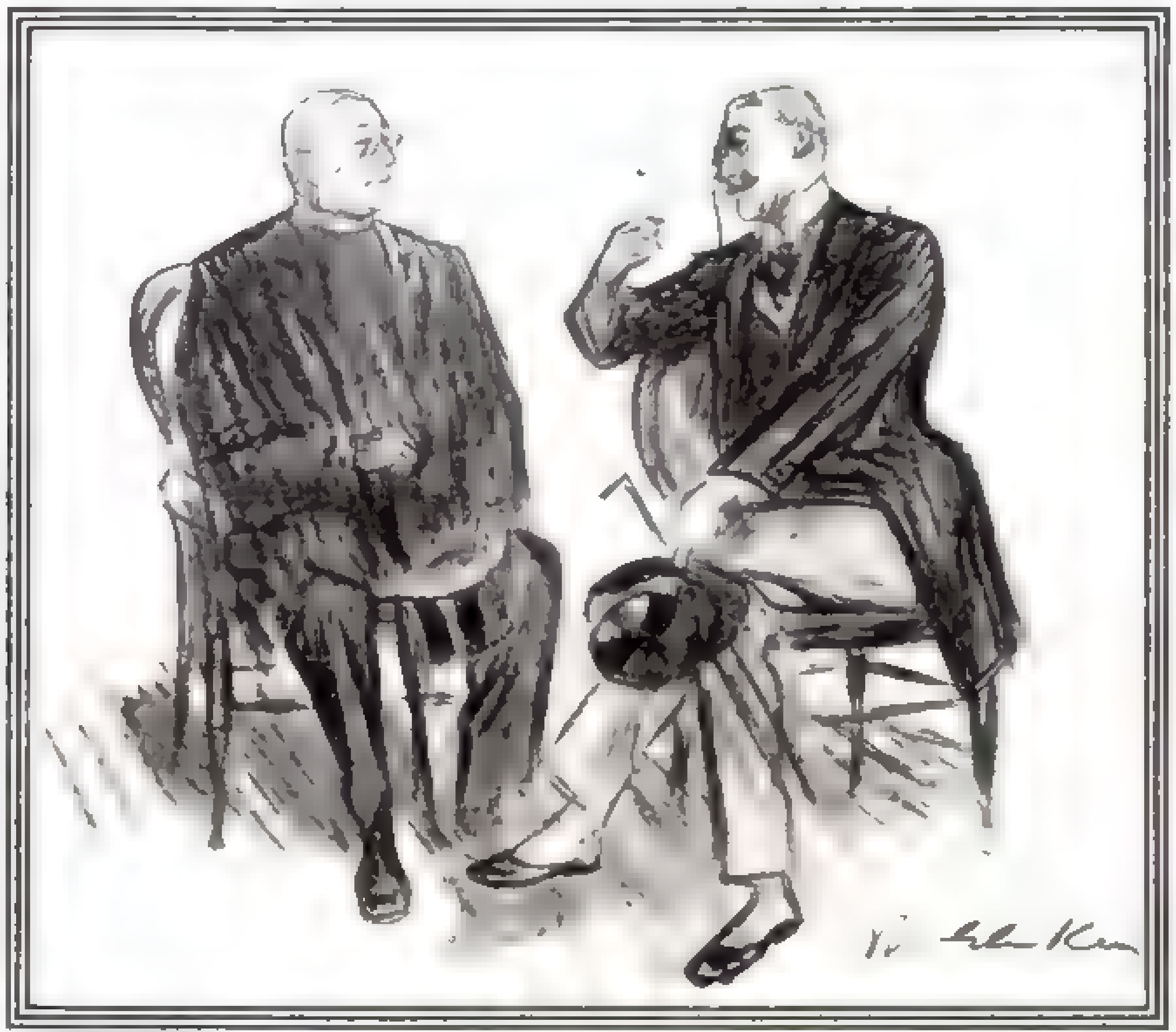
There arose another sign. As the days drew on, rich and frequent, first from one big corporation and then another—and these do not give until they believe—the contributions of money came rolling along. These donations followed each other like billows upon a beach, and each larger than before, which showed how the wind of general confidence was rising in our favor. It was not, therefore, my view alone; but, by this light of money to our cause, I could see how the common opinion had begun to gather head that the machine was to take the town again.

This latter is often a decisive point, and one to give victory of itself. There are in this city of New York, in proportion to a vote, a host of people whose sole principle is the band-wagon. These "sliders," who go hither and yon and attach themselves to this standard or ally themselves with that one, as the eye of their fancy is caught and taught by some fluttering signal of the hour to pick the winning side, are enough of themselves to decide a contest. Wherefore, to promote this advertisement of an approaching triumph for the machine, and it being made possible because of those contributed riches coming so early into my chests, I began furnishing funds to my leaders, setting them to the work of their regions weeks before the nearest of our enemies had begun to think of this ticket

There was another argument for putting out this money. The noses of my people had been withheld from the crib of office for hungry months upon months. The money would arouse an appetite and give their teeth an edge. I looked for fine work, too, since the leanest wolves are ever foremost in the hunt.

Morton—that best of prophets!—believed in the star of the machine

"This time," said he, "I shall miss the agony of contributing to the other fellows, don't y' know. It will be quite a relief—really! I must say, old chap, that I like the mugwump less the more I see of him. He's forever walking a crack and calling it a principle. I get tired of a chalk-line morality. It's all such deuced rot, don't y' know; it bores me to death; it does, really! One begins to appreciate the amiable virtues of vice."



"REALLY, DON'T Y' KNOW," FLOURISHED OFF MORTON, "THE TOWN WILL GET WHAT'S COMING TO IT"

In season I handed my slate of names to the nominating committee to be handed by them to the convention. At the head, for the post of mayor, was written the name of that bold judge who, in the presence of my enemies and on a day when I was down, had given my Sicilian countenance. Such folk are the choice material of the machine. Their character invites the public; while, for their courage, and that trick to be military and go blindly to the execution of an order, the machine can rely upon them through black and white. My judge when mayor would accept my word for the last appointment and the last contract in his power.

It stood the day before the polls, and, having advantage of the usual lull, I was resting myself at home. Held fast in the clutch of politics, I for weeks had not met young Van Flange, and had gotten nothing better than glimpses of Blossom. While lounging by my fire—for the day was raw, with a wind off the Sound that smelled of winter—young Van Flange drove to the door in a brougham.

That a brisk broker should visit his house at an hour when the floor of the Exchange was tossing with speculation would be the thing not looked for, but I was too much in a cloud of politics, and too ignorant of stocks besides, to make the observation. Indeed, I was glad to see the boy, greeting him with a bit more warmth than common.

Now I thought he gave me his hand with a kind of shiver of reluctance. This made me consider. Plainly, he was not at ease as we sat together. Covering him with the tail of my eye, I could see how his face carried a look at once timid and malignant

I could not read the meaning, and remained silent a while with the mere riddle of it. Was he ill? The lean yellowness of his cheek, and the dark about the hollow eyes, were a hint that way, to which the broken stoop of the shoulders gave added currency.

Young Van Flange continued silent; not, however, in a way to promise sullenness, but as though his feelings were a gag to him. At last I thought, with a word of my own, to break the ice.

"How do you get on about your Blackberry?" said I.

It was not that I cared, or had the business on the back of my mind; I was too much buried in my campaign for that; but Blackberry, with young Van Flange, was the one natural topic to propose.

As I gave him the name of it he started with all the sudden nervousness of a cat. I caught the hissing intake of his breath as though a knife pierced him. What was wrong? I had not looked at the reported quotations, such things being as Greek to me. Had he lost those millions? I could have borne it if he had; the better, perhaps, since I was sure in my soul that within two days I should have the town in my hand, and I did not think to find my old paths so overgrown but what I'd make shift to pick my way to a second fortune.

I was on the hinge of saying so when he got possession of himself. Even at that he spoke lamely and with a tongue that fumbled for words.

"Oh, Blackberry!" cried he. Then, after a pause: "That twist will work through all right. It has gone a trifle slow because, by incredible exertions, the road did pay its dividends. But it's no more than a matter of weeks when it will come tumbling." This in the beginning was rambled off with stops and halts, but in the wind-up it went glibly enough.

What next I should have said I cannot tell; nothing of moment, one may be sure, for my mind was running on other things than Blackberry up or down. It was at this point, however, when we were interrupted. A message arrived that asked my presence at headquarters.

As I was about to start Blossom came into the room. I had no more than time for a hurried kiss, for the need set forth in the note pulled at me like horses.

"Bar accidents," said I, as I stood in the door, "to-morrow night we'll celebrate a victory"

Within a block of my gate I recalled how I had left certain papers I required lying on the table. I went back in some hustle of speed, for time was narrowing as to that question of political detail which tugged for attention

As I stepped into the hallway I caught the tone of young Van Flange and did not like the pitch of it. Blossom and he were in the room to the left, and only a door between us. In a strange bristle of temper I stood still to hear. Would the scoundrel dare harshness with my girl? The very surmise turned me savage to the bone.

Young Van Flange was speaking of those two hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds with which, by word of Big Kennedy, I had endowed Blossom in a day of babyhood. When she could understand I laid it solemnly upon her never to part with them. Under any stress, they would insure her against want; they must never be given up. And Blossom promised

These bonds were in a steel casket of their own, and Blossom had the key. As I listened, young Van Flange was demanding that they be given him; Blossom was pleading with him, and quoting my commands. My girl was sobbing, too; for the villain urged the business roughly. I could not fit my ear to every word, since their tones, for the most, were dulled to a murmur by the door. In the end, with a lift of the voice, I heard him say:

"For what else should I marry you except money? Is one of my blood to link himself with the daughter of the town's great thief, and call it love? The daughter of a murderer, too!" he exclaimed, and ripping out an oath. "A murderer, yes! You have the red proof about your neck! Because your father escaped hanging by the laws of men, Heaven's law is hanging you."

As I threw open the door Blossom fell to the floor. I thought for the furious blink of a moment that he had struck her. How much stronger is hate than love! My dominant impulse was to avenge Blossom rather than to save her. I stood in the door in a white flame of wrath that was like the utter anger of a tiger. I saw him bleach and shrink beneath his sallowness. As I came toward him he held up his hands after the way of a boxing school.

That ferocious strength like a gorilla's still abode with me I brushed away his guard as one might put aside a trailing vine. In a flash I had him, hip and shoulder. My fingers sunk into the flesh like fingers of steel; he squeaked and struggled as does the rabbit when snapped up by the hound.

With a swing and a heave that would have torn out a tree by its roots I lifted him from his feet and hurled him from me. He crashed against the casing of the door; then he slipped to the floor as though struck by death itself.

Moved of the one blunt purpose of destruction I made forward to seize him again. For a miracle of luck I was withstood by one of the servants who rushed in

"Think, master, think what you do!" he cried.

In a sort of whirl I could see how the old Galway nurse was bending over Blossom, crying on her for her "Heart's dearie!" My poor girl was lying along the rug like some tempest-broken flower. The stout old wife caught her up and bore her off in her arms.

The picture of my girl's white face set me ablaze again.

"Be wise, master!" cried that one who had restrained me before. "Think of what you do!"

The man's hand on my wrist, and the earnest voice of him, brought me to myself. A mighty calm took me as a storm, in its double fury, beats flat the surface of the sea. I turned my back and walked to the window

"Have him away, then!" said I "Have him out of my sight, or I'll tear him to rags and ribbons before your eyes!"

CHAPTER XXIII

FOR all the cry and call of politics, and folk to see me whom I would not see that night and throughout the following day—and even though the latter were one of election Fate to decide for the town's mastery—I never stirred from Blossom's side. She, poor child! was as one desolate, dazed with the blow that had been dealt her. She lay on her pillow, silent, and with the stricken face that told how her spirit had perished with the heartblight fallen upon her. Nor was I in much more enviable case, although gifted of a rougher strength to meet the shock. Indeed, I was taught by a despair that preyed upon me, how young Van Flange had grown to be the keystone of my arch of single hope, now fallen in ruins to the ground. Blossom's happiness had been my happiness, and when her breast was pierced my own brightness of life began to bleed away. Darkness took me in the folds of it as in a shroud; I should have found the grave kinder, but I must remain to be what prop and stay I might to Blossom.

While I sat by my girl's bed there was all the time a peril that kept plucking at my sleeve in a way of warning. My nature is of an inveterate kind that, once afire and set to angry burning, goes on and on in ever-increasing flames like a creature of tow, and with me helpless to smother or so much as half subdue the conflagration. I was so aware of myself in this behalf that it would press upon me as a conviction, even while I held my girl's hand and looked into her vacant eye, robbed of a last ray of any peace to come, that young Van Flange must never stray within my grasp It would bring down his destruction; it would mean red hands for me and nothing short of murder. And so, while I waited by Blossom's side, and to blot out the black chance, I sent word for Inspector McCue

The servants, on that day of awful misery, conveyed young Van Flange from the room When he was revived and his injuries dressed—for his head bled from a gash made by the door, and his shoulder had been dislocated—he was carried from the house by the brougham that had brought him, and which still waited at the gate. No one about me owned news of his whereabouts. It was required that he be found, not more for his sake than my own, and his destinies disposed of beyond my reach.

It was to this task I would set Inspector McCue. For once in a way, my call was for an honest officer. I would have Inspector McCue discover young Van Flange, and caution him out of the town. I cared not where he went, so that he traveled beyond the touch of my fingers, already itching for the caitiff neck of him

Nor did I think young Van Flange would resist the advice of Inspector McCue. He had reasons for flight other than those I would furnish. The very papers, shouted in the streets to tell how I had retaken the town at the polls, told also of the failure of the brokerage house of Van Flange; and that young Van Flange himself was a defaulter and his arrest being sought by clients on a charge of embezzling the funds which had been intrusted to his charge. The man was a fugitive from justice; he lay within the menace of a prison; he would make no demur now when word and money were given him to take himself away.

When Inspector McCue arrived I greeted him with face of granite. He should have no hint of my agony. I went bluntly to the core of the employ; to dwell upon the business would be nothing friendly to my taste

"You know young Van Flange?"

Inspector McCue gave a nod of assent.

"And you can locate him?"

"The proposition is so easy it's a push-over."

"Find him, then, and send him out of the town; and for a reason, should he ask one, you may say that I shall slay him should we meet."

Inspector McCue looked at me curiously. He elevated his brow, but in the end he said nothing whether of inquiry or remark. He bowed without a word and took himself away. My face, at the kindliest, was never one to speak of confidences or invite a question, and I may suppose the expression of it, as I dealt with Inspector McCue, to have been more than commonly repellent.

There abode another with whom I wanted word; that one was Morton, who for hardby forty years had not once failed me in a strait. I would ask him the story of those Blackberry stocks. A glance into my steel box had showed me the bottom as bare as winter boughs. The last scrap was gone, and no more than the house that covered us and those two hundred thousand dollars in bonds that were Blossom's to be left of all our fortune

My temper was not one to mourn for any loss of money; and yet in this instance I would have those steps that led to my destruction set forth to me. If it were the president of Blackberry Traction who had taken my money I meditated reprisal. Not that I fell into any heat against him; he but did to me what Morton and I a few years further back had portioned out to him. For all that, I was coldly resolved to have my own again. I intended no stock shifts; I would not seek Wall Street for my revenge. I knew a sharper method and a surer. It might glisten less with elegance; but it would prove more secure. But first, I would have the word of Morton

That glass of exquisite fashion and mould of proper form, albeit something grizzled, and a trifle dimmed of time like myself, tendered his congratulations upon my reconquest of the town. I drew him straight to my affair of Blackberry.

"Really, old chap," said Morton, the while plaintively disapproving of me through those eyeglasses, so official in his case, "really, old chap, you walked into a trap, and one a child should have seen. That Blackberry fellow had the market rigged, don't y' know. I could have saved you, but, my boy, I didn't dare. You've such a beastly temper when any one saves you"

"But what did this Blackberry individual do?" I persisted.

"Why, he let you into a corner, don't y' know! He had the whole stock of the road in his safe; and you, in the most innocent way imaginable, sold thousands of shares! Now when you sell stock you must buy; you must, really! And there was no one from whom to buy save our sagacious friend. Gad! as the business stood, old chap, he might have had the coat off your back."

While I took no more than a glimmer of Morton's meaning, two things were made clear. The Blackberry president had stripped me of my millions; and he had laid a snare to get them

"Was young Van Flange in the intrigue?"

"Not in the beginning, at least. There was no need, don't y' know. His hand was already into your money up to the elbow."

"What do you intend by saying that young Van Flange was not in the intrigue in the beginning?"

"The fact is, old chap, one or two things occurred that led me to think that young Van Flange discovered the trap after he'd sold some eight or ten thousand shares. There was a halt, don't y' know, in his operations Then later he went on and sold you into bankruptcy. I take it that Blackberry fellow might have had some hold on him, and either threatened him or promised him, or perhaps both, to get him to go forward with his sales; I do, really. Young Van Flange didn't, in the last of it, conduct himself like a free moral or, as I should say, immoral agent, don't y' know"

"I can't account for it," said I, falling into thought; "I cannot see how young Van Flange could have been betrayed into the folly you describe."

"Why, then," said Morton, a bit wearily, "I have but to say over what you've heard from me before. Young Van Flange was in no sort that man of gifts you held him to be; now really, he wasn't, don't y' know! Besides, he didn't keep up with the markets. While I think it beastly bad form to go talking against a chap when he's absent, the truth is, the weak-faced beggar went much more to Barclay than to Wall Street. However, that is only hearsay; I didn't follow young Van Flange to Barclay Street nor meet him across a faro layout by way of verification, don't y' know."

Morton was right; and I was to hear a worse tale, and that from Inspector McCue.

"Would have been here before," said McCue, "but I wanted to see our party aboard ship and outside Sandy Hook light, so that I might report the job cleaned up."

Then clearing his throat, and stating everything in the present tense, after the manner official, Inspector McCue went on.

"From the time you start him with those offices in Broad Street, our party's business habits are hop and faro bank. The offices are there, the clerks and the blackboards and the stock-tickers and the tape-baskets are there; but our party, more'n to butt in about three times a week and leave some crazy order to sell Blackberry Traction, is never there. He's either in Mott Street, and a chink cookin' hop for him, or he's in Barclay Street with those Indians, and they handin' him out every sort of brace from an 'end squeeze' or a 'balance-top,' where they gives him two cards at a clatter, to a 'snake' box, where they kindly lets him deal, but do him just the same. Our party loses over half a million in that Barclay Street deadfall during the past year."

"I must then," said I, and I felt the irony of it, "have been indirectly contributing to the riches of our friend, the Chief of Police, since you once told me he was a principal owner of the Barclay Street place"

Inspector McCue shrugged his shoulders professionally, and made no response. Then I questioned him as to the charge of embezzlement; for I'd not owned the heart to read the story in the press

"It's that Blackberry push," replied Inspector McCue, "and I don't think it's on the level at that. It looks like the Blackberry president—and, by the way, I've talked with the duffer, and took all he would tell—made a play to get the drop on our party. And while the trick was put up I think he landed it. He charges now that our party is a welcher, and gets away with a bunch of bonds—hocked 'em or something like that—which this Blackberry guy gives him to stick in as margins on some deal. As I say, I think it's a put-up job. That Blackberry duck—who, I understand, is quite a flossy form of stock student, and a long shot from a slouch—has some game up his sleeve. He wants things rigged so's he can put the clamps on our party, and make him do as he says, and pinch him whenever it gets to be a case of must. So he finally gets our party where he couldn't holler. I makes a move to find out the inside story: but the Blackberry sport is a thought too swift, and he won't fall to me. I gives it to him dead that he's braced our party, and asks him, Why? He hands me the frozen face, springs a chest, and says he's insulted I have to let it go.

"But the end of it is this: Our party is now headed for 'Frisco. When he comes ashore the cops out there will pick him up and keep a tab on him; we can always touch the wire for his story down to date Whenever you say the word I can get a line on him"

"Bring me no news of him!" I cried. "I would free myself of every memory of the scoundrel!"

That, then, was the story—a story of gambling and opium! It was these that must account for the sallow face, stooped shoulders, hollow eyes, and nights away from home. And the man of Blackberry, from whom Morton and I had taken millions, found in the situation his opportunity. He laid his plans, and had those millions back. Also, it was I, as it had been others, now to suffer by Barclay Street

"And now," observed Inspector McCue, his hand on the door, but turning with a look at once inquisitive and wistful—the latter, like the anxious manner of a good dog who asks word to go upon his hunting—"and now, I suppose, you'll be willin' to let me pull that outfit in Barclay Street? I've got 'em dead to rights!" The last hopefully.

"If it be a question," said I, "of where a man shall lose his money, for my own part I have no preference as to whether he is robbed in Barclay or in Wall Street. We shall let the Barclay Street den alone, if you please. The organization has its arrangements. Those arrangements cannot be disturbed without weakening the organization. I would not make the order when it was prayed for by the mother of young Van Flange, and she died with the prayer on her lips. I shall not make it now when it is I who am the sufferer. It must be Tammany before all; on no slighter terms can Tammany be preserved."

Inspector McCue made no return to this, and went his way in silence. It was a change, however, from that other hour when I had been as secret as a vault. He felt the flattery of my present confidence, and it marked him with complacency as he took his leave.

Roundly, it would be two months after the election before Tammany took charge of the town. The eight weeks to intervene I put in over that list of officers to be named by me through the mayor and the various chiefs of the departments. These places—and they

The CADILLAC the Automobile of All Seasons

This car will give the same excellent service in the cold of Winter that it will the fairest day of Summer Any day a wheeled vehicle will go is a good day to go out in a Cadillac

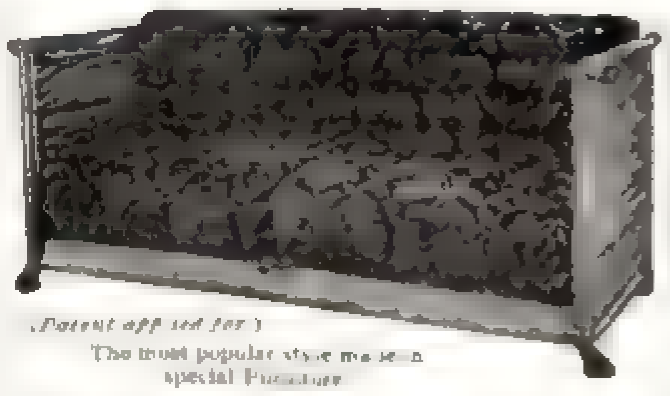
The Cadillac is graceful in design, handsome in finish and appointments, simple in construction, strong and rigid in frame work, flexible in gear, wonderful in durability. Speed range four to thirty miles an hour; control absolute. The Cadillac has all the desirable features of the costliest machines, but is only $850 with tonneau for four, *facing forward.* Without tonneau, $750—the smartest runabout ever built.

Our free illustrated booklet X gives address of agency nearest your home where the Cadillac may be seen and tried

Cadillac Automobile Company
Member Assn. of Licensed Auto. Mfrs
Detroit, Mich.

Your Home is Incomplete Without a

"Simplicity" Sofa Bed



(Patent applied for.)

The most popular style made in special Furniture

The Maximum of Comfort and Service—the Minimum of Cost

A large, handsome, luxurious DAVENPORT SOFA, convertible by a single movement into a comfortable, roomy double Bed. Made in many elegant styles, Oak and Mahogany Frames, prices to suit every purse Highest grade workmanship, upholstered for durability and comfort, with specially tempered Springs and hair Adjustment noiseless, absolutely no mechanism to break or get out of order. Shipped in sections, will go through any door or window

Your Furniture Dealer will put it in your home at our price. No trouble, saves risk of damage in transit.

Send for Booklet E on "Sofa Beds" and name of dealer in your town who will supply you. Address

Jamestown Lounge Co., Jamestown, N. Y.
Sole Manufacturer

The H. H. Tammen Curio Co., Denver, Colo.

1904 Burnt Leather Calendars

Quaint and Original Designs to be had nowhere else

No. 348. Burnt Leather Toast 1904 Calendar. Up-to-date calendar, toast in great varieties. If you have [illegible] latest. 35c, 3 for $1.00, [illegible]

No 349 Burnt Leather Quotation 1904 Calendar. Selected [illegible] 35c, 3 for $1.00 [illegible]

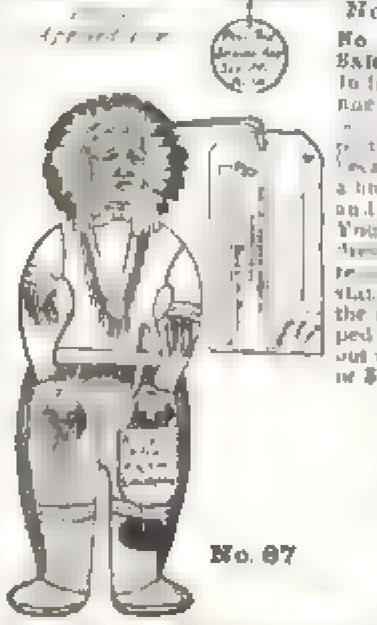
No. 304

No. 304. Cowboy Match Safe and 1904 Calendar Actual size [illegible]. This burnt leather novelty match-safe and calendar is made of different-colored Art Leather. Hat and pocket [illegible] lettering. You write [illegible] will do the rest. If you want a man [illegible] a little woman [illegible] a girl for John [illegible] wrapping to any address [illegible] receipt of 35c, or 3 for $1.00, [illegible]

No. 344 Burro Barn Door Match Safe and 1904 Calendar [illegible] 35c each, 3 for $1.00, postpaid

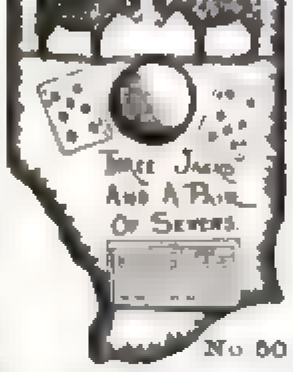
No. 352. Kicking Burro Match-Safe and 1904 Calendar. This unique novelty is intended for use as well as [illegible]. The legs and head are so arranged that by pulling the string the head dips up and the hind leg kicks vigorously at the dog who has attacked it from the rear. [illegible] will be inserted in blank space free of charge [illegible] 50c. [illegible]

No 352



No 87 Good Indian Match Safe and 1904 Calendar [illegible] fine art colored leather and [illegible] "because he's dead." He makes a fine match safe and scratcher and 1904 calendar combined. You write your friend's address on tag [illegible] the rest. Mailed [illegible] or sent to any address without wrapping on receipt of 35c or 3 for $1.00, postpaid

No. 87



No 60

No. 60 Full Hand 1904 Calendar Made of art leather [illegible] ornamented with two [illegible] a mirror, and a pair of [illegible]. The inscription, [illegible] 35c each, 3 for $1.00, [illegible] than a circus."

Remember — We make no extra charge for [illegible]

LUCKY INDIAN IDOL. This [illegible] Indian Charm [illegible] FREE with [illegible]

SPECIAL A [illegible] Catalogue with over [illegible] Illustrations [illegible] and Baskets, Mexican [illegible] Silver Filigree, [illegible] Mineral Novelties, Painted and Burnt Wood, Game Heads, [illegible] Indian Blankets, Agate and Tigereye Charms, Matrix Turquoise, etc., mailed on receipt of 6c in stamps to cover postage or FREE with each order

Address all orders to

THE H. H. TAMMEN CURIO CO

Dept M, 615-619 Sixteenth Street, Denver, Colorado

were by no means a stinted letter, being well nigh thirty thousand — must be apportioned among the districts, each leader having his just share

While I wrought at these details of patronage, setting a man's name to a place, and all with a fine nicety of discrimination to prevent jealousies and a thought that this or that one of my wardogs had been wronged, a plan of my own was perfecting itself in my mind The thought of Blossom was ever uppermost What should I do to save the remainder of her life in peace? If she were not to be wholly happy it was still my duty to buckler her so far as lay with me against the more aggressive spears of grief. There is such a word as placid, and though one be fated to dwell with lasting sorrow, one would prefer it as the mark of one's condition to others of tumultuous violence. There lies a [illegible] and one will make it even among [illegible]. How should I conquer peace for Blossom? — how should I invest what further years were hers with the colors of serenity? That was now the problem of my life, and at last I thought it solved.

My decision was made to deal with the town as with a gold mine. I would work it night and day, sparing neither conscience nor sleep; I would have from it what bulk of treasure I might during the coming administration of the town's affairs. The game lay in my palm; I would think on myself and on nothing but myself; justice and right were to be set aside; the sufferings of others should be no more to me than mine had been to them. I would squeeze the city like a sponge, and for its last drop. Then, laying down my guiding staff as Chief, I would carry Blossom and those millions I had heaped together to regions far away and new, where only the arch of gentlest skies should bend above her days!

While I was engaged about those preliminaries demanded of me, if the machine were to begin its four years' reign on even terms of comfort, Morton was often at my elbow with a point or a suggestion — and with him often the Reverend Bronson. We three — the Reverend Bronson, Morton and myself — were older now than on days we could remember, and each showed the scar and yellow of his years. But we liked each other well, and, although in no sort similar in either purpose or bent, I think time had made us nearer friends than might have chanced with many who were more alike

On this occasion, while I engaged myself with lists of names and lists of offices, weighing out the spoils, Morton and the Reverend Bronson debated the last campaign, and what in its conclusion it offered for the future.

"I shall try to be the optimist," said the Reverend Bronson at last, tossing a brave manner. "Since the present administration was not so good as I looked for, I trust the next will be not so bad as I fear. And, as I gather light by experience, I begin to blame the officials less and the public more."

"Really, don't y' know," flourished off Morton, "you couldn't have said a wiser thing. The town will get what's coming to it, because it will always get what it wants It always has — really! And speaking of 'reform,' as we employ the term in politics the town in honesty never desired it; and that's why somebody must forever attend on 'reform' to keep it from falling on its blundering nose and knees by holding it up by the tail."

One thing," said the Reverend Bronson as he arose to go, and laying his hand on my shoulder, "since the boss of Tammany, in a day of the machine, is the whole government and source of it, I mean to come here often and work upon him in favor of a clean town."

"And you will be welcome, Doctor, let me say!" I returned

"Now, I think," said Morton meditatively, when the Reverend Bronson had departed, "precisely as I told our excellent friend. A rule should ever fit a people; and it ever does, really! Wherein lurks the injustice or inconsistency of such a theory? Should one waste a man's government on a community of dogs? A dog public should have dog government, don't y' know — a kick and a kennel, a chain to clank and a bone to gnaw"

With this last fragment of wisdom the cynical Morton went also his way, leaving me alone to chop up the city as a hunter chops up the carcass of a deer among his hounds — into steak and collop to feed my hungry followers

But however much politics might engage me, I still possessed those hundred eyes of Argus wherewith to watch my girl When again about me she had no word for what was past. And on my side, never once did I put to her the name of young Van Flange

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

WHERE CAPITAL & LABOR STILL WORK TOGETHER

In a city like Atlanta, where capital and labor work together, it is not surprising to find business growing four times as fast as population, although population grows twice as fast as the average rate of increase in the country at large. There are other factors in Atlanta's growth worthy the consideration of business men. It is the natural distributing point of the Southeastern States. Railroad lines radiate from it to the South Atlantic and Gulf ports and to the Northern and Western States. There are seventy-nine towns of 4,000 population and upward in Georgia, the Carolinas, Alabama, and Mississippi. The average distance of these towns from Atlanta is from eighty to one hundred and seventy miles less than the distance from the next nearest important centers. The rapid growth of business is shown by the number of ten, twelve, and fourteen-story fireproof office buildings which have been erected in the last eight years. These buildings are full and others are going up. A new passenger depot to cost a million dollars is under construction, and the Government has bought a block of land on which it proposes to erect a million dollar post-office. Manufacturing industries are rapidly increasing and remarkably prosperous

Atlanta gathers raw materials from a territory of surpassing richness and distributes manufactured products in every State of the Union. Costly development [illegible] the Chattahoochee water power, now in progress, will bring 11,000 horse of electric current into the city the middle of next year. The street car mileage is larger than any other city of 100,000 [illegible]. As a [illegible] center, Atlanta far exceeds [illegible]. The post-office receipts on second class matter exceed those of Baltimore, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Omaha, New Orleans, and Louisville. Manufacturers or business men who think of going South would do well to correspond with the

Atlanta Chamber of Commerce

Atlanta, Ga.

Mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

$36.00 B-B Adjustable Chair

Other Styles $15.00 to $3[illegible]

This magnificent quarter sawed oak, genuine leather covered chair automatically adjusts itself to fifteen positions. Nothing like it ever [illegible] before. [illegible] comfortable, stylish and [illegible] Height over all 40 [illegible] Price $36.00 [illegible] Other styles B-B Adjustable Chairs, $15.00 to $30.00. Money [illegible] for our elegant illustrated catalogue [illegible] shipment of chairs, no delay for Christmas

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1014 Holborn St. Racine Junction, Wisconsin

KLIP-KLIP
THE POCKET MANICURE

COSTS 25 CENTS LASTS 25 YEARS

[illegible] Trims, Files and Cleans the nails [illegible] 25c [illegible] A Handy Hand Book of the Hands [illegible]

KLIP-KLIP CO., 570 Clinton Ave. S., Rochester, N. Y

4% SAVINGS DEPOSITS

You have absolute safety [illegible] principal, you receive 4 per cent interest, [illegible] $100 from your deposits [illegible] when you have a Savings Account in the

Pittsburg Trust Co.

323 FOURTH AVE., PITTSBURG, PA.

We [illegible] 2 per cent on ordinary Check [illegible]

[illegible] do all your

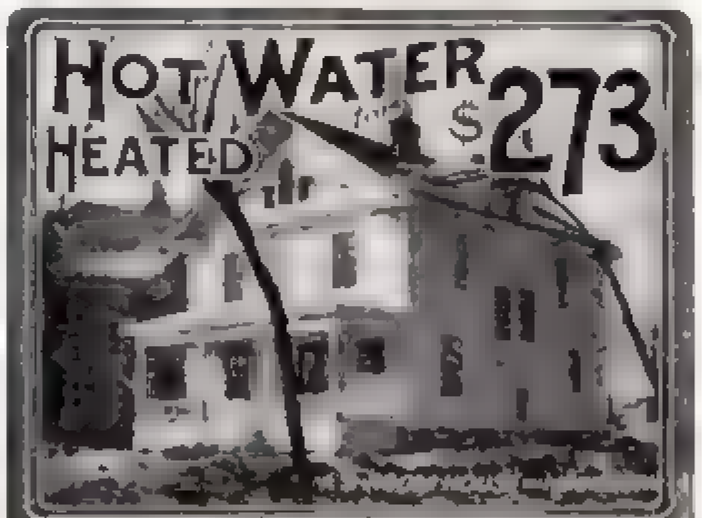
BANKING BY MAIL

Write for Booklet No. 4

Deposits - $10,000,000.00

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS
$6,000,000.00

HOT WATER HEATED for $273



HOME HEATING

THIS BOOKLET, [illegible] free [illegible] Andrews System of Hot Water Heating [illegible] also Andrews Mail Order Method.

Each system is designed by experts, all work done at the factory shipped complete, ready to erect. No special skill required to erect. [illegible]

Plans for Piping any House $2.00 Estimates free, send plans or rough sketch

1112 GLOBE BUILDING, Minneapolis, Minn.

ANDREWS HEATING CO.

PATENT SECURED

Or Fee Returned. FREE opinion as to patentability. [illegible] SAMPLE COPY FREE

EVANS, WILKENS & CO., 607 F St., Washington, D. C.

Wanted—Oil Agents

Reliable, energetic men to sell on commission our High Grade Line of Lubricating Oils, Greases, also Roof, Barn and House Paints, etc., locally or travelling. Specially to the Threshing Trade *Address* THE LION OIL & GREASE CO., Cleveland, Ohio

Mail Orders Only

Suits and Jackets

MADE TO ORDER

$8 to $40

Catalogue and Samples Free

We have just received some entirely new materials for ladies' suits, costumes and cloaks for winter. They are the very newest things that have been produced, and we shall make them up into fashionable garments, *to order only*, at prices which represent decided bargains. We have but limited quantities of these [illegible] and if you wish to take advantage of this opportunity it will be necessary for you to write at once for Catalogue and Samples.

If you already have our catalogue, ask for new [illegible] only, being sure to state that you have the catalogue.

WE GUARANTEE TO FIT YOU

We cut and make our garments, from [illegible] ments which you send us by mail, according to our own system which is used by no other [illegible]. WE KNOW WE CAN FIT YOU, but if anything which we send [illegible] entirely satisfactory, return it [illegible] and we will refund your money. We [illegible] $5 [illegible] $20 on every garment, as we will sell you as cheaply as we would your local merchant.

OUR CATALOGUE (SENT FREE) ILLUSTRATES

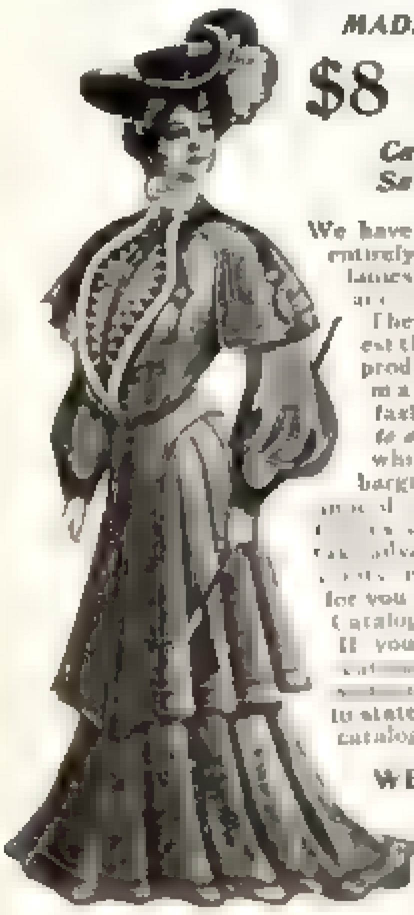
Tailored Suits,	$8.00 to $40.00
Visiting Dresses,	$12.00 to $35.00
Handsome Skirts,	$4.00 to $20.00
Stylish Jackets,	$8.00 to $35.00

We pay express charges to any part of the United States

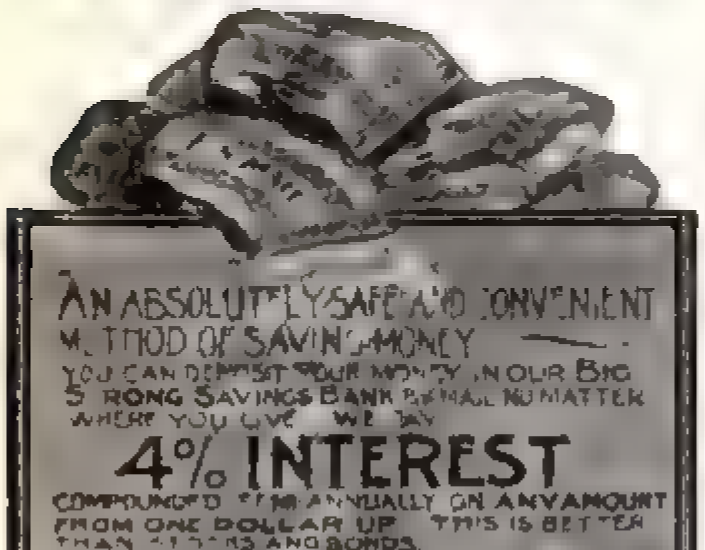
Write us fully; your letters will be answered by women of taste and experience, who will, if you desire, aid you in selecting styles and materials. When you send us an order they will look after it while it is in the cutter's and [illegible] hands, and will give it the same care and attention it would have were it made under your personal supervision.

Catalogue and a large assortment of the newest samples will be sent *free* by return mail to any part of the United States. Ask for new **WINTER CATALOGUE No. 51.** Mention whether you wish samples for suits or cloaks, and about the colors you desire, and we will send a full line of exactly what you wish.

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY,
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.
Established 15 years.



BANKING BY MAIL


AN ABSOLUTELY SAFE AND CONVENIENT METHOD OF SAVING MONEY
YOU CAN DEPOSIT YOUR MONEY IN OUR BIG STRONG SAVINGS BANK BY MAIL NO MATTER WHERE YOU LIVE. WE PAY
4% INTEREST
COMPOUNDED SEMI-ANNUALLY ON ANY AMOUNT FROM ONE DOLLAR UP. THIS IS BETTER THAN [illegible] AND BONDS.
OUR IMMENSE CAPITAL AND STRONG OFFICIAL BOARD GUARANTEE SECURITY
WRITE FOR BOOKLET
"BANKING BY MAIL"
THE FEDERAL TRUST CO.
CAPITAL $1,500,000
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Starbuck's Juvenile Hand-Car

For Boys and Girls of from 2 to 16 Years

It makes happy, healthy children. The only [illegible] propelled by the arms [illegible] legs and [illegible] shoulders. Physicians everywhere endorse it for [illegible]. **Safe** [illegible] always near the ground. **Healthful** [illegible]. **Easy** [illegible]. **Economical** [illegible]. **Helps Children** [illegible]. [illegible] Write to-day.

STARBUCK MFG. CO., 165 Prairie Ave., Mattoon, Ill.

WEDDING INVITATIONS
and Announcements printed and engraved. [illegible] styles. Finest work and material. 100 Stylish Visiting [illegible] 75c. Samples and valuable booklet, "Wedding Etiquette," [illegible]
J. W. COCKRUM, 527 Main Street, Oakland City, Ind.

Intertwined Dialogue

By Charles Battell Loomis

Author of Cheerful Americans

ARE you familiar, dear Reader, with that type of man who starts a topic of conversation and won't break away from it? You may, by main strength of lung, stop his tongue from uttering forth speech, but his idea smoulders away in his brain, and just as soon as there is a lull he fans it into flame with his breath and fires away as before.

I have two such friends and it has long been my desire to bring about a meeting between them, get them started on opposite topics and then watch the result.

The other night, Brownley, who is one of my friends with the bulldog pertinacity of idea, came out from New York to spend Sunday with me, and after dinner, as we sat on the piazza, I saw to my great delight that Mr. Sumner was approaching. Mr. Sumner is the local pertinacitarian and, aside from his foible, is a very delightful and cultivated man. I hailed him and he turned in at our walk and said cheerily:

"Have you room for a neighbor?"

"Always room for Mr. Sumner," said I, getting up and offering him a chair.

Introductions between him and Mr. Brownley being concluded I winked at Mrs. Townsend (my wife) and awaited the beginning of the struggle.

The future of American art is one of Mr. Sumner's favorite topics of conversation and he is an optimist; the decadence of the American theatre is the pet subject of Mr. Brownley, who is a sad pessimist.

Mrs. Townsend, who appreciated the opportunity fully as much as I, began the tournament by saying to Mr. Brownley, "Have you been to the theatre lately?"

He was off in a minute.

"Yes, I was so foolish as to go to see a musical farce the other night."

Now, simultaneously with Mrs. Townsend's query to Mr. Brownley I had asked Mr. Sumner if he had seen any good pictures lately, and he at once replied:

"No, most of the studios are closed for the summer and the dealers' galleries are for the most part filled with European art. What do we want of European art?"

I rubbed my hands metaphorically. There was an expression on Mr. Sumner's face that showed me he was in the saddle, sniffing the air preparatory to a long and hard ride. But so far Sumner was talking to me and Brownley to Mrs. Townsend. While I was wondering how to direct their batteries at each other, Mr. Brownley helped me by turning to Mr. Sumner and saying: "You are about my age. Don't you think there is a sad falling off in the drama since the time when we were listening to Booth and McCullough, and the mere announcement of a Shakespearian play was enough to crowd a theatre to its doors?"

"Very likely. I know I never go to the theatre nowadays and when I was a young man I went a good deal. But you must have noticed with satisfaction how American pictures are coming to the front. When you and I were boys no one bought an American landscape; now there are hundreds of American artists making a good living."

Mr. Brownley had been nodding his head and saying "hmn, hmn" nervously and quickly. He was plainly anxious to go to the bat himself, and as soon as Mr. Sumner had paused for a moment he said:

"I dare say. I'm no judge of pictures myself. I know what I like but I'm not what you'd call a connoisseur. But the modern theatre is a depressing place. There may be humor, Mr. Sumner, in a man's filling his mouth with bread-crumbs and blowing them all over the stage, as I saw a man do recently, but I must be deficient somewhere, for I fail to see it myself."

Mr. Sumner meanwhile was tapping the arm of his chair unconsciously, so eager was he to have his innings, and he now said:

"Exactly. Why, I heard of a man the other day. This is an actual fact. He is a New Yorker who made his money on a lucky turn of stocks, and not so very long ago, either, and he wants to have an art gallery. His natural taste is not bad, but he has an idea that Americans have not arrived in the art world yet. He went to the store of a dealer the other day, and, after glancing around, his eye was caught by a landscape that might have been off the coast of France or England, but happened to be off the Cape Cod coast—a bit of very clever impressionism.

Speaking of Novels

The Daughter of a Magnate

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will recognize this story under its former title of *The President's Daughter*, and will recognize also the truth of this statement from the *Rochester Democrat-Chronicle*:

"It has the American atmosphere, the American vitality, the American push. [illegible] The hero and heroine are typical American characters, and their love story has peculiar force and [illegible]."

Illustrated, $1.50

Colonel Carter's Christmas

60th Thousand By F. HOPKINSON SMITH

A story of such beauty, humor, pathos and humanity that it took at once a strong and lasting hold on the affections of many thousands. The ideal Christmas present.

Color Illustrations, $1.50

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come

90th Thousand By JOHN FOX, JR.

HAMILTON W. MABIE writes: "What a charming story 'The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come' is! [illegible] it is the freshest and one of the most genuine pieces of fiction which this season has given us."

Illustrated, $1.50

Gordon Keith

120th Thousand By THOMAS NELSON PAGE

"Masterfully handled and never dull."—*Outlook*
"Always rings true. Its ideals are of the sincere manly type."—*N. Y. Tribune*
"A capital story, admirably presented."—*Liverpool (England) Post*

Illustrated, $1.50

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

In Spite of the Weather

Biscuit,
Crackers,
and Wafers
are fresh in the

In-er-seal Package

Remember this when you go or send to the store.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

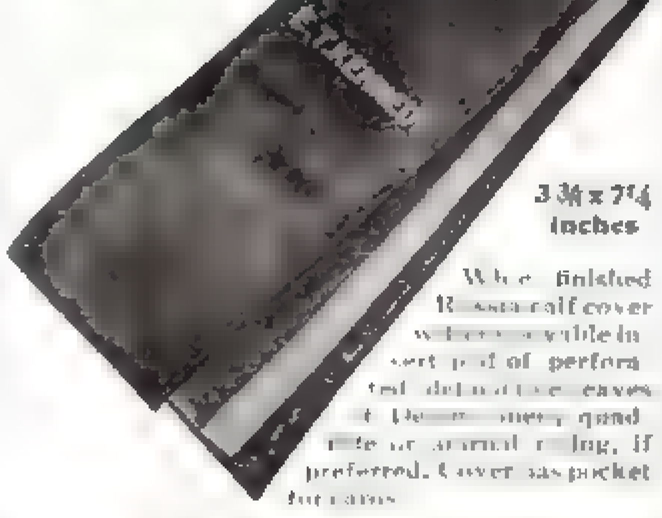
HOW TO STUDY MUSIC FREE
AT HOME, AND
Play the Instrument You Like Best

by note. For a limited time we will give FREE for advertising purposes 48 lessons on **Piano, Organ, Banjo, Guitar, Cornet, Violin or Mandolin** (your expense will only be the cost of the music you use and the postage, which is small). We teach by mail only, and **guarantee success.** Hundreds write: "Wish I had known of your school before." For booklet, testimonials and **FREE** tuition contract, address

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 300, 19 Union Square, New York, N. Y.

Instruments Supplied. Lowest Prices. Send for Catalogue.

Latest Popular Hits
such as
Hiawatha, Flower of Mexico, Anona, American Guild March, My Evening Star, Peaceful Henry March and Two Step,
with complete instruction text for [illegible]
25 CENTS A COPY



"An Ideal Holiday Gift for a Business or Professional Man"

The Kennedy PERPETUAL MEMORANDUM BOOK

3¾ x 7¼ inches

White finished Russia calf cover with removable insert pad of perforated detachable leaves. Memorandum, quadrille or journal ruling, if preferred. Cover has pocket for cards.

Carried in the Pocket By managers, superintendents, traveling salesmen, lawyers, architects, engineers, draughtsmen, contractors, insurance solicitors, railroad men, purchasing agents, real estate men, merchants, lawyers, bankers, brokers, newspaper reporters and other alert and busy people.

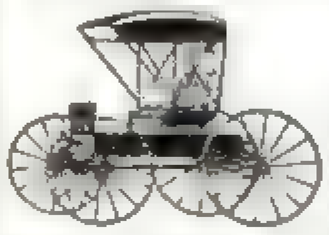
To Jot Down Notes, addresses, sales, expenses, purchases, appointments, specifications, needs, sketches, etc.

Complete with your name lettered in gold on cover

$1.00 by mail, postpaid

KENNEDY BROTHERS, 219 Genesee Street
Utica, N. Y.

(Extra insert-pads supplied by us.)



Factory Price

Direct to You

We are the only general merchandise house which owns, controls and directly manages a vehicle factory. We build our vehicles from the ground up and know what's under the paint. We add but one small profit to the cost of material and labor, hence our customers are getting a better made job, a finer finish and at a lower price than can possibly be secured elsewhere.

$19.80

"LEADER" Road Wagon — Imitation leather trimmed, carpet, wrench and shafts; just as illustrated. Write for further description.

$25.50

"CHALLENGE" Buggy — 24 in. body, cloth trimmed, top back and side curtains, storm apron, carpet and shafts. Write for details. We also have better grades up to the very best and most stylish that can possibly be put together.

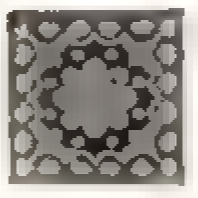
Vehicle Catalogue Free. Send for it today. It will give particulars about the above work. It also illustrates and describes the newest and best line of Runabouts, Stanhopes, Buggies, Phaetons, Surreys, Carriages, Carts, Spring Wagons, etc., ever quoted direct to the buyer. It explains the difference between good and unreliable work — between the hand painted and the dipped buggy — and also explains our Guarantee of Satisfaction and

30 DAYS' TRIAL OFFER

Send a postal today for our Vehicle Cat. No. El.

Montgomery Ward & Co.
Chicago

A special circular quoting our entire line of Sleighs, Sleds, etc., will be sent at the same time, if you request it. 40



We Carpet Your Floor for $3

To introduce our new, serviceable and beautiful

BRUSSELETTE ART RUGS

Attractive and artistic patterns, woven on both sides and in all colors and sizes. Easily kept clean and warranted [illegible] prepaid [illegible] Money refunded [illegible] Illustrated catalogue showing rugs in actual colors sent free.

Sanitary Mfg. Co. (Inc.) Dept. 8, 148 Oxford St. Philadelphia, Pa.

PLAYS Dialogues, Recitations and other Entertainments. Send for free catalogue of over 2000 plays.
The Dramatic Publishing Company
358 Dearborn St., Chicago, or 40 West 28th St., New York

Well, it caught Mr. Rich Man's eye, and the more he looked at it the more he liked it. Finally he called the proprietor up and said, 'That's a pretty good thing, isn't it?' 'Yes, sir, that's a very good thing. It is one of the most admired pictures in the store, although it appeals most to cultivated people.' 'Of course,' said Mr. Rich Man, feeling very chesty, as the boys say. 'Yes, it's a good thing. How much is it worth?' The dealer told him it was cheap at $500 and Mr. Rich Man agreed with him. He circled the store and came back to the picture, looking at it in various lights. 'It's a big thing.' (Mr. Brownley's face showed absolute inattention coupled with impatience to get back to his subject.) 'That would look very well in my gallery. I think I'll have to order that sent home. By the way, who painted it — a Frenchman or an Englishman?' The dealer said 'It was painted by an American.' Without so much as a single word the rich art collector turned on his heel and left the store. For him there was no such thing as American art. His eye had tricked him, that was all. Now isn't that shameful, Mr. Brownley?'"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes. Very shameful, very shameful. Think of it! Blowing bread crumbs on the stage and setting an audience into convulsions of laughter by it. Why, Mr. Sumner, when we were boys we laughed at the humor of Launcelot Gobbo in the Merchant of Venice, but unless a man with the native drollery of Nat Goodwin came along we did not notice the modern attempts at fun. Now a theatre is filled with witless fools laughing at a man blowing bread-crumbs out of his mouth — and Booth is dead."

"Yes, you're right. Well, do you know that filled me with indignation," said Mr. Sumner.

Brownley's eye lighted up.

"Of course. So it would any man of right feelings. Blowing bread-crumbs ——"

"No, no, I mean the rich man who was afraid to recognize American art."

"Oh, yes, very true. Mnn, mnn. But think of grown-up people paying two dollars and two dollars and a half to listen to this modern humor, and to see a lot of girls in scandalous costumes kneeling around a man and crying 'Lulu!' Lulu indeed! Ragtime instead of Beethoven! I tell you, Mr. Sumner, that the country is going to the dogs, as far as the drama is concerned" — (Mr. Sumner was half opening his lips and taking preparatory breaths, but Mr. Brownley had not finished) — "take away Mansfield and — and Sothern and Jefferson and Nat Goodwin, although his light comedy is not half so funny as his farce used to be — but take them away and what have we left? Booth is dead."

"Yes, that's very true. But I tell you, Mr. Brownson ——"

"Brownley."

"Pardon me, Brownley — Mr. Brownley, I mean. Mr. Brownley, we are at the threshold of a new dawn for American art. The country that was satisfied with Rogers' groups is now feeding on St. Gaudens and MacMonnies, and although it will take time, I believe that before you and I die, Englishmen and Frenchmen and Russians will be coming over here to buy the works of American painters and sculptors."

"Possibly, possibly, but I'm afraid I can't look at it with your eyes. On the contrary, the drama seems to be dead, and I believe the time is coming when the man who really wants to see plays given seriously and with proper regard to the intellectual needs of thoughtful men will be forced to go to England or France or Norway in order to gain his desire. Just fancy the degeneracy of a country that thinks the blowing of bread crumbs a bit of humor worthy of the race that produced the creator of Gobbo and Falstaff," said Mr. Brownley with widened nostrils.

"Yes, as you say, there are hopes," said Mr. Sumner with a serious smile. "That rich man is even to-day an isolated case, and before long we will show the world that it is not the Ruysdaels and the Turners and the Claude Lorraines that lead in landscape, but the half-dozen Americans whose names will go down to future ages even as Phidias' name has come down to us. Well, I must be running on. Glad to have met you, Mr. Brownson."

"Brownley. Brownley. Well, if you get a chance to go to that bread-crumb comedy, take my advice and stay away."

LISTEN!!

Mr. Thinking Business Man

You can make a big saving by using FOX TYPEWRITERS in your office.

First in Labor — it is a proven fact that operators on Fox TYPEWRITERS can do 25 per cent. more work than on any other writing machine.

This means a saving to you

Second in Service — there is a saving of from 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. in friction on the working parts; this gives greater durability and longer service than is found in any other typewriter.

This means a saving to you

TO PROVE THESE STATEMENTS COMPARE

The Fox Typewriter

the touch (2½ oz. instead of 10 oz.), unlimited speed, the key dip, the margin regulators, the line lock — with similar features on other typewriters.

Give the Fox ten days' trial (free, we furnish the machine), then sum up the points of superiority, and we know you will decide to use the FOX TYPEWRITER. Hundreds of thinking business men have done so under these conditions.

A typewriter that saves money and does superior work is one you want to investigate.

Machines placed on free trial with any one, anywhere.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Fox Typewriter Co., Ltd.
468 North Front Street
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Agencies and branch offices in principal cities.

Model "Classique," Style 309.

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

A PIANO FOR XMAS

Surely nothing can make a more acceptable or appropriate Xmas gift than a beautiful Ivers & Pond piano. If you will write us at once we will send you our handsome new catalogue, just off the press, containing half-tone pictures of our 1904 styles, and will also give you full information as to how one of these charming instruments can be placed in your home before Christmas, even though you live in the most distant part of the United States. Ivers & Pond pianos, from a musical and artistic standpoint, cannot be excelled. No amount of money could buy any better materials or workmanship, richer or more musical tone, or greater durability.

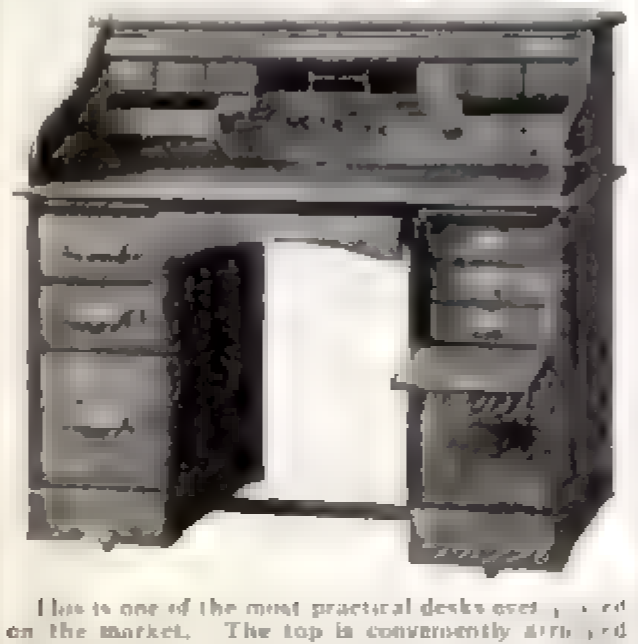
HOW TO BUY.

If no dealer near you sells [illegible] of case finish, that would be exercised were the piano [illegible] personal use of one of our officers [illegible] our part is obvious when we willingly ship [illegible] approval, not asking that it be [illegible] satisfactory. We sell on time payments [illegible] in the United States as simply [illegible] Boston), requiring a small cash remittance at time [illegible] and balance in 12, 24 or 36 equal monthly payments [illegible] taken in exchange. A personal letter [illegible] prices if you will write.

IVERS & POND PIANO COMPANY,
103 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

$15⁷⁵ for this Handsome Desk

We sell a greater volume of high grade merchandise direct to the consumer than any other firm in the world. The larger the volume of business the smaller the proportionate expense of handling it. Our prices are absolutely the lowest for reliable goods. We save you all middlemen's profits and guarantee complete satisfaction.



This is one of the most practical desks ever placed on the market. The top is conveniently arranged with pigeon holes and the base has three drawers in left pedestal and three letter files with our special index and a large drawer in right pedestal, also has a center drawer under writing bed. It is made in the golden or mahogany finish, hand rubbed and highly polished. Has a good, heavy molded base, two sliding arm rests and an automatic drawer lock which is operated by the curtain. It is 48 inches long, 30 inches deep, and 45 inches high. Price includes six solid oak pigeon-hole boxes. It is the best desk at the price ever offered. Weight, packed for shipment, 200 lbs. **Price, $15.75.**

Send for Desk Catalogue No. 6

Sent gratis upon request. It contains a very large variety in grades and styles of everything in office furnishings used by business and professional men, from the cheapest that's good to the most elegant made. Prices absolutely lowest, quality considered.

Montgomery Ward & Co.
Michigan Ave., Madison & Washington Sts., Chicago
32 years World's Headquarters for Everything.

Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

DOCTOR MITCHELL'S LITTLE STORIES — Very small in size they are very solid in matter.

¶ There can be no quarrel with Doctor Mitchell over his choice of adjectives for the title of his latest volume Little Stories, by S. Weir Mitchell, LL. D., Edinburgh and Harvard *(The Century Company)*—some of the stories do not fill a page. But there is likelihood of mute questionings from puzzled readers if fables or parables were not the fitter word for several of them. Parables in Prose would not make a bad title, and on the whole it would be more descriptive, for with the exception of two tales of the supernatural pure and simple—The Soul of thy House, and A Ghost of Glory—the Little Stories concern themselves wholly with the presentment of moral ideas. The publishers go on bond for the statement that the appearance of one of the stories in magazine form brought about the establishment of a new charity through the munificence of a millionaire reader.

This insistence on moral ends has evidence in an abruptness and harshness of certain passages which, in the face of a high level of finished and careful style, must be taken as proof of a design to challenge and arrest attention. But why does Doctor Mitchell insist upon the LL. D. Harvard and Edinburgh? Why is the degree of laws from Harvard or Edinburgh more active in the enforcement of moral ideas than the degree in medicine that he holds from Jefferson and which he does not use, and what authority has either of them in matters of art? Does Mr. St. Gaudens, who also took an LL. D. from Harvard and an L. H. D. from Princeton, cut the initials in the stone of his pedestals?

It remains to be said that the presswork from Mr. Updyke's Merrymount Press and the rich, quiet binding make this little duodecimo a delight to hold and to open.

PRESENT-DAY EGYPT — An instructive book hampered by the declining interest in all "travels."

¶ Times have changed since Boswell wrote his Account of Corsica and Johnson's Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland was the talk of two kingdoms. The literary and news importance of any book of travels has diminished sensibly. To be sure, something new from M. Pierre Loti is still an event but that is because M. Loti has a charming style and a vision peculiar to himself. Travel has increased so enormously, Baedeker has so made his name legion, that the field has almost vanished.

Nevertheless, a revised and enlarged edition of Mr. Frederick Courtland Penfield's Present-Day Egypt *(The Century Company)* testifies that such work may be faithfully done and find appreciation. The volume is handsomely bound and copiously illustrated with taste and judgment. The administrative, biographical and critical material is done at first hand from personal acquaintance and makes instructive reading. The descriptive matter has not much value for the prospective traveler, and scarcely more for the stay-at-home who demands the heightened effect of personal charm and literary distinction.

THE WINGS OF THE MORNING — They beat vigorously in a superheated atmosphere.

¶ Professor Brander Matthews has it that there are two classes of readers: those who seek the emotion of surprise, and those who seek the emotion of recognition. The reader for the emotion of surprise, the reader "for the story," has always been in the majority. His wants are simple and they have the merit of directness: he never has any doubts; he is immediately satisfied or dissatisfied.

Let him be recommended to The Wings of the Morning, by Louis Tracy *(Edward J. Clode)*. There may he have "action" and "suspended interest" to the very last chapter. Miss Iris Deane, the heroine, "was a toothsome morsel for gossip." Her shipmates on the Sirdar, however, had little more than a chance to whet their teeth, for in the very first chapter, the Sirdar, bound from Hongkong

Copyrighted

"High Art" Insured Clothing

If you are intent on buying full dress apparel, go to your local clothier—ask to be allowed a "try-on" of either a "High Art" Full Dress or Tuxedó Suit and you will be convinced that your custom tailor could only add to the price. If it happens that your clothier is not our headquarters in your town, he will secure you the desired "High Art" garment direct from us, *if you insist.* The discriminating dresser will fully appreciate the individuality typical of "High Art" full dress apparel. The swagger set of the coat—the broad shapely shoulders—and the snug fit of the collar, all of which emphasize our products as best of ready-mades.

STROUSE & BROS., Dept. M, Lombard and Paca Sts., Baltimore, Md.
733-735 Broadway, New York

$50 HELLEU DRY-POINT ETCHINGS $2

Size dry point [illegible] x15½ in.; entire picture including margin, 17x26

Helleu

Since the [illegible] pictures were placed on the American market we have been working on a process [illegible] we have been [illegible] etched dry-points [illegible] in the most minute [illegible] the delicate lines of the [illegible] paper with same finish, same [illegible]

We will send on receipt of $[illegible] one of these $50 [illegible] Paris [illegible] the six subjects we [illegible] are [illegible] the market [illegible] at stores in any way—excepting [illegible] Helleu (exactly like [illegible] at $50).

If not satisfied—if you [illegible] detect the difference between it and the original $50 [illegible] your money refunded [illegible] if you are not satisfied, [illegible]

AMERICAN PRINT & PLATE CO. 186 Monroe St., CHICAGO.

You've Heard Of

"rich men" dying and leaving their families poor—untrained for work—the most helpless kind of poor.

Protect your family against this. The first step is sending for free booklet "The How and the Why." We insure by mail.

Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company
921 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Toilet Luxury, [illegible] Contains neither grease nor glycerine [illegible] blackheads and pimples, [illegible] for tan, chapped and rough skin.

A Generous Sample with handsome booklet mailed free. [illegible] Send for FREE booklet.

Rubber Complexion Bulb Price 50c. [illegible]

Pompeian Mfg. Co., 106 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

100 VISITING CARDS Post paid 35c

Correct styles and sizes. Order filled day received. Booklet "Card Style" Free! Also business, professional and fraternal. [illegible] Card Cases, etc.

E. J. SCHUSTER PTG. & ENG. CO., DEPT. 31, ST. LOUIS, MO.

A 50-Cent Hat by Mail

MEN'S HAT No. 1

In soft, rough finish. *Colors:* Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix.

Either of these hats sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents [illegible] stamps. Money back if not satisfactory. [illegible]

MEN'S HAT No. 2

In smooth finish. *Colors:* Black, Brown, Maple, Steel, and Pearl.

MIDDLETOWN HAT COMPANY, 66 Mill Street, Middletown, N. Y.

Little Giant Cyclopedia

—"To condense into a period what before occupied a page." – Cotter

512 pages [illegible] size 4 x 6 inches elegant flexible Morocco binding. Revised up-to-date, 1904 edition, for every home and office in the land. By K. L. Armstrong Postpaid $1.00

A MARVEL

of condensed knowledge for busy workers [illegible] more than [illegible] answers relating to all [illegible] of Business and all trades and Occupations [illegible] Law History Geography, Science [illegible] Money Culture Investments and Money Making.

96 pages of colored Maps, Charts Diagrams and hundreds of Tables [illegible] Business Calculations, Interest and Discount Business Statistics and Politics, etc., etc.

CORRECT ANSWERS

to questions arising in business and every day life. Laws of Business [illegible] hints to advertisers etc.

$1.00 by mail, postpaid

A. B. Kuhlman Company,
Dept. 10, Atlas Block,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Our initial Adv. in October brought 1,303 orders.

VELOX
LIQUID DEVELOPER

Made especially for Velox by the Velox people—it makes Velox better than ever—and that is saying a great deal

Look for this [illegible].

Four-ounce bottle Concentrated Solution, 15 cents.

ALL DEALERS

NEPERA DIVISION
EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

Pears'

All sorts of people use it, all sorts of stores sell the famous English complexion soap. Established 1789.

Sold all over the world

LUCKY PIN!

Oxidized Silver Ruby or Emerald Eyes — Unique — Attractive — A [illegible] to everybody [illegible] 25c
Order to-day [illegible] delighted
Send for catalog of other [illegible] from Bone Jewelry
THE J. ARTHUR COMPANY
Manufacturing Jewelers
23 Colonial Arcade, Cleveland, O.

to Singapore, is caught in a typhoon, disabled by collision with a Chinese junk, and, unmanageable and helpless, is cast ashore on an uncharted island in the China sea. Her passengers and crew are all lost with the exception of Miss Iris and the foremast hand who rescues her, one Robert Jenks. Jenks turns out to be a remarkably well informed and efficient Jackie—so much so, indeed, that it is impossible for him long to conceal that he is in reality Captain Robert Anstruther of the Twenty-fourth Lancers, penniless and dismissed Her Majesty's service in disgrace. It is to be seen that here is the foundation for a second Robinson Crusoe, with the added elements of a love story and a possible villain in the background. Be sure it is too good a chance to lose.

Robert rescues Iris from the sea, Iris rescues Robert from a devil fish, together they whip the pirate invaders, together they share their discovery of a mine; the villain turns up with the rescuing party in time to get his deserts; Robert is reinstated in good standing, but resigns to marry and work his mine; the bluff old uncle gives a benediction and a check—" an' the captain waved a corkscrew in 'is 'and."

It was a thorough, workmanlike job, and the reader for the emotion of surprise may wait a long while before he gets so many thrills for his money.

THE STORY OF A COMMON MAN — Pa Gladden is of the "character" school, but deserves a hearing.

¶ The novel has become the vehicle for so many messages that it grows difficult to hold any set convictions as to what constitutes sound construction and fit form. Judged by the old dramatic ideal of the shock of conflicting forces adjusting themselves to a predestined end, or by the epic ideal of a swiftly moving narrative bright with beauty and eager with suspense, Pa Gladden: The Story of a Common Man *(The Century Company)*, is no novel at all. It winds a curious quiet way among the simplest human facts with no development, no progression to any end beyond the unfolding of character, yet lighted by a high spirituality and effected with a craftsmanship that is no less skilful because unobtrusive. The work is that of an author (Elizabeth Cherry Waltz)—unquestionably an artist, carefully subordinating her means to her beliefs, speaking with reticence and sincerity. What shape these beliefs will take in future work is a matter to be awaited with interest and attention.

Meantime, we shall watch the sales of a book which deserves better of the reading public than most.

SHAPES OF CLAY — A very uneven volume of fugitive verse from Ambrose Bierce.

¶ There is a good deal of amusement to be had for diligent searching among the many pages of Ambrose Bierce's Shapes of Clay *(W. E. Wood)*. Here is an epitaph on Guiteau:

Within this humble mausoleum
Poor Guiteau's flesh you'll find.
His bones are kept in a museum
And Tillman has his mind.

And another on Ingalls:

Here Ingalls sorrowing has laid
The tools of his infernal trade—
His pen and tongue. So sharp and rude
They grew—so slack in gratitude,
His hand was wounded as he wrote,
And when he spoke he cut his throat.

But in more serious satire the poet often nods and sometimes goes sound asleep. A fair measure of his art is the translation of that mediæval masterpiece, *Dies Iræ*. It may seem ill-natured to pick a stanza for which the author bespeaks "the reader's charitable consideration," but where no quarter was shown how can any be expected?

Dies iræ! dies illa!
Solvet sæclum in favilla
Teste David cum Sibylla

Day of Satan's painful duty!
Earth shall vanish hot and sooty;
So says Virtue, so says Beauty.

And as if to add insult to injury whoever is generous enough to grant the consideration bespoken will have to face on the next page this startling rendition of those solemn sonorous lines beginning *Mors stupebit*—lines that march as though shod with iron:

Mors stupebit, et Natura
Quum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.

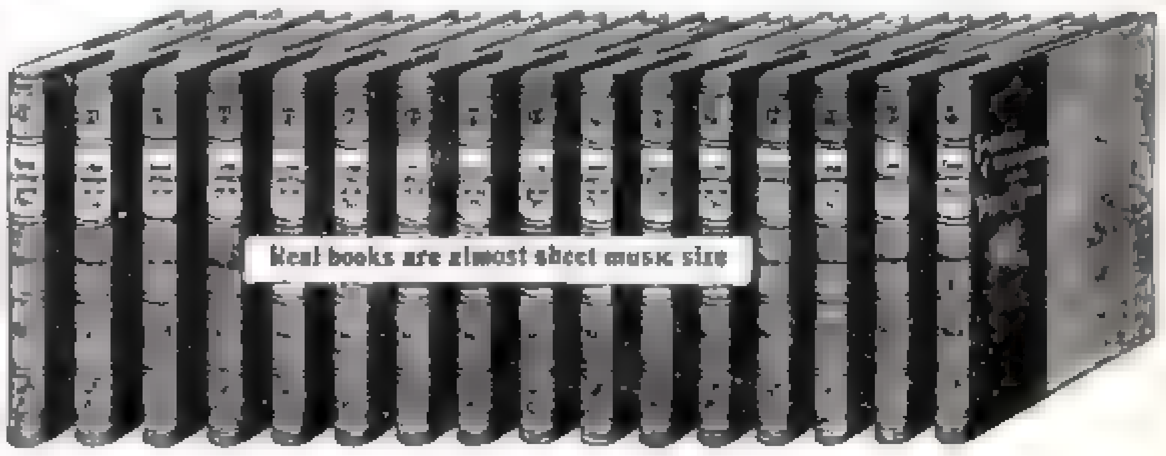
Death and Nature now are quaking,
And the late lamented, waking
In their breezy shrouds are shaking

A Few Slightly Rubbed Sets of

The Greatest Library of Music

At the Value of the Books with the Covers Torn Off

In cleaning up our stock preliminary to the new year, we find a few slightly rubbed sets—about 30 in all—and rather than rebind such a small lot, we prefer to dispose of the bound volumes at what they would be worth to us in sheets, and on payments of $2 a month.



Real books are almost sheet music size

Why You'll Want This Great Music Library

There's nothing that lends so much cheer or adds so much comfort to your home as music. You are constantly buying sheet music and paying high prices for it. Do you not find it torn and scattered about the house? Can you ever find it when you want it? The music contained in these books would cost you if bought in stores to-day more than $400. You can secure it all at about **one-fifteenth of that price,** well bound and thoroughly indexed, besides, you get in this library the songs, duets, trios, waltzes, marches, ancient, classic and up-to-date music, both for the piano and voice—all the music for the different lands and schools for the past 400 years—the greatest productions of Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, Verdi, Rossini, Donizetti, Mascagni, Sullivan, Mozart, Liszt Rubinstein, Gounod, Handel, Haydn, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, Grieg, Gluck and others—too many even to mention here.

The Plan of the Greatest Music Library

There are six volumes of encyclopedic matter, giving the lives of all the great musicians, the different schools of music, [illegible] and ten volumes of music [illegible] It has been selected and edited by an experienced corps of music editors [illegible] John Knowles Page, Karl Klauser and other famous [illegible]. It is the standard music library of the world. More than 50,000 sets have been sold at about three times the price per volume at which we are offering these "few slightly rubbed sets."

The Greatest Library of Music has been purchased and strongly endorsed by the foremost musicians: Paderewski, Frank Damrosch, Rafael Joseffy, Franz Kaltenborn, Emma Eames, Emil [illegible] Arthur Nikisch, Gerrit Smith and thousands of others. It contains over 500 illustrations, many of which are colored plates. There are about 250 portraits of great [illegible] about [illegible] pages of sheet music, neither too easy nor too difficult—with full instructions by the world's greatest musicians and teachers. It is not hard-to-read nor hard-to-learn, but music for the average, ordinary student and musician.

Sent Free on 7 Days' Approval

If you have a Piano you will find this collection of music invaluable. It contains [illegible] instrumental selections by the best composers, including popular, operatic, and up-to-date melodies and dances [illegible] composers are represented as Paderewski, Mascagni, [illegible] Sullivan, Wagner, Mozart, Liszt [illegible] many others.

If you are a Beginner of music you will find this library of music will be of the greatest assistance [illegible] musical education. Most of the selections can be easily mastered by pupils of a year or two's experience. [illegible] musicians the work is [illegible]

If you are Fond of Music, but [illegible] play yourself, you cannot make a better present [illegible] wife and family than a set of this musical library. The text volumes contain all you want [illegible] the history [illegible] the great composers, their public lives and careers. They form a complete encyclopedia of all musical knowledge.

If you are a Vocalist this great Musical Library will enlarge your repertoire. It gives you 500 of the best old songs [illegible] letters, arranged [illegible] and for piano accompaniment [illegible] of your childhood and the latest popular melodies of the past few years.

We Guarantee the volumes perfect in every way, except a few slight imperfections in two or three volumes of each set, so slight that [illegible] would not be noticeable to any one out of the book trade. Sent free for your inspection and approval.

Cut Out Coupon and Write To-Day

C. T. Brainard & Co.
9 and 11 East 16th St.
New York

Sent Carriage Free on 7 Days' Approval.

If not satisfied after you see the volumes, return them at our expense. Is there anything fairer? Take advantage of it. **Write at once.** Cut out coupon opposite.

S. E. P. Nov. 26

C. T. Brainard & Co.
9 & 11 E. 16th St.,
New York

Without cost to me send book of [illegible] Greatest Library of Music giving full information

Name

Address

A MERRY CHRISTMAS ASSURED to the CHILDREN and ALL who witness the marvelously mysterious performance and antics of absolutely the WORLD'S MOST SCIENTIFIC MECHANICAL TOY—IRVING'S WIZARD TOP, the puzzling performance of which is almost limitless in variety, and highly interesting to all ages and classes.

Surprise, Delight, Wonderment and Satisfaction Guaranteed

Really this little engine is **TWO TOPS**, one within the other, made of **STEEL**; a veritable **ROTARY ENGINE**, makes [illegible] revolutions per minute, spins in a pocket or anywhere at any angle it is placed [illegible] spin is 6 minutes. **NO SPRINGS NO WINDING**, [illegible]

Complete outfit, **BEST NICKEL-PLATED TOP,** Pedestal, Swing, Ring, Wire Walking Attachment, Cord and Illustrated Directions sent postpaid for 30c., or as a **SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER** we will send postpaid, 4 tops, with complete outfits for $1.00. [illegible]

WIZARD NOVELTY CO., Inc., 1008 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Holiday Hint

KODAK

Booklet at the dealers or by mail

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER

When you shave use **Formal-Saponia,** a perfectly harmless liquid, principally a vegetable compound combined with **formaldehyde.** Beats all soaps and lathers. It softens the toughest beard [illegible] and easily, is a perfect antiseptic and germicide. [illegible] of the skin [illegible] soda or potash [illegible] causing it to break down, often producing pimples, black heads, facial eruptions, etc. It leaves the skin healthy, face cool, soft, [illegible] after shaving. A thousand times better than [illegible] If your barber does not use **Formal-Saponia,** [illegible] own bottle and insist on its being used, thus protecting yourself. Descriptive booklet mailed FREE for the asking. A 4-ounce glass sprinkler top bottle 25c at all drug stores, or sent direct, postpaid, for 40c. Address

THE E. L. MAYO SPECIALTIES CO., Elmira, N. Y.

How to Write ENGLISH

Lunt Library, Northwestern University

Are You
Ad-writer
Journalist
Business Man
Stenographer
Lawyer
Minister
Teacher

Of what value are your most striking ideas if you cannot write your ad. in good English?

A nose for news, a clear insight into things local and national, and the power to foretell the trend of events are worth but little to you as a journalist unless you also have a command of good English.

You cannot hold a first-class stenographic position if you are deficient in English.

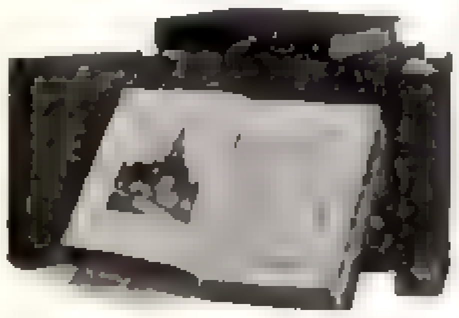
Forceful, fluent English commands respect and carries weight in all lines of business.

Minister, lawyer, teacher, is the full measure of success escaping you because of unconscious faults in your use of English?

Our correspondence lessons, How to Write English, were written by **J. Scott Clark, A. M., Litt. D., professor of the English language in Northwestern University.** They will develop a vigorous, pleasing, accurate style. The criticism we give our students is encouraging, stimulating and thorough.

English and American Literature

A thorough Scholarly Successful Correspondence Course



All people of intellectual pursuits find this course an inspiration and a delight. **For women of culture,** it contributes to social influence and to leadership in club activities. For students preparing for college, it secures credit for two years' work in literature.

The course includes more than one hundred and fifty great **masterpieces,** one thousand pages of original **studies** and **comments,** and two hundred **thought-stimulating questions.** It is replete with biographical sketches, choice portraits, and elegant half-tones. It is a desirable addition to any one's library.

Ask for a special descriptive circular that we may tell you how it benefits the minister, the lawyer, the teacher, and the high school, normal, or college student.

Salient Features of Our School

1. An affiliation with a great university.
2. University entrance credits without examination for graduates of our Academic Department.
3. Text matter prepared expressly for correspondence work by members of the faculty of Northwestern University and by the School's own corps of editors.
4. Students taught by college and university graduates, giving all their time to our correspondence work.
5. Over two thousand graduates in our Academic, Commercial, and Normal Departments.

Write for a free copy of How to Select a Correspondence School

Interstate School of Correspondence
(Affiliated with Northwestern University),
382 Wabash Avenue Chicago

Draw Lines Through Subjects in which You are Interested
Write Your Name and Address Below and Mail to the School.

NORMAL DEPARTMENT
[illegible]
Arithmetic
Elementary Algebra
Higher Algebra
Bookkeeping
Geometry
Grammar
Composition
Rhetoric
Literature
Drawing
Physiology
Physical Geography
Agriculture
Botany
Zoology
Physics
Geography
U. S. History
Civil Government
Economics
Pedagogics
Psychology
Catalogue
Graduates' Register

ACADEMIC DEPT
[illegible]
Literature
First Year Latin
Algebra
How to Write English
Physics
Geometry
Botany
Ancient History
Pharmacy

COMMERCIAL DEPT.
Business
Shorthand

Name

Address

S. E. P. Nov 28

The Reading Table

The Silence of Hollering Smith

ON ONE of his trips to the West, Frederic Remington, the artist, made the acquaintance of a cowboy who was called by his associates "Hollering Smith." In appearance the man was typical of his kind, and Mr. Remington made several studies of him, both in repose and when in his favorite pastime of "hollering." Later, when back in his studio, the artist embodied a rather close portrait of the exuberant Smith in several drawings for a magazine, most of them showing him in a state of eruption. A year after Mr. Remington again visited Smith's neighborhood, and on the afternoon of his arrival was approached by that worthy himself bearing one of the pictures torn from the magazine. Pointing to the central figure he said

"Say, is that me?"

"Well," replied Mr. Remington guardedly, "I got the idea from you, of course, but ——"

"Oh, it's all right," broke in the man; "no offense. If it's me just say so."

"Well, yes; it's a fairly close portrait of you."

"That's what the boys at the ranch said. I look like that when I holler, do I?"

"I think you do."

"Well," said the man as he slowly returned the leaf to his pocket, "if that's the state of the case then all I've got to say is that Hollering Smith has hollered the last holler that he'll ever holler. Hereafter when I celebrate I blow a tin-horn, you bet! I don't consider that no man has a *right* to look like that—not around amongst *white* folks, at least."

A Chance for the Buzzard

LEWIS NIXON, the New York Democratic politician and shipbuilder, finds himself a target for all the men with new nautical inventions. Of late there has been a marked run of submarine-boat architects. The other day after listening for half an hour to explanations from a man who clearly savored of the crank, Mr. Nixon ventured to show a lack of faith, which caused the inventor to gather up his plans and depart in great indignation.

"These submarine fellows are getting on my nerves," remarked Mr. Nixon to a friend

"That chap wants to build a boat modeled after an eel. I'm looking for some man to turn up with the plans of a boat using the duck for a prototype, which can dive and wrench off the enemy's hull plates with its cast-iron bill, and if caught in shallow water can spread its wings and fly away uttering loud and defiant quacks on a steam quacker."

The Latest in Postage Stamps

IN ALMOST every mail the officials of the Post Office Department at Washington receive numerous suggestions as to the improvement of Uncle Sam's postal service. It is said that the majority of these suggestions relate to postage stamps. Many of the public are constantly demanding such or such a design of this or that value.

The latest and perhaps the most unique of the ideas submitted to the Post Office comes from a widow living in California. This lady has suggested to the Postmaster-General that he authorize the issuance of a mourning stamp—that is, a stamp that will harmonize with the black-bordered stationery used by those who are in mourning. The California lady's argument for a "mourning" stamp appears to be based upon her personal belief that a red stamp does not look well, nor is it appropriate, on an envelope with black borders. This argument does not, however, strike the postal officials as being sound, and there is little probability that the California widow's suggestion will receive consideration at their hands

One of the officers of the Department humorously remarked that he supposed the next request would be for "a white stamp for brides, bearing, perhaps, a cupid rampant!"

On Pressing Business

THE Honorable "Champ" Clark recently told of a case brought up in Missouri in which one of the lawyers engaged tried to serve his client by throwing suspicion on a certain witness during the course of his cross-examination.

The first question put was:

"You admit that they were at the prisoner's home every evening during this period?"

"Yes, sir," replied the witness

"State whether you and he were interested in any special transaction, such as, for instance, business or otherwise."

"Yes, sir, we were."

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed the wily attorney "Then you will no doubt be good enough to inform us now and to what extent, also the nature of the business in which you were jointly interested."

"I haven't the least objection in the world," cheerfully answered the obliging witness. "If you want to know—I was courting his daughter!"

In Durance Vile

ORSON LOWELL, the magazine illustrator, used to have a model that he valued highly because he could wear evening clothes "like a gentleman," something which the professional model cannot always do The fellow had apparently seen better days, but the only remaining relic of them was his dress-suit and his ability to wear it. He would usually turn up fifteen minutes before the appointed time for the sitting, wearing a shabby business suit, and after some moments' rapid talk on any subject which came uppermost he would say

"Sir, I am very sorry—I regret to say—I feel it more than you can possibly—I am overwhelmed with confusion—but—but, sir—but, I was obliged, absolutely obliged, to sequestrate—to hypothecate—in short, to hock, my evening garments for $2. Redeem them, sir, and I am at your service. Here is the ticket."

This went on day after day, till finally Mr. Lowell hit on the plan of hiding his business suit while he was out of the room, telling him that the charwoman had carried it off by mistake, and sending him away at the end of the sitting in his evening rig, confident that he had no other and that he would return the next day ready to pose.

The hour arrived; also a messenger boy with this note

"Honored sir: I cannot find words fitting—I do not know how to convey to you—I stand speechless, sir, aghast, sir—but, ah, fatal 'but!'—but I was driven—forced—compelled—again to pledge my evening garments as collateral security for the sum of $2 Redeem them and I am at your service. I am at the pawnbroker's, in bed in a back room Sir, I inclose the ticket."

Postage-Stamp Portraits

DISTRICT ATTORNEY JEROME, of New York, who during the last campaign in his vigorous speeches is said to have "given up his syntax to the cause of reform," has the knack of convincingly summing up a man's character, whether friend or foe, in a few words.

An acquaintance one day asked him concerning a certain well-known Tammany politician.

"Well," replied Mr. Jerome, "he's the sort of man who would put the stamp on the lower left-hand corner of a letter."

"What about Mr. So-and So?" said a friend a few minutes later, mentioning the name of a man on Mr. Jerome's side more noted for scholarship than for knowledge of practical politics.

"Oh," came the answer, "he's the kind of man who would spell 'economy' with three o's."

How Senator Platt Won His Bride

WHILE Senator Thomas C. Platt, of New York, was enjoying his recent honeymoon he was approached by a certain Pennsylvania politician of note, an old personal and political friend, who said "See here, Senator, you won't mind if I say confidentially that you're no raving beauty Now what I'd like to know is how your wife was ever attracted to such a plain person as you are?"

"I'm glad you asked me," returned the Senator, smiling broadly, "and I'll tell you—in the strictest confidence, of course She first fell in love with me through seeing the newspaper pictures which the cartoonists make of me. You Pennsylvania fellows made a mighty serious mistake when you abolished cartoons—you'll never any of you get married."

Corn Starch in Bread Making with Receipts

By
MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG

Wide as is the variety of uses to which Kingsford's Corn Starch is now generally put in cooking, there are still many other ways not known to the average housewife in which this valuable product may be used to advantage. One of these is in bread making. A small proportion of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch mixed with the flour will make the bread much more light, delicate, nutritious and attractive.

Try it in the following receipts:

WHOLE WHEAT BREAD.

Sift together three and one-half cups of whole wheat flour, half a cup of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch and a tablespoon of sugar. Soften a cake of compressed yeast with three tablespoons of water and add to a pint of warm milk. Pour this into the sifted mixture, and when well blended beat it hard before setting aside to raise. When light add two teaspoons of salt and as much more flour as can be beaten in with a wooden spoon. Let this raise again, and then beat out the air bubbles and pour into two greased loaf pans. When almost double in bulk, place in a moderately hot oven and bake about fifty minutes.

This is a very wholesome bread and easily made.

CREAM BISCUIT.

Sift together one and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, three teaspoons of baking powder and half a spoon of salt. Moisten with cream as soft as can be handled. Roll out on a well-floured board, cut in small biscuits and place in a pan, brushing over with melted butter, wetting the tops before baking. Have oven very hot, and bake ten or fifteen minutes, according to size.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED)

Book of new and original cooking receipts sent free, by The Oswego Starch Factory, Oswego, N.Y.

THE SHIELD OF QUALITY
WELSBACH COMPANY, LICENSED MANUFACTURERS.
WELSBACH QUALITY
If the mantle you are using breaks easily it is not a genuine WELSBACH-the *Shield of Quality* is your safeguard
FIVE KINDS-15.20.25.30.35.¢

A GOOD POSITION

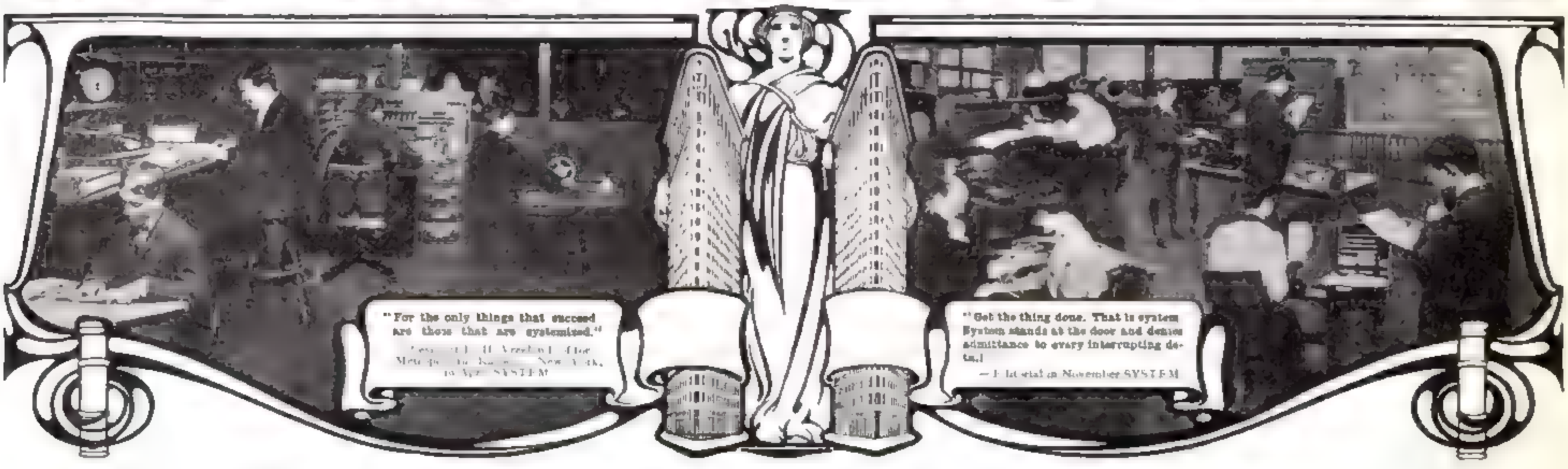
[illegible] open for a competent man. His difficulty is to [illegible] We have openings for high grade men in all capaci[illegible] [illegible] Technical and Clerical paying from $1,000 [illegible] a year. Write for plan and booklet

HAPGOODS Inc.
Suite 512, 309 Broadway, New York

Platinum Photos

HAND PAINTED Lamson Prints. Landscape and Marine [illegible] [illegible] and up. Sample by mail [illegible] *Free [illegible] catalogue.* **Lamson Studio, Portland, Me.**

Get SYSTEM in your Business



"For the only things that succeed are those that are systemized."
[illegible] SYSTEM

"Get the thing done. That is system System stands at the door and denies admittance to every interrupting detail
— [illegible] in November SYSTEM

This Page Will Tell You How

No One—Anywhere—Can Better Tell You

Every one interested in the latest methods of accounting, whether employer or employee, should read SWEETLAND'S SCIENCE OF LOOSE LEAF BOOKKEEPING AND ACCOUNTING, a lucid exposition of [illegible] of keeping records of [illegible]. More than 250 pages of most valuable information pointing out the uses and abuses, the advantages and disadvantages of the loose leaf idea. The application of this system to various lines of business is pointed out in detail. It will prove of assistance to both those who use and those who do not use loose leaf systems. It is for every one who wishes to keep in touch with progressive systems of accounting. Write for Catalogue No. 33.

An ERICSSON INTERIOR TELEPHONE SYSTEM shortens office work, saves actual time, saves confusion. To some men such a system seems a luxury. All [illegible] installed the system KNOW it is an economy. Cheap interior 'phones soon get out of order. That's worse than no system at all. But the Ericsson is built to last [illegible] style used on long distance [illegible]. No other concern anywhere has studied the telephone system so thoroughly, or devised so many special instruments and attachments to save time and bother in office communication. The Ericsson contains all the best features of other 'phones and many features found in no other 'phones. Ask now for Catalog 4.

The PROTECTOGRAPH will absolutely secure the integrity of your checks. It impresses a line like this

NOT OVER FIVE DOLLARS 5

in [illegible] ink, upon any preferred part of the check, so deeply as to make the line a part of the document itself, rendering successful alteration impossible. It is in use by the U. S. Treasury and thousands of the [illegible] and industrial institutions of the country. The [illegible] stamped by one movement of the lever. Write to-day for Catalog No. 15, which tells many things about check raising and check protection you may not know. G. W. Todd & Co. are the manuf'rs.

No matter what you want to file—information, [illegible], samples, documents—there is a Shaw-Walker way to do it. And that way is the best way because it is the most simple. Shaw-Walker card [illegible] Shaw-Walker [illegible] Shaw-Walker [illegible] Shaw-Walker Systems. [illegible] to send it, but they will do so gladly if you simply sign the coupon [illegible]

Every MANZ-HOLLISTER product bears this mark. It stands for the highest quality in engraving, printing and advertising. The leading advertisers of the [illegible] to this fact [illegible] that it appear on [illegible] they use to [illegible] business. Anyone who has studied the question knows that success in advertising depends largely on the engraving and printing. It matters not whether it is a booklet or a catalog, it must bear the mark of quality. Catalog 27 explains how MANZ-HOLLISTER ideas can be applied effectively to your business. It tells how a great organization of advertisers and printers is enabled to offer you definite plans and save you money. Write for it to-day.

No office is considered complete without an EDISON MIMEOGRAPH. [illegible] ing business than by employing the many means offered by this valuable machine. There is a place in almost any business where an Edison Mimeograph will save time and money. Perhaps you see no use for it in *your* office. You certainly will after you read Catalog 6 and understand what a Mimeograph will do. It will pay you well to read it. Cut out and sign the coupon on the corner of this advertisement, or better still, write us a letter stating your business.

This picture illustrates a salesman holding a sample MEYERCORD OPALESCENT WINDOW SIGN for advertising the Lagora Cigar. One sign has already been transferred, the other still untransferred. The Meyercord idea of display advertising is one of the greatest advances of recent years for aiding the dealer and increasing his income. Five hundred people on an average [illegible] this sign daily. Signs delivered ready to place. Salesmen carry them conveniently. The sign is a painting on paper transferable to glass. Inexpensive; does not obstruct the light. Attractive, bright, lasting colors. Catalog 23 [illegible]

There was a time when any old chair would do for the office. Business and comfort were not partners. But times have changed and ideas of business comfort have changed with them. McCLOUD'S NEW TWENTIETH CENTURY [illegible] BACK CHAIRS have been important factors in the improvement. "Back Resters" they call them—because they give complete back rest while at work, thereby enabling the man at the desk or [illegible] at the typewriter to accomplish [illegible] greater comfort. Catalog 14 describes the McCloud Chairs and shows the adjustment which fits the [illegible]

More comfort for the stenographer means more work for the employer. The DEARBORN TABLE CABINET is made to systematize and make the stenographer's work easier. The price is $12 [illegible] Typewriter [illegible] the price. Copy always in front within easy reading distance. Every convenience for stationery. Substantially built in solid golden oak, 42 inches long, 24 inches deep. Four large drawers. It is shipped to responsible parties on approval, freight prepaid east of Rocky Mountains. For full description of this and other desks, ask for Catalogue No. 38.

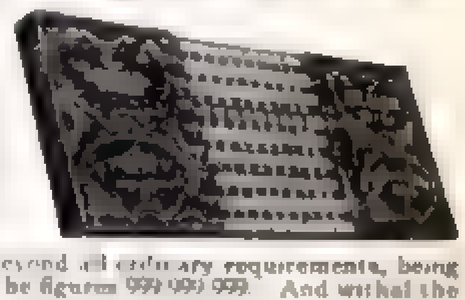
SOME business men are prejudiced against fountain pens. And that [illegible] has kept them from knowing how great a saving WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS would make in their office work. [illegible] without dipping and blotting saves so much of a [illegible] stenographers and clerks—that a pen pays for itself in a short time. But the fountain pen must be a "Waterman," else the bother and leaks and breaks might offset the saving. Catalog 5 tells all about Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens, and of special pens made for modern office work. Write for catalog. If you are specially interested in manifold work, tell us.

The business world has waked up to the commercial value of correct and effective [illegible] circulars and advertisements. Marshall Field & Co. offer $1.00 to any employee who finds an error of English in any of their printed matter. Every large business house in the country is doing something of the sort. Mr. Sherwin Cody is recognized as one of the most scholarly writers of business English [illegible] houses [illegible] his set of four books on business English, equipping the desks of their managers, credit men, ad. writers, correspondents and stenographers. Seven complete [illegible] study and reference [illegible] "Crisp, simple, direct." [illegible] 29 [illegible] more. Write now before you forget it.

"Goods well bought are half sold." Retailer, wholesaler or manufacturer, you must buy close. All catalogs, circulars, and samples must be arranged so they can be found instantly. There is no way to keep them together that is half so simple as the SHAW-WALKER CATALOG SYSTEM—no other way so inexpensive. Write now for Catalog 20 and learn all about it. If your business is small, a small system will do. For a large business you can afford a larger outfit, for the saving will [illegible] You may think that you do not need a catalog file. But even then ask for Catalog 20. Only after looking it over can you really be sure that the file is not needed.

"RIGHT MEN FOR RIGHT PLACES, RIGHT PLACES FOR RIGHT MEN." This is the watchword of Hapgoods, the incorporated company which has made a clearing house for brains one of the most notable features of modern business methods. If you are an employer of high-grade men and want to hire good [illegible], write for Hapgoods Catalog 21a. If you are a capable man, desiring a high-grade position, write for Hapgoods Catalog 21b. Hapgoods service covers the globe. Hapgoods eye looks everywhere. It searches the world for competent men. It looks for you if you say so. Better say so now.

THE FOVER CYLINDER LETTER PRESS is the most rapid and [illegible] letter copying device on the market. It will copy 20 to 30 letters a minute, in fact, as fast as you can feed them through the rollers and turn the handle. Its copies are clear and distinct, and if you for any reason desire more than one copy, run the [illegible] through again. It does away with brushes, water jars, dirty copying rags and blotters, and performs the work of letter-copying in one-tenth the time required by the old process, besides doing the work perfectly—no blurred or poor copies, but all are clear and distinct. For further particulars send for Catalog 24.



Every modern business office needs an adding machine, and while dozens of adding machines have been put on the market, perhaps none have been so [illegible] introduced as the LOCKE ADDER, considering the short time since it was first sold. There are now over 7,000 in use. The Locke Adder is [illegible] than an adding machine. It adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides and its capacity is far beyond all ordinary requirements, being represented by the figures 999,999,999. And withal the price of this device, $5.00, is within reach of everybody. The man who has to do with figures should ask for Catalog 30, which will give him some very valuable data.

FREE

Information is offered you here. Mail us this coupon or write us a letter.

To System Chicago

Please send, without cost to me, the books checked in the list following

Catalog 4	Catalog 21b
Catalog 5	Catalog 23
Catalog 6	Catalog 24
Catalog 14	Catalog 26
Catalog 15	Catalog 27
Catalog 19	Catalog 30
Catalog 20	Catalog 33
Catalog 21a	Catalog 38

Name

Address

Business

I enclose ________ Send SYSTEM, the magazine, for on approval. If I am not satisfied when the subscription ends you agree to return my remittance.

No better way to learn good, sound business methods than to read SYSTEM, the magazine. No other way to learn system, and system in business means success. Not articles alone of business achievement and general interest, but specific information on buying — selling — manufacturing — shipping — collecting — advertising — correspondence — law — banking — insurance — the professions. The actual experience of men who know. Men whose advice you could not secure elsewhere at almost any price.

"[illegible] practical suggestions and [illegible] information which will [illegible] the [illegible] and save both time and expense in any business."
[illegible], Ill.

"SYSTEM takes the kinks out of [illegible] at the same operation."
NEW ATHENS BREWERY,
New Athens, Ill.

"SYSTEM is of special value to the [illegible] relieve an overburdened mind."
FRANK H. HOWE,
Columbus, Ohio.

"One finds something of value in each number that will more than repay the cost of the magazine for many years."
E. R. SAVERY, Elgin, Ill.

What SYSTEM has done for these men it will just so surely do for you. You are wronging yourself—your business—your future, if you don't send for it.

SPECIAL TO POST READERS. For $1 we will send you System for 6 months to come, and as a premium, absolutely free from all further charge, 6 interesting back numbers for immediate reading. 12 numbers for a dollar. A bargain you cannot afford to miss.

A VALUABLE BOOK FREE. Send $2 for a full year's subscription and we will send not only the six extra numbers but "Short Cuts." A useful little book that is all its name implies.

SYSTEM
Edited by A. W. SHAW
Marquette Bldg.
CHICAGO

Weathered Oak

A very complete line of this popular furniture is quoted with illustrations in our Special Furniture Catalogue. Also every other style and finish. Our prices are ⅓ to ½ less than you would pay elsewhere

This Mission Clock

is made of heavy solid oak in the weathered finish, $19.50

fitted with New Haven Clock Co. 8-day movement, striking the hour and half hour on a rich-toned cathedral gong. The dial, numerals, hands and pendulum weight are of polished brass, numerals are 1½ inches long. Genuine hand-forged nails used throughout in the construction. Clock is 78 in. high, 18 in. wide and 14 in. deep. An exceedingly artistic and ornamental piece for the hall or library. Can be returned at our expense if not entirely satisfactory.
Weight 100 lbs. Price $19.50.

$3.90 is our very low price for this handsome

Mission Chair

This is a reproduction of an antique chair and is very strongly made of ash in the weathered finish. A very artistic design suitable for the hall, library or living room. Will be much appreciated as a Christmas gift.
Weight 20 lbs. Price, $3.90.

Send for Furniture Catalogue

and buy what you need at wholesale prices. We have everything in reliable furniture. Can suit all tastes and purses. Buy direct and save retail profits. Our furniture catalogue will be sent free.

Address

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO
Michigan Ave., Madison and Washington Sts., Chicago
41 31 years World's Headquarters for Everything

One Stroke of The Little "MAB" Razor

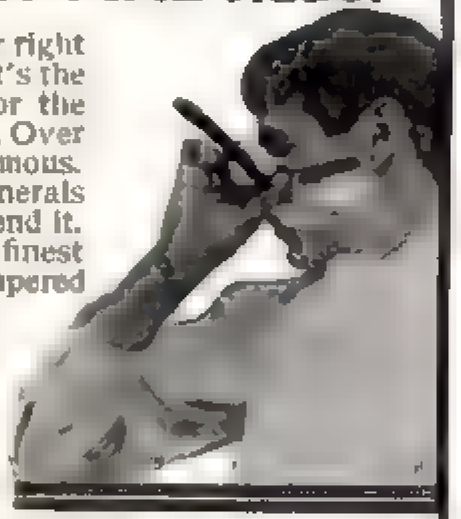
Cleans the hair right off the face. It's the keenest razor the world produces. Over in Europe it's famous. Dukes and Generals use and commend it. Made of the finest English tempered steel by a new secret process, on an entirely new principle. Requires less stropping than any razor made

Price $1.50, postpaid.

Use it 10 days and if you are not thoroughly delighted with it, send it back.

Our booklet, "The Art of Shaving," Free.

THE MAB COMPANY OF AMERICA
(Sole Agency for U. S.)
613 Spruce Street Scranton, Pa.



Uniform Temperature

It makes no difference whether you have furnace, steam or hot water apparatus, or whether it is new or old. All you need is the

Minneapolis Heat Regulator

Automatically controls the drafts. A change of one degree at the thermostat is sufficient to operate the dampers. As simple and no more expensive than a good clock. Has proven its merit for 23 years.

Sent on 30 Days Free Trial

If not satisfactory in every way, return at our expense. Write to-day. Booklet free.

W. R. SWEATT, Secretary
1st Ave. and F St. Minneapolis, Minn.

Adjust here
It's automatic

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.00

Sizes and Prices	
9 by 6 ft.	$3.00
9 by 7½ ft.	3.50
9 by 9 ft.	4.00
9 by 10½ ft.	4.50
9 by 12 ft.	5.00

Beautiful and attractive patterns, woven [illegible] alike. All colors, and more serviceable than more costly carpets. Sent by express prepaid east of the Rocky Mountains.

Your money back if you want it. Catalogue free for the asking
Oriental Importing Co., 687D Bourse Building, Philadelphia

STARK TREES Largest Nursery Fruit Book Free SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL Result of 78 years' experience
STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.; Etc

Disseminating Literature

The Adventures of an Author Who Stole His Own Book

By W. A. Fraser

IN SEPTEMBER three men who had drifted into the highway of literature from a by-path having its first toe-marks in the city of Detroit, lunched together in the Savage Club.

Robert Barr, the author, was one of the three

Barr is a large man who is for ever and ever wandering in the direct path of strange happenings. They come his way as naturally as pin feathers occur to a grouse.

Once Barr escaped from London on a yacht, but within a week he was nabbed by brigands and held for ransom. When London heard this it laughed. At the Savage Club the fellows grinned, and repeated softly the Scotch woman's prayer, "God ha' mercy on the man that's chained to oor Davey."

Ransom! When Barr returned to London it was declared the brigands had paid him to get out.

At the meeting-place of four counties, an hour's run from London, Barr has a house and fifteen acres of golf links. The links are somewhat peculiar: five acres up one side of a hill, five on top, and five down the other side. When Barr hits a ball sometimes it lands in Sussex, occasionally in Essex, and often enough in Surrey. This habit of playing golf in four counties at once has given the author wind and tautness of muscle

These few details are necessary to the understanding of the following happening, which Barr caught on the fly this last summer.

When Robert isn't writing stories, or carpentering at his magazine, The Idler, he is generally nosing about London on the trail of some fellow-Canadian in need of a kindly boost up the ladder of life; and at the time of this story he had gathered unto himself a doctor from the land of his birth. Not that the doctor needed anything but just such a tonic as is in the breezy personality of Barr.

The doctor was returning to Canada, and Barr went to see him off. On the way to the station the man of medicine, remembering that he had been somewhat delinquent in playing his host as an author, so many other matters of utility and enjoyment always being in the immediate foreground, sought to make amends at the eleventh hour, and asked the author of Tekla how tricks were in the way of the fourth estate; if he was making it go—was he getting a living out of it, anyhow?

Barr's face has a lot of hazel-gray eyes that get very full of things at times; they sparkle like beads on a black dress, and at his friend's questions the gray eyes glinted in amused astonishment

He modestly explained that when the usual yearly grist of literature was brought to the mill in autumn, there was generally a fair-sized bag of the Barr brand.

They had arrived at Euston Station, and Barr, remarking that there were always some of his books on every bookstall, carried the doctor along the platform to where Wm. Smith disseminates literature from a box.

"I'll get a book here," the author said. But he didn't.

High and low, on the shelves, under the counter, everywhere, the clerk looked, but there was nothing from the pen of Robert.

To Barr it was perplexing; to the doctor, amusing; and the clerk was simply impatient—they were wasting his time. They gave up the search, and the doctor took his seat in the train. Barr had a very important engagement to meet an editor, so he left his friend before the train started.

As he passed the news-stand on his way out there were six copies of Tekla staring at him from a background of yellow and red and green.

The train had not started. Robert grabbed a copy, and tightening his golf muscles for a run, headed north along the platform as though he were after a ball that had dropped over into Surrey.

The clerk gave a yell of indignant astonishment, unhesitatingly eliding any "h's" that impeded rapid utterance.

The cry reached to the ears of the guards; they saw a large man coming down the way with velocity, and they knew—he wanted to catch the steamer train: he was off for America

Do YOU know Joe Chapple and his NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Do you know Joe Chapple—the boy who came out of the West almost penniless and has built up a National magazine?

Do you know Joe Chapple—the man who gained his knowledge of human nature on the bumpers of freight trains; trading an old gray horse for his first printing press; a printer's devil at 12, an editor at 16,—through all phases of social life up to an invited guest on presidential trains, and as special representative at the Coronation in Westminster Abbey?

Presidents, Members of the Cabinet, Supreme Court Judges, Diplomats, United States Senators, Congressmen and Governors know Joe Chapple. They speak of his work—and they write for his magazine when no other publication on earth can entice them.

It isn't because Chapple is brilliant that he has won this national reputation for himself and his magazine—it's his quaint originality, his home-like, wholesome good-nature that permeates all he writes. There's nothing published to-day like The National Magazine—because there is no one just like Joe Chapple.

Maybe you don't know Joe Chapple. His publishers offer an easy way to get acquainted.

Send 12 Two-Cent Stamps
and for three months you can enjoy his company

You can go with him to the National Capital, into the committee rooms of Congress, up to the White House, into the personal life of the great men and women who have honored Joe Chapple with their friendship. You can go with him over the length and breadth of the entire country, for Joe Chapple's address is the United States of America.

He will give you a glimpse of National life in all its phases such as you would look for in "a letter to the folks at home," revealing in vivid snap shots and pen pictures of current events the human side of National life.

The National isn't quite All Joe Chapple. It's just one side of its attractiveness. There are nearly 200 pages in The National finely printed—100 engravings, short stories, poems, and in addition articles by distinguished members of both houses of Congress concerning which they are best fitted to speak the authoritative word. Senators Allison, Hanna, Lodge, Gibson, Hansbrough, Tillman and others have contributed to past numbers of The National Magazine.

Senator Hanna's articles last year on "McKinley as I Knew Him" was one of the most notable contributions to periodical literature.

But in the year to come there will be greater achievements in The National than it has ever accomplished.

Look at this list. Think of every monthly magazine in the country and do you know of any that can offer a greater list of contributors?

Senators Hanna, Bailey, Allison, Spooner, Clapp, Hansbrough, Fairbanks, Proctor, Clark, Frye, Dolliver, Cockrell, and scores of other men eminent in public affairs.

And there are plenty of bright stories dealing with the people here on earth—American types that you can recognize—"your sisters, your brothers, your uncles, your cousins and your aunts," mirroring clearly and happily the loves and the ambitions, the deeds and the adventures of the Great Common People—as Lincoln loved to call us.

What Representative National Authorities Write

"One of our best magazines."—*Senator William P. Frye.*

"A valuable addition to the magazine world."—*James [illegible]*

"The National Magazine is my favorite periodical."—*Senator [illegible]*

"I read your magazine regularly with great interest."—*Justice Wm. R. Day, United States Supreme Court*

"Permit me to congratulate you on the success of The National. It has taken first rank."—*J. W. Bab[illegible]*

"I am a constant reader of The National and look upon it as probably the best of our current periodicals."—*Senator Dolliver*

"I consider The National Magazine one of the most worthy and interesting periodicals published."—*[illegible]*

Joe Chapple's family of readers grows larger every day. There are over 160,000 subscribers. You'll be one **sometime**—but we want you **now**. As an extra inducement

Joe Chapple will take ten subscribers with him to the West Indies—all expenses paid. You can be one of them.

The sending of twelve two-cent stamps for three months' subscription makes you eligible. The requirements are simple—just an idea such as **you** can supply. The first issue of the new year tells the whole story. Send to-day.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, Boston

Souvenir Portfolio

containing
fine reproductions in halftone of

60 Prize Pictures

by the world's greatest photographers. 64 pages 9 x 12 inches on heavy plate paper bound in art bristol with a photograph mounted on the cover, the whole tied with gold cord, making an elegant holiday album.

25 Cents

These pictures received the judges' awards in our $3,000.00 contest just closed and represent the highest attainments in pictorial photography. The reproductions, which are in the colors of the original photograph, are excellent in every respect and form a collection that every lover of pictures, every one interested in photography, every student of art, will want to keep. The price, 25 cents, is only a fraction of the cost of the portfolio which contains also Ten Articles by famous Photographers on Ten Phases of Photography. There is no advertising matter in the book. We simply want to give every one an opportunity to see the excellent work which is being done by the foremost photographers of the world with our Photographic Lenses.

Alfred Stieglitz' Grand Prize Picture
"5th Avenue in Winter"
is alone worth the price of the portfolio.

Send 25c. stamps or Coin to Department J

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

IF YOU ARE A FATHER MOTHER, SWEETHEART

Then every word of the plain-talks in this little book, "The Ethics of Marriage," by H. S. POMEROY, M. D., is of vital importance to you.

LOVE Engaged couples will find many important truths in the [illegible] requirements of true love, with advice on courtship and the proper preparation of mind and body for marriage.

MARRIAGE For every husband and wife this book is filled with frank and sound counsel, full of earnest help toward the proper [illegible] of the marriage bond—all calculated to save [illegible] happiness.

MATERNITY Parents will appreciate these talks, for the author is an experienced [illegible] and he talks to his readers on the [illegible] delicate subjects with the utmost frankness yet with perfect propriety.

Dr. George F. Shrady says "The book should be conscientiously read by every parent in the land."

The Chicago Journal says, "It is almost like a voice from Heaven."

12mo. Cloth, $1.00, Postpaid

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO. 30 Lafayette Pl. NEW YORK

A Valuable CHRISTMAS Suggestion
The STAR, a symbol of the day.
A RAZOR—buy without delay.
The ORIGINAL and mechanically perfect

STAR Safety Razor

is a guarantee of comfort and [illegible]

Our trade mark, "Star," guarantees you the correct make. Every razor we test before shipping.

The new STAR STROPPER guarantees absolute perfection to the user of the razor.

Razors, complete, $2.00
Handsome Sets, $3.50 and up
New Star Stropper, $1.50

We will be pleased to send you our catalogue, if you will mention this publication.

KAMPFE BROS., 8-12 Reade St., New York
Or all leading dealers in high-class cutlery.

COLT Acetylene Gas

CARBIDE-FEED GENERATOR
CHEAPEST AND BEST
Complete Gas Plants from $48 to $5,000

More brilliant than gas or electricity [illegible] less than kerosene. Suited for any building [illegible]

Write for booklet to
J. B. COLT CO.
21 Barclay St., New York
The largest makers of Acetylene Apparatus and Stereopticons

Boston
Philadelphia
Chicago
Los Angeles

The first guard was a little old man, dropped very much into big thick-soled boots. He spread his arms to pour the traveler into an open door.

Barr ran right over the top of him; his impetus needed no mental guidance.

Much was being done on the platform. "Steamer Train" is a thing of commotion—unusual, devoid of the ordinary solemn decorum of English traffic. A green flag was waving, a dog-whistle was being blown by a guard.

At the third carriage a guard, broad of back and deep of chest, holding a door in one hand, sought to sweep Barr into the compartment. With a swoop Robert doubled into him with a football crouch, and the railroader rolled five yards.

In the mean time Barr had settled down into his long, swinging trot again, and, in the rear, far behind, came a wedge of humanity headed by the bookseller.

Like the flight of a swallow, or the see-saw of a snipe-jack, Barr curved in and out amongst the guards who sought to entrap him.

As he reached the doctor's compartment the train was moving. He threw the book through the open window, and, even his golf-breath gone, stretched himself up with a sigh of relief.

"The gent's missed!" cried a sympathetic porter; "'ere, Bill, in with 'im!" And four strong arms brushed the ambushed author through a yawning door; the door was clicked to, and away the train sped jauntily, just as the bookseller reached the winning-post.

"That's my bleedin' luck," moaned the porter; "that's the second gent as I've 'elped to-day as was in a 'urry, an' I don't get nothink."

"'E stole a book," screamed the man from Smith's.

"What's that—look at my bloody heye!" the guard reproached them—the guard that Barr had played football with. "That toft's a ship captain, that's what 'e is."

"'E's a burglar, an' I'll 'ave 'im arrested," swore the man of literature.

"That's the caper," commented number two guard, "'ave 'im hout of that carriage, an' I'll lay a charge of assault agin 'im."

It seemed wise, the proper thing to do; and the defeated forces, guard and bookseller, had a wire sent to the first stop the train made to have the passenger who had stolen the Countess Tekla taken in charge.

Barr's eruptive entrance into the compartment had at once broken down the barriers of conventional reserve; he was congratulated upon having caught the train, reminded of the close shave he had had, and asked how long he had been in London.

The little gray eyes blinked but said nothing. Of course he would get out at the first station; then he suddenly remembered that the train ran a matter of thirty miles without taking breath!

Blank that officious guard! How he would like to roll him down his Essex Hill and over into Surrey; then twist him around and roll him back into Sussex. He couldn't even get into the other compartment with the doctor and talk about the book.

He gazed through the window upon the beautiful green fields of England as they swam by—a sea of emerald—without enjoyment and without emotion—save the emotion of anger and despair at having missed his engagement. And he was to have been home for luncheon.

At the first stop the many-tongued wire told the secret of the stolen book, and as the steamer train pulled in a policeman and guard went down the line of carriages to locate the dishonest one, the doors being left locked until this was accomplished.

The detective part of the program was much simplified by catching the villain red-handed. Wide open on the doctor's knee lay the book of trouble.

Head and shoulders through the window, trying to entice a guard to unlock the door, Barr saw his friend out on the platform, the centre of a much-interested concourse. But they had got the man, so the doors were unlocked, and the next instant the doctor's astonished eye fell upon the author of not only Tekla, but his present most mysterious trouble; for he had not at all understood why he should be arrested for having had a book shied at his head. So matters were explained with some hours of concentrated emphasis. The "steamer train" was in a hurry; the engine tooted, the green flag waved, the doctor shook hands with Barr, and sped once more toward America, while Robert was left to argue out with the station master the matter of his fare from London and back again while he waited for the next train.

Half-Price Music Club Closes

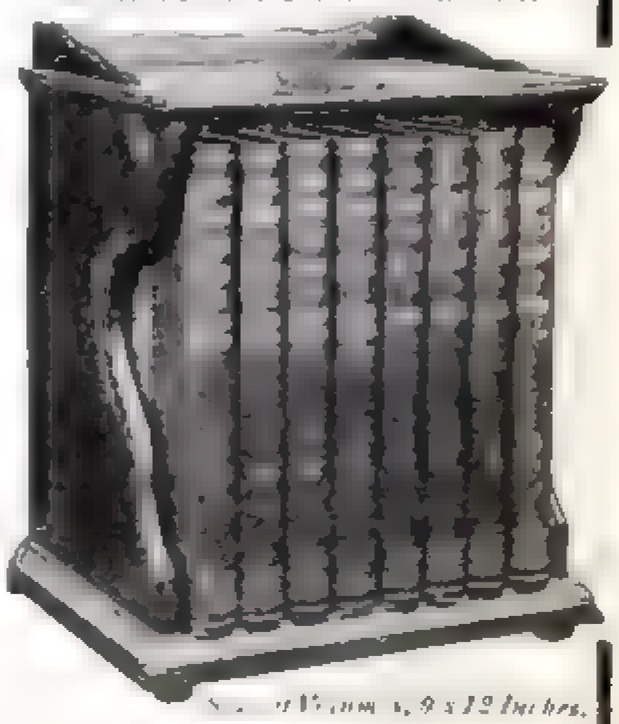
We have remaining on hand only a few hundred sets of our special half-price Club edition of the "World's Best Music," and these are being rapidly closed out. If you order promptly you will still be in time to obtain a set at half-price and on the little-at-a-time payment plan. **Write us a letter today,** enclosing the coupon cut from this advertisement, and a set will be forwarded to you, **express prepaid,** for examination. It will cost you only a two-cent stamp to examine this musical library, and decide for yourself as to its merits. The set contains **2,200 pages** of the best sheet music, carefully selected by expert music editors, and handsomely bound and indexed. If you were to buy it one piece at a time it would **cost you over $200.00.**

The World's Best Music

8 Volumes { 300 Piano Pieces
350 Songs

This is the most comprehensive collection of music in existence. It contains **2,200 pages of sheet music**—which is 500 more than any other Musical Library. It is fully indexed, so that any selection can be quickly found. The volumes are specially bound so that they **open flat on the piano.** All the world's famous composers are represented—including such masters as Wagner, Liszt, Paderewski, Sullivan, Mozart, Handel, Chopin, De Koven, Strauss and Gounod—but the selections have been so carefully made that none is too difficult for the average performer. The work contains **300 instrumental selections** by the best composers, including popular and operatic melodies, dances, funeral marches, [illegible] and romantic piano music. There are **350 best old and new songs,** duets, trios and quartets. Among the selections are 100 copyrighted pieces of music by American composers. As a musical cyclopedia it is unexcelled, for it contains **500 biographies** of musicians and **400 portraits,** many of the last being attractive chromatic plates in six to ten colors. The volumes are handsomely bound in art cloth and half-leather.

A Bookcase Free If You Order at Once.



Size of Volumes, 9 x 12 Inches.

$1.00 a Month Payments

Through our Musical Library Club, while the remaining sets last, the prices of this splendid collection of music will be **$21.00 for a set in cloth binding** and **$25.00 for half-leather binding**—payable $1.00 a month. The value of this bargain can be shown by the fact that thousands of these sets have previously been sold for $35.00 and $40.00. We have only a few hundred sets on hand, which will be sold at the low Club price to those who order promptly. This is your last opportunity to secure this magnificent work at a low price and on easy payments. Cut out the coupon and send it to us to-day. We will send you a set, **express prepaid,** for five days' examination. If you are not satisfied, return the books to us at our expense. But if you decide to keep the set, send us $1.00 at the expiration of five days and $1.00 a month thereafter until the full amount is paid.

An extra charge of $3.00 must be made on Canadian orders to cover cost of duty and royalty.

BOOK-CASE FREE—We have a small number of elegant oak-wood bookcases [illegible] especially to hold a set of the "World's Best Music." **Their retail price is $4.00 each,** but we have decided to offer them as premiums to prompt [illegible]. To obtain a bookcase **free** with your set, it [illegible] your order before December 19th. If your order is received after that date we cannot supply a bookcase with the set, unless, of course, you care to pay the retail price of $4.00 for the case. This bookcase is a present from us and does not increase the cost of the music in any manner.

The University Society
78 Fifth Ave., New York

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

S. E. P.
11-28.

The University Society,
78 Fifth Ave.,
New York

Please send me on approval, [illegible] a set of "The World's Best Music" [illegible]. If satisfactory I agree to pay $1.00 within 5 days and $1.00 per month thereafter for 24 months; if not satisfactory I agree to return them within 5 days. If this coupon is mailed before Dec. 19th I am to receive a bookcase with the set free.

Name

Street

City

In ordering cloth, change 24 months to 20 months.

Mexican Drawn Work Hand Carved Leather
Blankets Pottery Feather Cards
Curios and Antiquities

Send for Illustrated Catalogue *Established 1881*

W. G. WALZ COMPANY
Wholesale and Retail EL PASO, TEXAS

RE-SILVER YOUR OWN MIRRORS

Big Free Offer
FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY

Everyone sending $1.00 for instructions for **Re-silvering Mirrors** will receive absolutely **free of cost** complete instructions [illegible] all the following **preparations**: [illegible] Floor Polish, Fine Furniture Polish, Marble Polish, [illegible] Plating Process, Wall Paper Cleaner, Magic Paint Cleaner, Gilt Reviver, Marble Cement. **Send To-day, One Dollar.**

LUTHER L. LEE FURNITURE CO., Pond Creek, O. T.

DO IT YOURSELF

We have made plenty of money in the poultry business and have grown from year to year until our **Millbook Farm** is now the largest pure bred poultry establishment in the country. Our new year book **"Poultry for Profit"** will start you right. All about **breeding, feeding, etc.** Cuts of fowls with prices, eggs in season. Book has cost too much money and experience to be given away, but we mail it for **10 cents.**

THE J. W. MILLER CO., Box 12, Freeport, Ill.

PENMANSHIP Stenography and Book-keeping, complete course for Home Study in all three, $5.00. Insures a beautiful hand. Situations for all graduates.

C. C. GAINES, Box 907, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., or 119 West 125th Street, New York, N. Y.

LAW TAUGHT BY MAIL. Students prepared for admission to the bar in all States. Individual instruction. Send for catalogue.

MARSHALL D. EWELL, M. D., LL. D., President
HOME STUDY LAW SCHOOL, 125-80 Clark Street, Chicago

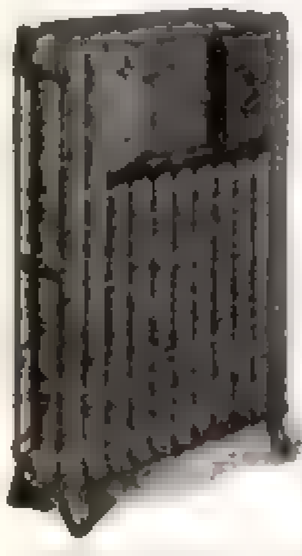
Home Cheer

The evening hours are more than hours of repose if, plus present comfort, you contemplate the rising, dressing and breakfasting in rooms cozily, healthfully warmed by

Hot Water Heating

With several months winter ahead do not delay investigating our coal economizing

Ideal Boilers and American Radiators



A Dining Room Radiator with warming closet

As easily put in old cottages, houses or buildings as in new, and without disturbing occupants.

No ashes or dirt in living rooms—just sure home comfort, with marked fuel economy and least work. Need not be attached to street water supply. Absolutely safe and will last as long as the building

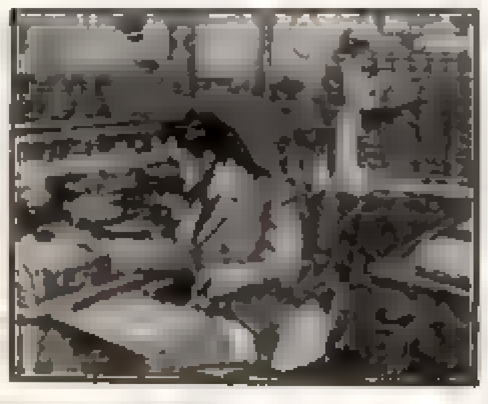
Letters stating needs and requests for free valuable booklet are very welcome.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 28 CHICAGO

Details

The Jepson Systems and Methods Will Automatically Care for Them



Our book on business system is very helpful to the busy man—tells him just how to care for each detail in a perfect manner and with the least labor and expense. It ought to be sold, but we send it on request. We call it catalogue No. 10. Better write for a copy to-day on your business stationery.

OUR SPECIAL TRIAL OUTFIT

As a method of advertising and introducing our systems we are making a special trial outfit which we are offering at less than cost.

It is a tickler bringing to your attention each morning all matters that need attention and reminds you of your engagements, business matters, etc. It is a regular classified savings bank for memorandums and information

200 record cards, 3 x 5 inches
1 set daily guides (31 cards)
1 set monthly guides (12 cards)
1 set alphabetical guides (30 cards)
1 desk tray, 9 inches long made of quarter sawed oak and highly polished. All complete, cash with order . . $1

THE JEPSON SYSTEMS CO., Ltd.
Cor. Sycamore and Division Sts.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Government Positions

14,983 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. This was more than were appointed any previous year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Hundreds of those whom we prepare By Mail for the examinations are annually appointed. Full information about all government positions free. Write for our Civil Service Catalogue No. 8 containing dates of examinations and questions used by the government.

COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE
228-30 Pa. Ave. S. E. WASHINGTON, D. C.

International Skull and Cross Bones, Ltd.

(Continued from Page 8)

middle of the afternoon it was eagerly sought at 128, but John Henry doled out the stock in such small lots that the demand was greater than the supply. When the sun set the harbor of Belize was strewn with wrecks, among which the associated pirates were still firing broadsides at the remaining independents. When the sun arose next morning not an independent remained in sight, and at the opening of the exchange 196 was bid for International Skull common, and the price rose rapidly during the day, closing at 246.

That night the associated pirates held an orgy that eclipsed anything in the entire annals of piracy, and when they called upon John Henry to divide the gold he had received from the sales of stock, he quietly called attention to the fact that so far only a portion of his and Blackbeard's stock had been sold.

"Which is lucky for you," he said, "since a large part of our stock was sold around 100, and now it is 240. And I give my word it will go to 300 before we even reach your stock, and no telling how much higher."

When the pirates heard this they yelled until the sails flapped.

During the next week International Skull common fluctuated between 240 and 260, and then it began to drop slowly. It was all very well, people said, for a company to promise dividends, but where were they to come from if the pirates remained idle in the harbor, drinking and carousing?

On a statement from John Henry that the first dividend would surely be paid, the stock rose slightly, but it soon dropped again and threatened to fall severely. Buyers were indifferent, and some of those who had already bought began to sell.

John Henry went to Blackbeard.

"See here," he said, "I have got rid only of about half of this stock of ours and we must keep up the price until it is all sold. The thing for you to do is to take your associates and go on a cruise."

"And mighty glad I will be," swore Blackbeard. "I'm getting thirsty for blood!"

As soon as the preparations for sailing were observed by the town, confidence in International Skull was restored, and the price of the stock stiffened. When the six pirate ships sailed out of the harbor in company, forming a gallant fleet indeed, it seemed that nothing could stand before them, and although John Henry let go of his stock in large blocks, the price soared to 425. By the end of the month he had disposed of all his stock and all that of Blackbeard, except one share apiece, which he reserved in order that they might retain their offices in the company.

"And now," chuckled John Henry, "to sell the stock of our associates."

That very day a stranger appeared in Belize who brought most astounding news. The war between France and England had been ended, and those two nations, with Spain added, had combined their fleets of war to hunt down and exterminate all pirates. The stranger furthermore reported that the fleet of war was already on the way, and that doubtless news would soon be received (if any word ever came) that the unfortunate pirates were sent to the bottom or strung on the yardarms of the royal navies.

Upon hearing this unfortunate news a veritable panic came upon the Belize stock exchange, and the shares of the International Skull fell from 425 to 90 in less than an hour. John Henry seemed as worried as the men of Belize and threw a block of ten thousand shares upon the market. International Skull common dropped to 40 before any one was found with faith enough to purchase even a few shares.

Nor was this the worst. A few days later, when the stock was hovering between 35 and 40, an unkempt, bedraggled fellow, with his head bound in bloody rags, drew his weary legs up the main street of Belize. He told a pitiful story. The six ships of the associated pirates had met the combined fleets of Europe and after a terrible battle of ten hours had been utterly demolished. This soiled and weary wanderer alone of all the pirate crews had escaped death, and had reached the shore after untold hardships. When the news was brought to John Henry that usually hopeful young man was seen to burst into tears.

International Skull common dropped to 12⅞, and as John Henry threw block after block on the market it declined to 1¾, where it remained at the close of the day. When John Henry retired to his inn that night he had sold the entire stock holdings of Blackbeard's partners at prices averaging ten cents on the dollar, and any one in Belize would have told you that he was lucky to have secured such a good price.

Upon the opening of the exchange the next day John Henry announced that as he had been largely responsible for the formation of the International Skull and Cross Bones, Ltd., he felt that it was his duty to do as much as his poor means permitted to relieve those who had purchased stock. He would therefore buy as much International Skull as his small fortune allowed, in order that he might retain the good will of the people of Belize. He would pay two cents on the dollar.

Before the end of the week he had secured at this price three-fourths of the stock of the International Skull, together with the good wishes of all Belize, and the stock exchange closed its doors.

John Henry thereafter picked up at his own price other shares of International Skull until he held eighty per cent. of the entire issue of common and preferred, with the balance in the hands of various small holders. Blackbeard still retained one share.

On the fifth day of December a lookout in the Belize lighthouse sighted six vessels approaching. He thought them strangely familiar, and as they drew nearer he rushed to the town with the glad news that the associated pirates had returned. The townspeople, in a rage, searched for the two strangers, but they were gone!

International Skull, at the reopening of the exchange, jumped to 100, and when the first long boat reached the shore, telling of the capture of ten richly laden Spanish merchantmen, it rose by bounds to 600, with none offered. At 1000 John Henry began letting out small blocks until he had reduced his holdings so that he retained just sufficient to have a majority if it came to a vote.

When the associated pirates came on shore and learned that their stock had been sold at an average of 10 they were tremendously angry. John Henry drew Blackbeard aside and explained to him that while the other five pirates had certainly been unfortunate, Blackbeard himself had fared famously well. The townspeople assured the pirates that it was no fault on the part of John Henry. Blackbeard swore he would kill the first man who made a complaint. On the whole, the five associate pirates decided to say nothing.

"And now, my hearty," said Blackbeard, when they were alone, "we will divide the spoils of this remarkably profitable cruise."

"Yes, most mighty captain," said John Henry, "but in a combination we do not call it dividing the spoils. It is called voting a dividend."

"Dividend or spoils, it is all one to me," laughed the pirate, "so long as it is a divide. And I tell you, you will get a fair share, for I like the way you handle things."

"Yes," said John Henry, "I shall get a fair share. I get a little more than half, for I hold more than half the stock."

"Then," roared Blackbeard, "what do I get?"

"As you own one share," said John Henry, "you will receive one one-hundred-and-forty-thousandth of the dividend, and be paid six per cent. on your bonds."

When Blackbeard recovered from the swoon into which these words threw him he looked at John Henry with fear and awe.

"I think," he said hoarsely, "I am beginning to know a little more about stock companies than I did."

"Yes," said John Henry, "and I hope to show you still more."

VI

Although the associated pirates dared not express their opinion of the manner in which John Henry Vandam had conducted the sale of their stock, their actions plainly gave evidence that they were by no means pleased and they were blue indeed when they saw all the booty of their recent cruise turned into cash and divided between John Henry and a lot of home-staying landlubbers of Belize.

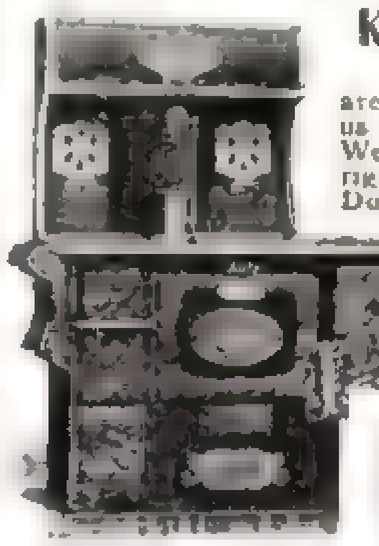
John Henry waited until the dividends were safely in his strong box, and then he went to the five pirates.

(Concluded on Page 28)

All Kalamazoo range and cook stoves are equipped with patent oven thermometer. Makes baking sure and easy.

The KALAMAZOO

A better stove or range than you can get from any other source. A saving of from 25 per cent. to 40 per cent. in price. Prompt shipment from factory to user. Factory prices—no dealers profits. Freight prepaid by us. 360 days' approval test. Guarantee backed by $20,000 bank bond.



KALAMAZOO
Stoves and Ranges

are manufactured by us in our own factory. We know they are all right "clear through." Don't confuse them with cheap mail order goods.

We are the only stove manufacturers in the world selling their entire product direct from their own factory to the user.

There isn't a better stove or range at any price

and by eliminating all dealers' and middlemen's profits we save you easily 25 per cent. to 40 per cent. Moreover we give you a 360 Days' Approval Test. If your purchase is not satisfactory in every way, return the goods at our expense. We have a complete line of ranges, cook stoves and heaters for fuel of all kinds. All stoves blacked, polished and ready for business.

It will pay you to investigate

Send for catalog No. 132 and prices, freight prepaid.

THE KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Manufacturers
Kalamazoo, Michigan

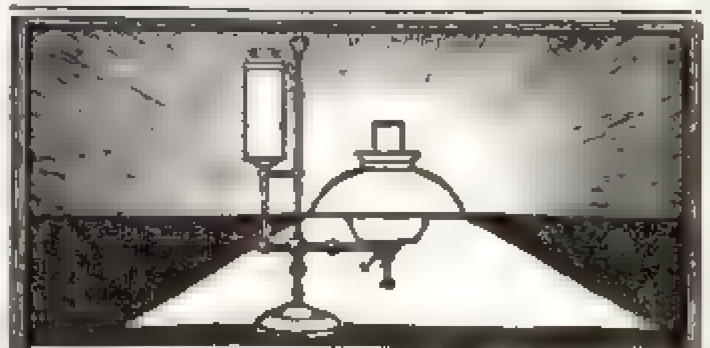
BUY A Wood Mantel

and buy it of us. We have the largest variety and give the best value for the money. Beautiful Oak Mantels complete with tile and grate $13.50 to $150.00. Delivered free East of Mississippi River. Points beyond pro rata.

No. 908, as here illustrated, gives a fair idea of our prices. Beautifully quartered Golden Oak, piano polish, 7 feet high, 5 feet wide, French beveled mirror, 18 x 36 ins., complete with best tiles and grate, delivered as above, on receipt of $30.00. Absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded. $30.00

Send for 96-page illustrated catalogue, showing 50 new and exclusive mantels. It's free.

C. F. BROWER & CO., Lexington, Kentucky
"The Mail Order Mantel House."



The "BEST" LIGHT
OUTSHINES THE SUN

Its pure white light makes day of night. Costs less than kerosene. 100 times more powerful than electricity. Examined, tested and permitted by underwriters' association. CATALOG FREE.

NO DIRT—NO WICK—NO SMOKE—NO SMELL

Agents wanted! Exclusive territory, good commission paid.

THE BEST LIGHT CO., 5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, Ohio
Sole Owners of Original Patents.

SQUABS sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a doz.; hotels and restaurants charge 75 cents to $1.50 an order (serving one squab). There is good money breeding them; a flock makes country life pay handsomely. Squabs are raised in ONE MONTH; a woman can do all the work. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young stock to attend (parent birds do this). Send for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. Plymouth Rock Squab Company
2 A Friend Street, Boston, Mass.

Century Life-Insurance Club

For Men and Women.

An Institution of Convenience and Aid for Insurers.

Series A, Limited to One Thousand Memberships.

ORIGIN OF THE CLUB.

The *Century Life-Insurance Club* is a natural consolidation and enlargement of the Life-Insurance Clubs recently organized. These Clubs proved to be such instant and notable successes, and the number of eager applicants so far exceeded the limitations of membership, that it has been deemed wise to organize a somewhat larger Club under a more general name, and extend the benefits of Club membership.

PURPOSE OF THE CLUB.

The Century Life-Insurance Club is organized solely to render unprejudiced service to insurers. It has been formed for the following purposes:

1st. To promote home safety and personal thrift by encouraging prudent Insurance investment.

2nd. To teach, in an interesting and unconventional way, the principles and benefits of first-class life-insurance.

3rd. To obtain for Club members — men, women and young people — the best Endowment Policies in a reliable old-line Insurance Company, at the usual rate, but on easy monthly deposits, thus enabling many to take insurance who might not otherwise feel that they could do so.

SEE HOW EASILY YOU MAY BECOME A MEMBER.

If you are in good health and able to save a few dollars each month, you, and other members of your family, may enjoy the privileges of this financial fellowship and the advantages of Club membership, *no matter where you may live.*

WHAT CLUB MEMBERSHIP MEANS TO YOU.

If you are accepted as a member of the *Century Life-Insurance Club* your policy makes you at once an investing partner in an impregnable insurance institution, and entitles you to your share of the cash profits of the Company's monetary enterprises. A cash estate is immediately guaranteed to you, whether you live or die. Your money is neither risked nor spent. It is absolutely safe and profitably invested. If, after a specified time, misfortune or sickness comes, your policy may be counted on for immediate financial aid. At the end of the agreed period, if living, your money is handed back to you with interest.

MEMBERSHIP FEE ONLY $1.00.

A single Club membership fee of only $1.00 entitles you to all the privileges of the Club. It is used to cover interest on the deferred monthly deposits and to apply on the incidental expenses necessary to the maintenance of the Club. There are no further Club dues or assessments. This fee is not payable in advance, but at your convenience. The Club obtains for each member an unexcelled Endowment Policy for $1,000, or more, in one of the reliable Insurance Companies, **at the usual rate, but on small installments deposited monthly** for a few months, according to age — not a bit of strain or worry for the Club member. The membership fee also entitles you to receive free the Club emblem and the instructive Club-literature to be issued from time to time. Members may also avail themselves of the Club's Department of Expert Insurance Counsel, and are expected, when possible, to make themselves at home at the attractive Club-rooms in the heart of New York City, where every courtesy will be shown them

HOW TO JOIN.

Write at once for particulars, which will be promptly *mailed* you, together with a blank application for membership. In order that you may receive complete and personal information concerning the exceptional advantages afforded by the Club plan, **please do not fail to answer the two following questions in your first letter.**

1st. What is your occupation? 2nd. What is the exact date of your birth?

PROMPT ACTION ADVISED.

The Century Club makes highest grade insurance, together with many additional benefits and privileges, easily available for people of moderate income, who respond promptly to the Club opportunity.

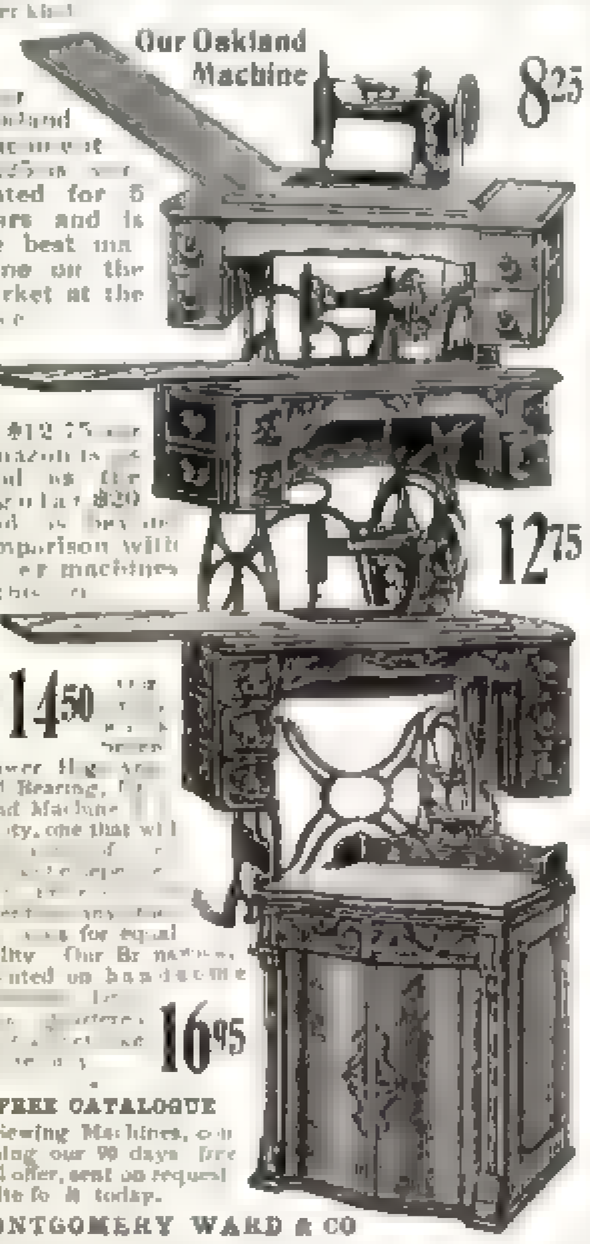
CENTURY LIFE-INSURANCE CLUB, Section X,
5, 7, and 9 East 42nd Street, New York.
RICHARD WIGHTMAN, Secretary.

FINANCIAL FELLOWSHIP

CLUB EMBLEM.

90 Days' Trial

We se[illegible] more reliable merchandise by mail than any ho[illegible] in the world. Volume of sales regulates prices [illegible] [illegible] undersell us on reliable goods, we refuse to handle th[illegible] other kind.



Our Oakland Machine 8^25^

Our Oakland Machine at $8.25 is warranted for 5 years and is the best machine on the market at the [illegible]

At $12.75 our Amazon is as good as the regular $20 kind. [illegible] comparison with other machines [illegible]

14^50^ [illegible] Drawer [illegible] Ball Bearing, [illegible] Head Machine [illegible] beauty, one that wi[illegible] [illegible] for equal quality. Our Br[illegible] mounted on handsome [illegible]

12^75^

16^95^

FREE CATALOGUE of Sewing Machines, containing our 90 days' free trial offer, sent on request. Write for it today.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO
Michigan Ave., Madison and Washington Sts., Chicago
32 years World's Headquarters for Everything. 45

I Am Teaching SHORTHAND

by a new, compact, simple method, far easier in [illegible] [illegible] better in practice [illegible] [illegible] other systems. If you will [illegible] me an hour a day for a few [illegible]ks, I will teach you this system and touch-typewriting in your own home and fit you to hold a first-class position.

I FURNISH THE USE OF A TYPEWRITER FREE

A high-grade machine, and make you choose in your [illegible]

LEARN SHORTHAND

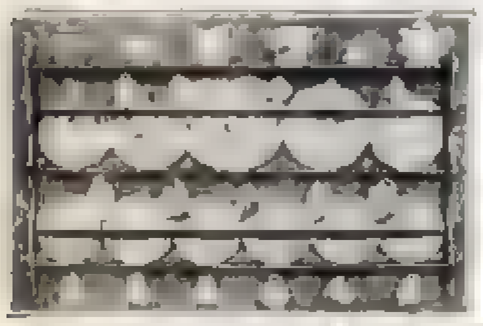
It opens the door to success. The [illegible] [illegible] tions, intelligent service. They are always searching for men and women whom they can trust and on whom they [illegible] is the confiden[illegible] [illegible] ties are great

I Secure Positions for Graduates

when they are fitted for them. Not a single one of my graduates is now unemployed. [illegible]

Morton MacCormac
MAC CORMAC CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Suite 930, 100 Washington St., Chicago

Our third BIG OFFER of XMAS GIFTS



EIGHT DOLLARS' WORTH FOR $4

This elegant $3.00 Ch[illegible] and 2 other articles of equal value and desirability

[illegible] 3 SHELF CHINA RACK [illegible] $3.00.
The latest "MISSION" STYLE TABOURETTE, [illegible] $2.00
The [illegible] **UMBRELLA and JARDINIERE STAND,** 30 inches high. Wrought [illegible] beautiful finish, price $3.00. **These three articles, carefully packed to the same or different addresses, for only $4.00.** Any two $3.00. *Order at once, offer [illegible]*

G. W. WEATHERBY & CO., 215 CLARK ST., CHICAGO

THEY FIT
H & P
GLOVES

FIT YOUR HAND
FIT YOUR FANCY
FIT YOUR PURSE

Styles for Men, Women and Children

The initials H & P on each button. If your dealer cannot supply you send to us.

Our booklet free on request.

Hutchens & Potter, 52 Fourth Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

"Now, see here, friends," he said good-naturedly, "you are all feeling badly because you had no share in this dividend, and personally I do not think it fair, either, and I will make you a proposition. The bonds you hold pay you only six per cent., and are selling at 108. Common stock, on which a quarterly dividend of fifty per cent. has just been paid, is selling at 1000. But to show that I want to do the square thing, I will exchange one share of my common stock for every two of your bonds."

The five pirates grasped his hand eagerly, and there were tears in their eyes.

"No matter what people may say," they cried, "we know you are a noble, self-sacrificing fellow."

"I knew that long ago," said John Henry with emotion, "but we are often maligned in this world."

But for some unknown reason the International Skull began to decline again. Some one was selling large quantities, which pressed the price down gradually to 600. When it had reached that figure John Henry went to Blackbeard.

"This is confidential," he said. "I have sold all my International Skull stock but one share. You have only one share. But we have all the bonds, and I have proxies enough to control the majority vote of stock. I think it is time to announce that on account of the activity of the allied navies there will be no more cruises by the associated pirates for three years."

"But in that case," said Blackbeard, "we cannot pay dividends or interest."

"Do we want to?" asked John Henry. "We own no stock, so dividends would do us no good, and why should we risk our ships for the benefit of the landlubbers. And we do own the bonds."

Blackbeard wrinkled his scarred forehead, and thought.

"And therefore," he said, "we want the interest on them paid."

"No," declared John Henry, "we don't want it paid. I see you have not yet mastered the mystery of finance. Our next move is to get rid of these stockholders and our associates."

Blackbeard licked his lips and drew his sword. "Good!" he shouted. "When shall I begin the slaughter?"

"Easy now!" said John Henry, "I am doing the slaughtering this time. It is my killing. All you have to do is to prevent any of our ships going to sea."

As might have been expected, the stock of the International Skull fell to the lowest price on record. Preferred sold for 3 and common for ½, and as the weeks dragged along the tone of the market became more and more cynical. There was no chance whatever that the interest on the bonds would be paid, and exactly one year after the formation of the International Skull and Cross Bones, Ltd., the bondholders foreclosed their mortgage and took entire possession of all the vessels, stores, trade-marks, good will and other property of the corporation.

John Henry Vandam and Blackbeard celebrated this happy consummation of their plans by a tremendous banquet. At least it was tremendous in its costliness, but it was attended by but two persons: John Henry Vandam and Blackbeard.

"And now," said John Henry, when cigars and coffee were in order, "you see the advantage of my method of doing business. We own the entire pirate business of the Western seas, and we are worth millions in glistening Spanish dollars. By your method, you robbed only a few stray vessels; by mine, we robbed our associates, our neighbors, the public and our friends. We will now reorganize the International Skull and Cross Bones, Ltd., and make more millions."

"Yes," admitted Blackbeard, "you are a better pirate than I am. But you must be more callous. I have a lurking desire to be admired, if only for my prowess, while you can surely only be reviled and hated."

John Henry lay back in his chair and laughed long and loud.

"Now that shows," he said, "that you can never really learn the ins and outs of finance. In a few weeks time I shall be the best-beloved man in all Belize. I mean to give the town a public library, an art gallery and a home for retired pirates, and the citizens will erect a monument to my memory when I die."

Blackbeard shook his head sadly.

"And I used to think I was something of a robber-king myself," he said with awe.

"Robber-king!" laughed John Henry. "Pshaw! Why, you were never anything but a pirate. I am a promoter, if you please."

But, of course, all this was in the early part of the eighteenth century.

How to Know Shakespeare

A knowledge of Shakespeare's plays is essential to the well-informed man or woman, but the ordinary edition is so defective in Notes and Glossaries that reading the plays becomes a difficult task instead of an enjoyable entertainment.

The New International Edition makes Shakespeare's plays pleasant reading. It has been edited and produced along modern lines and with the idea of giving the reader all the "helps" possible. It reproduces the famous Cambridge text—for forty years the most accurate text of the plays—to which have been added copious Notes, Comments and Glossaries explaining every difficult passage and obsolete word. For the purpose of acquiring a real and practical knowledge of Shakespeare's works this edition is far superior to every other edition in existence.

The International Edition

Sets in 13 Attractive Volumes

Shakespeare's Works—everything he wrote—are given complete, including the Sonnets and Poems. The set contains also a **Life of Shakespeare,** and much valuable critical material, such as essays on the plays and their place in literature. All recognized Shakespearian authorities are represented in the notes and explanatory matter, among them being Dowden, Johnson, Dyce, Malone, Coleridge, White and Hudson. A unique feature is a **Plan of Study** for each Play, outlining the best method of study and giving test questions. This is the only edition containing this feature. A complete **Topical Index,** by means of which the reader can find any desired passages in the Plays and Poems, is **sent free** with the set. The sets are in **thirteen (13)** attractive volumes—8 x 5¾ inches in size—containing more than 400 reproductions of antique wood-cuts and superb color plates. The volumes are bound in cloth and half leather.

Half-Price Offer Closing!

Through our Shakespeare Club you can obtain a set of this edition at half-price and on easy terms of payment, if you order at once. The regular price is $44.00 and $36.00—according to the binding. Our Club price is **$23.00 for a set in half leather** binding and **$19.00 for the cloth** binding, payable at the rate of $1.00 a month. If you ever expect to own a satisfactory edition of Shakespeare, or if you are accumulating a home library, you should not let this opportunity pass. The coupon will bring you a set for examination, and if it is not satisfactory you can return it at **our expense** without costing you a cent. This offer will not appear again, as only a few sets remain, and the Club is closing.

FREE We [illegible] send, free of charge, to each prompt sub[illegible] [illegible] Price Club ed[illegible] [illegible] ready for framing, entitled "[illegible]" [illegible] of reproductions by the duogra[illegible] great paintings of scenes from celebrated [illegible]ks. There are sixteen pictures, each 11 x 15 inches in [illegible]. Every picture is a splendid work of art, full of gra[illegible] and beauty. This portfolio alone sells for $8.00. In [illegible] to the Portfolio we send the Topical Index [illegible] Plan of [illegible] described above. The last two premiums cannot be purchased separate from the set for less than $6.00.

The University Society
78 Fifth Ave., New York

CUT THIS COUPON OFF

S. E. P.
[illegible]
The University Society
78 Fifth Ave.
New York

Please send me on approval, prepaid, a set of the **New International Shakespeare** in half leather. [illegible] [illegible]actory I agree to pay **$1 within 5 days and $1 per month** thereafter for 22 months. If not satisfactory I agree to return the set [illegible]

In ordering cloth, change 22 months to 18 months.
Not necessary to send coupon if The Saturday Evening Post is mentioned.

PANIC

Liveliest of Card Games

PANIC is a take-off on the Wall Street Stock Exchange. Full of de[illegible] excitement—Flurries, Corners, Failures and Fortunes. Fun and Noise from start to finish. Panic is played with a deck of 65 handsome cards representing 8 different kinds of Wall Street [illegible] with 8 cards each and **an extra card known as the "Panic."** [illegible] Ask for it of your dealer today. Copyrighted 1903.

PANIC CARD CO., Detroit, Mich., and Topeka, Kan.

All Business

No hazard, no experimenting. You hatch the most and brood the best with

The Successful

[illegible] incubator and brooder have proven their way. Prompt shipment of Eastern orders from our Buffalo house. Incubator Catalog free, with Poultry Catalog 10 cts.

Des Moines Inch. Co., Dept. 548, Des Moines, Ia.

AD-WRITERS

Should know about the journal that gives practical ideas, plans and suggestions for advertising, eighth year; 24 to 32 pp. monthly. Send today for free sample, or ten cents for four months' trial.

THE ADVERTISING WORLD, COLUMBUS, OHIO

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR INCOME?

[illegible] Is your business paying? If you have proper a[illegible]ing knowledge you can meet [illegible] [illegible] make for the greatest success [illegible] otherwise not [illegible] **Write immediately** for [illegible] Third Annual Announcement and other interesting data and take up the study of

ADVERTISING

When you graduate you will know How to **Write** advertisements,—Where and how to **Place** them to get **Results.**—How to turn inquiries from your advertisements into **Orders.** In a word, we equip you to become an

"The Mahin Method"

ADVERTISING MANAGER

We can put into your life and [illegible] without interfering with your vocation, the heaped up experience of the leading advertising experts of Chicago, the logical advertising center of the United States. Send at once for FREE TEST BLANK and full information.

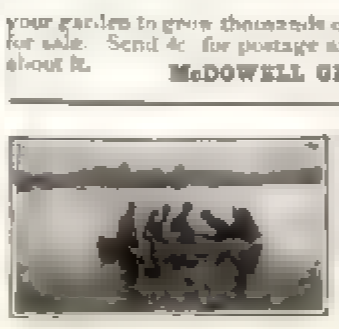
CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING

957 Williams Bldg., Cor. Fifth Ave. and Monroe St., Chicago

GINSENG

$[illegible] made from one [illegible] your garden to grow thousands of dollars' worth. Roots and Seeds for sale. Send 4c. for postage and get our booklet A-R telling all about it.

McDOWELL GINSENG GARDEN, Joplin, Mo.



[illegible] possible pleasure in boating [illegible] had with a King Folding Canvas [illegible] Adopted by the U. S. Army and Navy. Send 6c. for catalogue [illegible] 70 engravings.

King Folding Canvas Boat Co.
672 W. North St.
Kalamazoo, Mich., U. S. A.

"I 'scribe Shredded Wheat three times daily, like father does."

Doctors Counsel the Daily Use of

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT

because it is the all-nourishing food, made in the most hygienic and scientific Food Laboratory in the world. Only the most luxuriant kernels of wheat are used and these are thoroughly cleansed, washed in sterilized water and then thrice-cooked and spun into porous shreds, which give greater surface for the action of the digestive fluids than that given by any other food and which insures perfect digestion.

Sold by all grocers. Send for "The Vital Question" (Cook Book, illustrated in colors) **FREE**.

THE NATURAL FOOD CO., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

THE "ONEITA" PAT. APR. 25 1893

ONEITA Elastic Ribbed Union Suits

cover the entire body like an additional skin. Fitting like a glove, but softly and without pressure. *No buttons down the front.* Made for men, women and young people. Most convenient to put on, being entered at the top and drawn on like trousers. With no other kind of underwear can ladies obtain such a perfect fit for dresses or wear comfortably so small a corset. *Made in great variety of fabrics and weights.*

Sold by best dealers everywhere. Send for Illustrated Booklet.

ONEITA MILLS
Dep't Z
1 Greene Street, N. Y.

Unique Novelties in Watches for Ladies' Wear

For Sale by all Jewelers — Catalogs on Request

NEW ENGLAND WATCHES
Lead the World

In Diversity of Styles and in Quantity of Production

Solid Gold, Enamels, Silver, Gun Metal or Gold Filled Casings
Open Face or Hunting Cases

New England Watch Company

Offices: 37-39 Maiden Lane, New York.
131-137 Wabash Ave., Chicago.
Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco.

DO NOT STAMMER

Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D.D., LL. D., M. E. Church, Phila.; Bishop C. H. Fowler, D.D., LL. D., Buffalo, N. Y.; Hon. John Wanamaker, ex-Postmaster-General, Phila., heartily endorse the Phila. Institute—THE PIONEER STAMMERING SCHOOL. Illustrated 80-page book free. EDWIN S. JOHNSTON, Pres't and Founder, who cured himself after stammering 40 years. 1033, 1043 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

19th Year

Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

PEDIGREED CORN — You can breed corn like horses or cattle to any special use.

CHEMICAL analysis of the kernels of the seventh generation of pedigreed corn, bred for various special purposes, has resulted in some important discoveries which agricultural experts are prepared to furnish to practical farmers.

The investigations establish the fact that any one of six distinctly different physical parts of a corn kernel, every one of which has an individual chemical composition, may be developed by scientific cultivation. As the experiments disclose that considerable financial advantage will accrue to corn growers who will develop certain of these characteristics of the kernel, the work of the scientists, covering a period of several years, will commend itself to practical farmers.

For example, managers of hominy mills are anxious to have the percentage of oil reduced in corn, as this element in the kernel is frequently absorbed with other corn products to their injury in milling processes.

Scientific men have now found out how to decrease the percentage of oil, how to select seed having a high percentage of protein, and, in fact, how to master the cultivation of the crop so that any chemical constituent of the kernel can be developed for the purpose desired.

These scientists have divided the kernel into the tip-cap, the hull, the horny gluten, the horny starch, the crown-starch, the tip-starch and the germ, and by the simple use of a pocket knife these six parts have been separated into eight different products.

"It is certainly an interesting fact," said one of the experimenting scientists, "that there are so many different parts in a kernel of corn, and it is exceedingly useful to the practical farmer to be able, by mechanical examination of corn, not only to pick out high protein corn or high oil corn, as he may desire, but even to separate the several distinctly different parts from one another by purely mechanical means—to separate, for example, the horny gluten containing, in the high protein ear, nearly twenty-five per cent. of protein, and then the white, starchy parts, with only seven or eight per cent. of protein; or the germs containing about thirty-five per cent. of oil and ten per cent. of ash, and then the horny, starchy part containing less than twenty-five hundredths per cent. of either ash or oil."

As stated, all these investigations and discoveries have a definite economic application. The processes, however, by which the scientists have arrived at practical knowledge of the corn-kernel have been elaborate, and even included minute algebraic calculations.

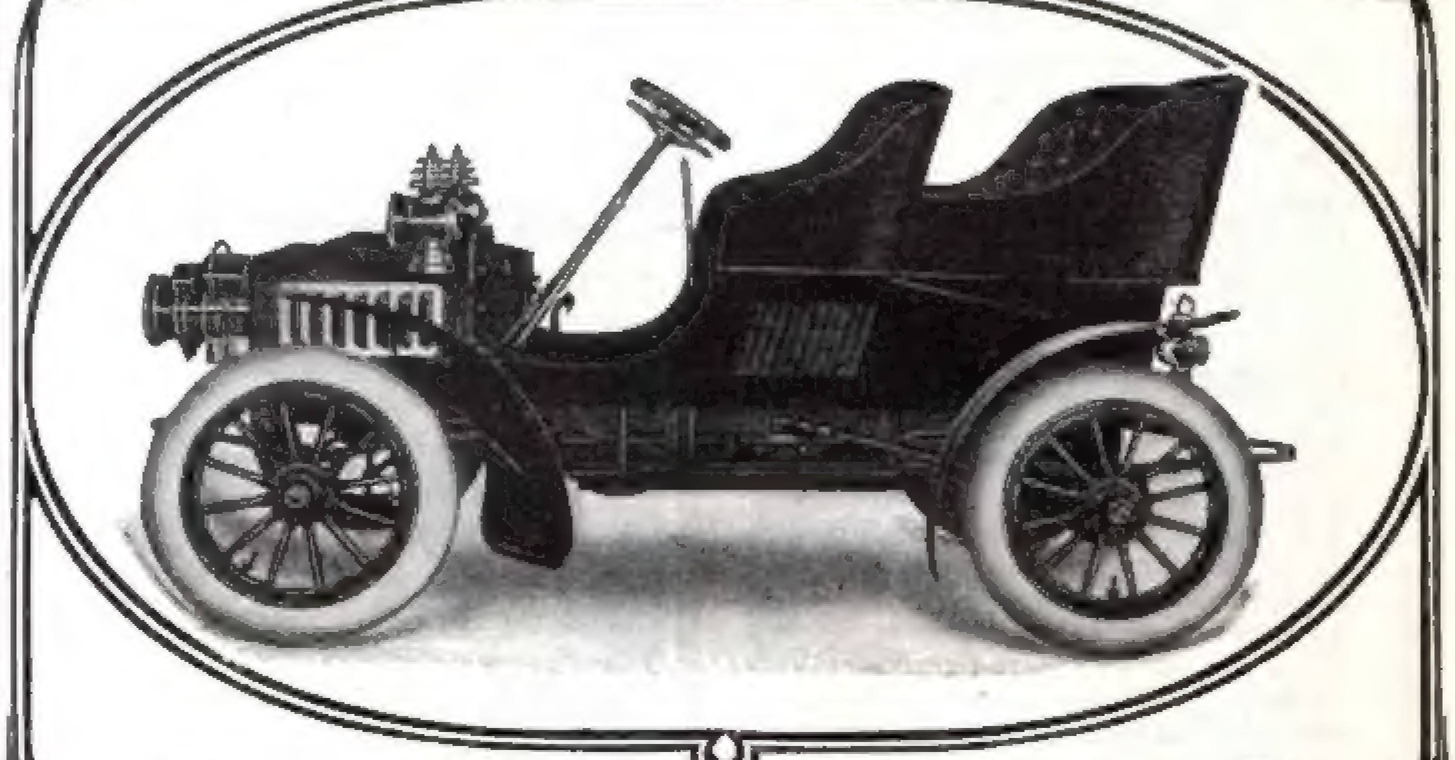
For some time it has been supposed by progressive corn growers that to secure a corn crop with a high per cent. of protein it was necessary only to select seed possessing large germs. Chemists now set forth that the germ is not an index of the protein contents, since it represents only twenty per cent. of the total protein in the kernel.

It is now announced that inspection of the horny gluten, or aleurone layer, in keeping with the recent scientific discoveries will enable any farmer to select seed which without fail will insure him a crop valuable for its high percentage of protein.

A very important item in the conclusions reached as a result of experiments is that the correlation between oil and protein in the kernel is very slight. Thus, the farmer may select seed which will yield him corn valuable for its protein, and which at the same time will be low in oil, an ideal product which many American mills have been endeavoring to procure.

In Illinois, under the direction of Dr. Cyril C. Hopkins and other scientific men, corn has been bred to demonstrate that by intelligent cultivation the parts of the kernel that yield the oil can be minimized while those that produce protein can be developed. They have clearly demonstrated that one may be developed without the other—a fact, as indicated, of great commercial importance.

On the other hand, for purposes in which the oil in the corn is desired, the kernels can be developed accordingly. The same principle applies to all the parts of the kernel, so that the corn grower of the future, deciding as to the special market demands he wishes to meet, can determine by seed selection the chemical output of his crop.



Rambler

Tonneau Touring Car

The strongest and most powerful car of its weight; nothing equal to it, either in power or appearance, sold for less than $2,500.00. 1904 Model "K" Rambler, sixteen actual horse power, carrying five persons, complete with brass headlight; brass oil side lights and brass horn,

$1200.00 AT THE FACTORY

Model "L" exactly like Model "K," but fitted complete with canopy top, curtains, plate glass swinging front, lamps, horn and side baskets,

$1350.00 AT THE FACTORY

All Rambler Cars are controlled by one lever; have full elliptic springs; two powerful brakes, one on transmission, the other on each rear wheel. Models "J," "K" and "L" have thirty inch wheels and large tires; eighty-four inch wheel base; two cylinder opposed engine; all models have positive wheel steering device; French style bonnet; pressed steel hood.
Shall we send you complete illustrated catalogue explaining each special point of Rambler superiority?

THOMAS B. JEFFERY & COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

Chicago Branch
304 Wabash Avenue

Boston Branch
145 Columbus Avenue

SAVE MAGAZINE MONEY

Any magazine or periodical at lowest prices—much lower maybe than you believe possible.

Our Large Catalogue, FREE

Contains a list of about 3,000 periodicals at lowest prices, tells how our system saves you subscription money, and includes much valuable information, that all magazine readers should have. Our 44-page catalogue containing all subscription offers is sure to interest you. A postal card brings it to your door.

BETTER WRITE TO-DAY

J. M. HANSON'S MAGAZINE AGENCY
210 HANSON BLOCK
LEXINGTON, KY.

Have Your Stationery Stamped

Monogram Dies $1.25 to $5.00
Address Dies $1.00 up

Stamping in colors, 10c. per quire.
Stamping in silver or gold, 20c. per quire.

Social Correspondence Papers in Exclusive Styles.
All that is best at

HOSKINS
904-906 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA
SEND FOR SAMPLES

AN EDUCATION WITHOUT CASH

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school—we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

Would you like the services of a bright, energetic man with the best training as a correspondent and ad-writer?

Several of the men whom I have been training in the advertising course of The American School of Applied Arts are now fully qualified to take on the duties of advertising manager and writer in mercantile and manufacturing lines.

These men have been book-keepers, stenographers, office men and salesmen, and they are perfectly willing to make themselves generally useful—not confining their work to the advertising department. They are willing to do whatever their abilities will permit to help the business in which they find employment.

They are much better than the average, and if you have had anything like my own experience in finding good men you should be glad to know of these.

If you will state your requirements and the salary you will pay I will recommend the right man for the right place. No charge for it—no obligation to me. I am interested in seeing my students properly placed.

If you want to know how to do your advertising at less cost, if you wish to become an advertising writer or manager at $20.00 to $100.00 weekly, if you wish to gain knowledge that will positively increase your salary or income, if you wish your son or daughter to learn a dignified and quickly-profitable profession, send three 2c stamps for handsome 60-page prospectus, telling "Who Should Study Advertising," "Why Advertising Should Be Studied," "Why and How Advertising Can Be Taught," and booklets, "The Ill-fortunes of Brother Bill," "Other People's Brains" and "How Shall a Young Man Succeed."

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES
180 William St. New York

CARICATURE

Cut this out, mail it with your name and address. You will receive a beautiful illustrated book, and **FREE** lesson, with photos of prominent artists at work.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF CARICATURE
Studios, 1st Floor, World Bldg., N. Y. Dan McCarthy, Director

TELEGRAPHY

quickly taught. Situations secured for graduates. Established 31 years. Send for illustrated catalog.

VALENTINES' SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, Janesville, Wis.

Following the Circus

(Continued from Page 9)

(thimble-riggers and the like)—might be found?" The manager kept his temper and informed him that big circuses no longer carried "lucky boys." When the city father's incredulity had at last been changed to mere anger and disgust—"Well, why *don't* you have them?" he asked. "What are you in business for? You're not running a Sunday-school, are you?" Nor is this particular case in any way unique. It is the expression of a state of things so common as to be driving many of the smaller shows back to crookedness. "They take it out of us just as if we were phoney," they will tell you. "So we might as well have the phoney men, and then take it out of them!"

Civic corruption is no mere passive evil, as the let-alones would have it to be. It is active; it grows with what it feeds on; it is a plague which must have all it touches become body and bone of itself.

But what place, you may ask, has all this in a series of articles upon the life of the circus? There is little in this of the merry quips and quirks of the clown, and the snapping crack of the ringmaster's whip, and the queer life behind the scenes—clown and ringmaster will follow in their turn. And before we joined we heard much from those who did not know of that life behind the scenes: "You'll see the shady side of things," we were told. We saw behind the scenes—we saw the shady side of things. It was not in the circus life, however—which was wholesome and honest and hard-working beyond belief—but in the government of almost every second town we visited. We saw and heard things in that quarter which we shall remember when we have forgotten all the rest. We learned what it was to have to stand by and see the pistol of the jeering brigand put to the head of men whom we knew for the very best sort in the world. And this not in Sicily or Albania, but in America, to Americans, in 1903! The preceding articles of this series have largely treated of the circus as a great business striving in every way toward perfection in management. Do you think there is no connection between a business and the surroundings in which it must live and grow? Do you think the container does not affect the thing contained?

But there is a larger side of it than that. It is now past any doubt that one of the "things to be done over again" by these United States is this matter of municipal government. From the circus comes the testimony that the North cannot point at the South, nor the East at the West. And it ought to be the duty of every man who has seen for himself, to work, yes, and to cry shame, until the country awakens and confesses into what a pass it has come, and resolves with its all-powerful heart and mind to change this thing for something better.

* * *

Hoaxed by His Own Hoax

STRANGERS in New York always notice and comment on the childlike curiosity of the crowds on Broadway. New Yorkers will stop and look at anything, from the hoisting of a safe to the uplifting of a fallen horse, and they chase fire engines like boys.

A famous incident of this sort of thing is related by some of the older bankers. When Rufus Hatch was in his prime there was a little restaurant downtown where the men of finance took luncheon. Hatch went in one day and found every table occupied. He was in a hurry. There seemed to be no chance. So he said to the man in charge, loud enough to be heard all over the small room: "Terrible accident down at the Battery."

"What?" asked the manager.

"Full-rigged ship has just gone down in the channel with a lot of people on board."

There was an immediate rush for the door. Tables were deserted and the men who were eating ran pell-mell down Broadway. Hatch sat down and ate a quiet luncheon. Then he paid his check and went out. The street was full of people running toward the Battery.

"What's the matter?" asked Hatch.

"Ship gone down with a lot of people on board!" gasped a runner.

"Gracious!" shouted Hatch, "is that so? I must see that," and he, too, ran down the street, hoaxed by his own hoax.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

UNITED STATES COURT

THE UNITED STATES COURT
RECOGNIZES AND ACCEPTS EDWARD T. PAGE AS AN EXPERT

On Thursday, October 29th, 1903, the United States Government called Edward T. Page, of the Page-Davis Original School of Advertising, to testify as an expert in Advertising Instruction, before Judge Archibald, of the United States District Court of the middle district of Pennsylvania.

This is the first instance on record in which the United States Government has ever officially recognized any man as an expert in Advertising Instruction, and it is only natural that the honor should fall to one of the founders of the first and most substantial school of Advertising in the world.

We quote from a newspaper report of Mr. Page's testimony. "He distinguished between two classes of correspondence instruction, viz., definite information and development of a man's faculties."

Witness testified that the first was simply a matter of giving information in printed form, while the second is made up of personal correction and criticism. The first is not personal instruction while the second is. Entrust your modern advertising training, your modern business education in the hands of experts. It is only such instructors who can place in your possession a power and qualification that will enable you to earn a hundred dollars a month to a hundred dollars a week. The Page-Davis School is a success. Page-Davis graduates are a success. Business men throughout the country are asking for "A Page-Davis man."

Full particulars mailed free on request.

Page-Davis Company Suite 18, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago, or Suite 15, 150 Nassau St., New York City

"The Advertising School that Graduates Experts"

We Send It FREE For Trial
Hurry Up I Want My Vapor Shower

You'll Never Bathe Again The Old Way

If you once try the new way—**the only way** to get real **comfort and enjoyment in bathing.** To prove it

We will send our

Perfection Vapor Shower Bath

—FREE—

for fifteen days' free trial, all charges prepaid. Try it for fifteen days; if you are then willing to be without it, send it back **at our expense.**

In country places where the water supply is limited it is perfect. Half-a-dozen people can enjoy a perfect bath, using less water than one would do with the old kind of tub bath.

It is the only perfect shower bath made that can be put up anywhere by anyone in a few minutes **(no plumber needed)**, yet is as handsome and serviceable as a plumbed-in shower which costs three times as much. It is a shower and vapor bath in one, and the only invention that will enable you to take **a complete Turkish Bath at Home.**

A shower invigorates the system, soothes the nerves, braces up the whole body and prevents colds. The Perfection Vapor Shower Bath will improve anybody's health. If you try it once you will never be without it. It saves time—no waiting for the tub to fill, is self-cleansing, saves water bills, needs but little hot water and is fitted with a douche. It can be used wherever there is running water, **even without a bath-tub**, and anyone can put it up.

To persuade you to try it at once, we will send you the complete attachment, ready to put up, charges prepaid. Try it fifteen days without paying us a cent. If, at the end of that time, you do not think it is worth fully the price we ask for it, return it at our expense. The risk is all ours, none of it yours.

Write for our new book, "THE STORY OF A PERFECT BATH," beautifully illustrated from life, sent **free** on request.

VAPOR SHOWER BATH CO.
606 L Granite Building ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Heeb System of Teaching by Correspondence

CARTOONISTS ILLUSTRATORS

Attain proficiency through our personal instruction. Your success is assured by the evidence of thousands of students' success. The original school in this line will send free **"PROFITS FOR ILLUSTRATORS,"** if you write for it to-day, informing us whether you desire to become a Cartoonist or Illustrator. It is full of information.

If you are specially interested in Law, Pharmacy, Stenography, Bookkeeping, Mechanical Drawing, Letter Writing, Mathematics, or Penmanship, we will send you our CATALOGUE FREE if you write us, stating which subject interests you. It will convince you of the thoroughness and careful attention we give each student.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
30 North Pa. St., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

SUCCESS SHORTHAND

LEARN

Taught by mail under the direction of the most successful firm of shorthand reporters in the world. They teach you by mail the same system they use. Write to-day for our book "Success Shorthand System."

WALTON, JAMES & FORD
Suite 30 77-79 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Lambert Records Don't Break

Clear, bright and pleasing. **50c each, $5.00 a dozen by mail, prepaid.** You've had trouble with other cylinder records. A trial order will convince you of all we claim for ours. No matter what kind of machine you have we can furnish you with records. Write for machine and record catalogue B. **Wahl-Gaasch Co.,** Indianapolis, Ind., LaFayette, Ind., Cincinnati, O.

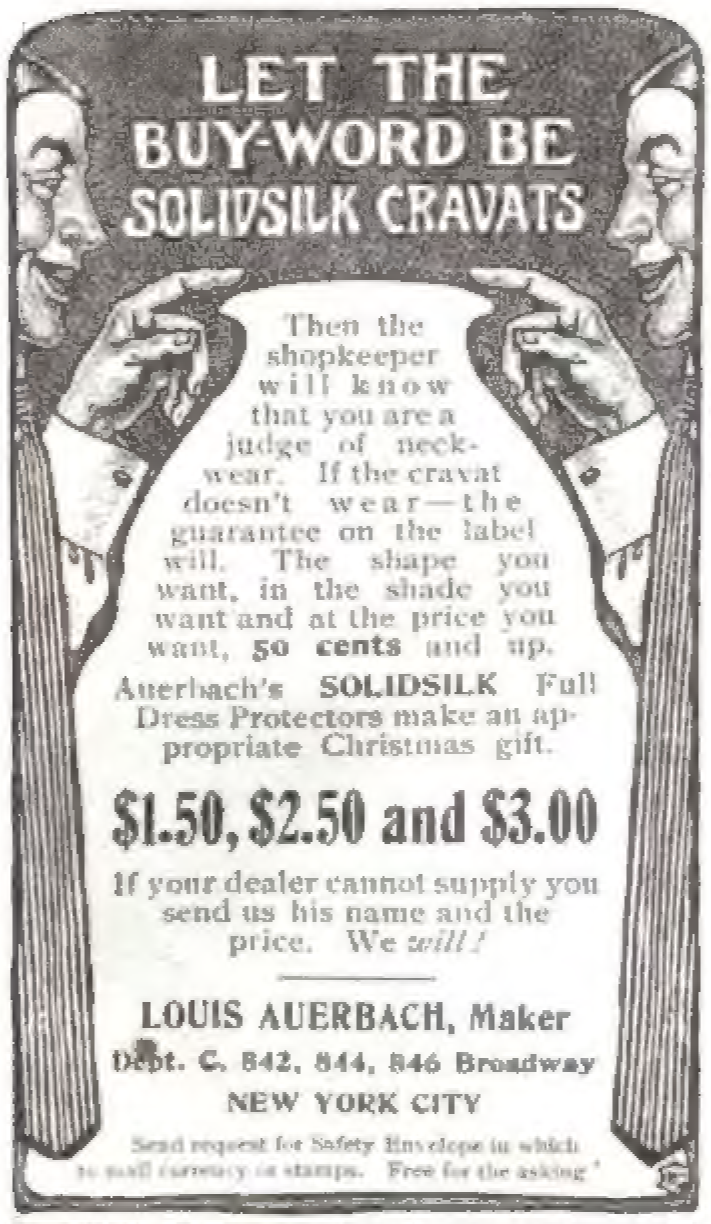
BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms. Lyon & Healy "Own-Make" Instruments are preferred by Thomas Orchestra, Banda Rossa, Mascagni, etc. Lowest prices. Big Catalog; 1000 illustrations; *mailed free;* it gives instructions for amateur bands.

LYON & HEALY, 10 Adams St., Chicago

Cape May as a Winter Resort

Cape May is growing rapidly in favor as an all-the-year-around resort. Several good hotels remain open all Winter—the Windsor and Aldine, which have fine sun parlors, the Chalfonte and the Ebbitt. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company runs daily parlor cars between Philadelphia and Cape May.


LET THE BUY-WORD BE SOLIDSILK CRAVATS

Then the shopkeeper will know that you are a judge of neckwear. If the cravat doesn't wear—the guarantee on the label will. The shape you want, in the shade you want and at the price you want, **50 cents** and up.

Auerbach's **SOLIDSILK** Full Dress Protectors make an appropriate Christmas gift.

$1.50, $2.50 and $3.00

If your dealer cannot supply you send us his name and the price. We *will!*

LOUIS AUERBACH, Maker
Dept. C. 842, 844, 846 Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

Send request for Safety Envelope in which to mail currency or stamps. Free for the asking.

Winter Tours of the Hamburg-American Line

During JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH

TO THE WEST INDIES

By Palatial Twin-Screw Steamer

Prinzessin Victoria Luise

Cruises of 25 to 28 days' duration, costing from $200 and $250 upward.

Send for Booklet.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
35-37 Broadway, New York
159 Randolph St., Chicago 1229 Walnut St., Phila.

BECOME A NURSE

No occupation open to women can compare with that of the trained nurse. It is elevating, enjoyable work—graduates earning $15 to $30 a week. We teach this profession by mail. An attractive booklet which clearly defines the scope of our courses and the nature of our work will be sent without expense to interested readers.

CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING,
105 Main Street, Jamestown, N. Y.

Tell the World

We teach **Journalism, Story-Writing,** and **Illustrating,** by mail. On request, we will send you a free booklet fully describing any course, and the achievements of its graduates; or a free booklet, telling how we sell **MSS.** to exclusive publishers or to nearly 2,000 publishers by **Syndicate Sheets;** and how we criticise, revise, and prepare **MSS.** for publication.

THORNTON WEST, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF; FOUNDED, 1895.
NATIONAL PRESS ASS'N, 67 The Baldwin, INDIANAPOLIS

THE COST

(*Continued from Page 11*)

Scarborough abruptly rose and stood at the window, staring out.

After a pause Pauline said, in a rush, "And he came here last fall and we got married."

There was a long silence.

"It was *dreadful*, wasn't it?" she said in the tone of one who has just made an awful discovery.

Scarborough did not answer.

"I never realized till this minute," she went on after a while. "Not that I'm sorry or that I don't—don't *care*—just as I always did. But somehow, telling it out loud to some one else has made me see it in a different light. It didn't seem like treachery to them—to father and mother—then. It hasn't seemed like a—a marriage—*really* marriage—until now."

Another long silence. Then she burst out appealingly: "Oh, I don't see how I'm ever going to tell them!"

Scarborough came back to his chair and seated himself. His face was curiously white. His voice was unnatural as he said: "How old is he?"

"Twenty-five," she replied, then instantly flared up, as if he had attacked Dumont: "But it wasn't his fault—not in the least. I knew what I was doing—and I wanted to do it. You mustn't get a false impression of him, Hampden. You'd admire and respect him. You—any one—would have done as he did in the same circumstances." She blushed slightly. "You and he are ever so much alike—even in looks. It was the things in you that are like him that made me tell you, that made me like you as I have—and trust you."

Scarborough winced. Presently he said: "Yet you regret ——"

"No—no!" she protested almost vehemently. "I do *not* regret marrying him. That was certain to be sooner or later. All I regret is that I did something that seems underhanded. Perhaps I'm really only sorry I didn't tell them as soon as I'd done it."

She waited until she saw that he was not going to speak.

"And now," she said, "I don't know *how* to tell them." Again she waited, but he did not speak, continued to look steadily out into the sky. "What do you think?" she asked nervously. "But I can see without your saying. Only I—wish you'd *say* it."

"No, I don't condemn you," he said slowly. "I know you. *You* couldn't possibly do anything underhanded. If you'd been where you'd have had to conceal it directly, face to face, from some one who had the right to know—you'd never have done it." He rested his arms on the table and looked straight at her. "I feel I must tell you what I think. And I feel, too, it wouldn't be fair and honest if I didn't let you see why you might not want to take my advice."

She returned his gaze inquiringly.

"I love you," he went on calmly. "I've known it ever since I missed you so at the Christmas holidays. I love you for what you are, and for what you're as certain to be as—as a rosebud is certain to be a full-blown rose. I love you as my father loved my mother. I shall love you—always." His manner was calm, matter-of-fact; but there was in his musical, magical voice a certain quality which set her nerves and her blood suddenly to vibrating. She felt as if she were struggling in a great sea—the sea of his love for her—struggling to reach the safety of the shore.

"Oh—I *wish* you hadn't told me!" she exclaimed.

"Suppose I hadn't; suppose you had taken my advice? No"—he shook his head slowly—"I couldn't do that, Pauline—not even to win you."

"I'm sorry I said anything to you about it."

"You needn't be. You haven't harmed yourself. And maybe I can help you."

"No—we won't talk of it," she said—she was pressing her hand on her bosom where she could feel her wedding-ring. "It wouldn't be right, now. I don't wish your advice."

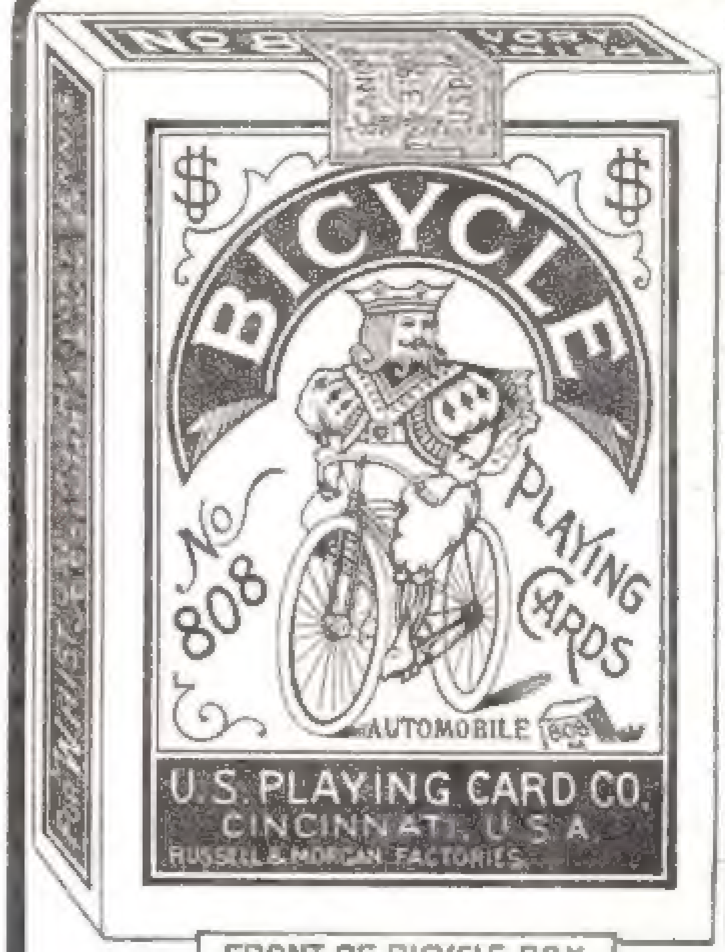
"But I must give it. I'm years and years older than you—many, many years more than the six between us. And ——"

"I don't wish to hear."

"For his sake, for your own sake, Pauline, tell them! And they'll surely help you to wait till you're older before you do anything—irrevocable."

"But I care for him," she said angrily. "You forget *that*. It *is* irrevocable now. And I'm glad it is!"

"You *like* him. You don't *love* him. And—he's not worthy of your love. I'm



FRONT OF BICYCLE BOX.

NEW FAN BACK. Order by name.

Bicycle Playing Cards

High in quality, low in price. Favorites from Greenland to Australia—because the best. Dealers everywhere have them.

Hoyle for 10c. in stamps and this coupon—128 pages. Address Department 27.

The United States Playing Card Co.
Cincinnati, U. S. A.

Duplicate Whist—a sensible sort of recreation for the business man or woman. Strengthens the memory, develops good judgment and accurate inference. Played with Paine's Duplicate Whist Trays. Lessons free with each set. Write us.

OUR PREMIUMS ARE OUR SALESMEN
TRADE MARK
ESTABLISHED 1837
One of over 200 Walker Premiums

$20 worth for $10

For every $10 you spend with us we give you $20 in value. We can do this because we are manufacturers and importers and sell you our goods direct, saving you all dealers' profits. This saving we give to you in a premium equal in value to the amount you spend with us. Thus the $10 chiffonier illustrated we give you free with $10 worth of our goods—Soaps, Washing Powder, Starch, Toilet Supplies, Teas, Coffees, etc., etc. This is The

WALKER PLAN

Our Book L which we send free shows over 200 other premiums, gives prices and descriptions of our goods, and full details of The Walker Plan—how to form a Walker Club, etc. Remember that if you cannot use enough of our goods to get the premium you want, you can sell the goods to your friends and neighbors. Write for Book L today.

Address
W. & H. WALKER
PITTSBURG, PA.

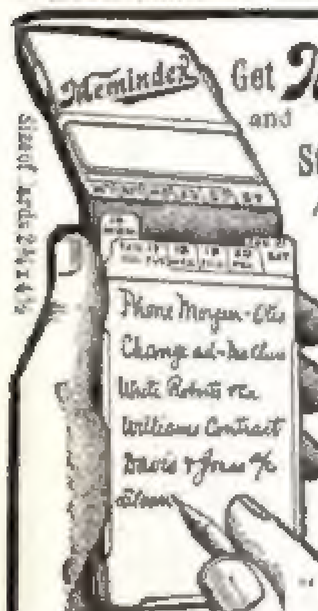
This Chiffonier is made of oak throughout, and stands 4 ft. 4 in. high, 2 ft. 9 in. wide, 18 in. deep; surmounted by an ornamental cornice top; panel sides; contains five roomy, easy-running, dust-proof drawers fitted with locks and keys; nicely finished in golden oak; casters.

$175. FOR A NAME

We need a distinctive COINED NAME for the ART of the CRAFTSMAN WORKSHOPS
Send 2-cent stamp for brochure illustrating and explaining briefly the art to be named

GUSTAV STICKLEY, No. 233 The Craftsman Building, **SYRACUSE, N. Y.**

ORDER NOW—cards for rest of this year FREE



Get **Memindex** NOW and

Start the New Year Right

A wonderful help to all busy people. Used by leading business men all over the U.S. More useful than any Memo. book or other card index. Handier, quicker. "It fills a long-felt want." Elegant vest-pocket case carries dated cards for 2 or 4 weeks ahead; extra cards for special Memos. A fresh card for every day in the year—in neat card-index cabinet on the desk with Memos. for the year. "Handiest thing I ever had."

NO MORE FORGETTING

An always-with-you Automatic Tickler. Reminds you to do things at right time. To-day's card always at front. No leaves to turn. No dead matter. The practical system for memoranda. Invaluable to all business men and all who would be prompt, systematic or successful. Cow-seal leather case, cabinet and cards for 1904, **$2.00.** Russia leather case, polished cabinet, $2.50. Real seal case, selected cabinet, $3.00. All complete, express paid; rest of this year free.

Helps you—To plan your work, to work your plan, to accomplish more in a day, find Memos. wanted, form the systematic habit. Ag'ts wanted.

Howard L. Wilson, Mfr.
67 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

Benjamin Franklin says:
"An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest."

Thomas A. Edison says:
"I consider the Electrical Engineer Institute as conducted by Messrs. Wetzler and Martin to be of great value to those who desire an electrical education."

WE TEACH

the practical experience of practical experts. Our correspondence courses in

ENGINEERING

enable ambitious men to better themselves in salary and position. You have just as good a chance to be successful as the successful student who profited by our correspondence instruction—and we have many of them. Satisfy yourself as to what we and you can do by writing at once for our interesting illustrated book, 80 pages, sent free to any address. It contains valuable hints, also information regarding our courses in

Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Steam Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Telephony, Telegraphy, Electric Lighting, Electric Railways, Electric Motorman's Course, Mathematics, Short Electrical Course, Dynamo Tenders' Course, X-Rays.

The Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction
Dept. 35, 240-242 West 23d Street, NEW YORK

Manager Wanted

Who can earn an income of $2,000 to $15,000 per annum, according to territory and ability. Our firm has grown to such magnitude that we now need a competent resident-manager in every county in the United States. In associating yourself with us you are entering the employ of the largest, most prominent and wealthiest concern of its kind in the United States, a firm whose references include National Banks and Commercial Agencies. The man we want as manager must qualify in accordance with our requirements; he must be a man of the highest character, able to furnish the best of references and bond if necessary; must be thoroughly in earnest, energetic, and a success in his present occupation. Special arrangements can be made by which our work can be done in connection with the applicant's occupation, thus opening up an opportunity to lawyers, physicians, clergymen and persons now holding other positions. Address application to

"MANAGER," Box 1,416, New York City.

WHAT IS YOUR SALARY?

"The Makin Method"

Always "New Worlds to Conquer"

Why not increase it as hundreds of successful graduates have done? We teach *ADVERTISING* by mail. Show you how to develop **your own business** or fit you for good positions. The demand for **competent** advertising men exceeds the supply. Don't waste your time—**pay a little more and get the best.** Send today for FREE test blank and 5th Annual Announcement.

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING
1073 Williams Building
Cor. Fifth Ave. and Monroe St., Chicago

Are Your Legs Straight?

If not they will appear straight and trim if you wear our easy Pneumatic and Cushion-Rubber Forms. (Patents applied for throughout the world.) Adjusted instantly; defy detection. Immediately adopted by men of fashion. Write for full description, mailed under plain letter seal. **HENDERSON & HENDERSON, Inc.,** Dept. L 2, Buffalo, N. Y.

sure it isn't prejudice that makes me say it. If he were, he'd have waited——"

She was on her feet, her eyes blazing. "I asked for advice, not a lecture. I *despise* you! Attacking the man I love—and behind his back! I prefer to be alone."

He rose but met her look without flinching. "You can send *me* away," he said gently, "but you can't send away my words. And if they're true you'll feel them when you get over your anger. You'll do what you think is right. But—be *sure*, Pauline. Be *sure!*" In his eyes there was a look—the secret altar with the never-to-be-extinguished flame upon it.

Her anger fell; she sank, forlorn, into a chair. For both, the day had shriveled and shadowed. And as he turned and left the room the warmth and joy died from air and sky and earth for him; he felt the latent chill—it seemed not a reminiscence of winter past but the icy foreboding of winter just closing in.

When Olivia came back that evening from shopping in Indianapolis she found her packing.

"Is it something from home?" she asked, alarmed.

"No—but I'm going home—to stay—going in the morning. I've telegraphed them."

"To stay!"

"Yes—I was married to Jack—here—last fall."

"You—*married!* To *John Dumont*—you, only seventeen—oh, Pauline——" And Olivia burst into tears for the first time since she was a baby.

Scarborough was neither at supper nor at breakfast—she did not see him again.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* * *

The Best Asset

CHARACTER is above everything else the most important factor in achieving success.

The young man should guard it as the most precious asset he can possibly possess with which to commence, as well as to finish, his career.

Great brains with little character do not count for much in the long run in competition with moderate brains and high character.

Absolute loyalty to his employer—whether it be a corporation or an individual—and the constant manifestation of a desire to do the best he knows how to advance the work or interests intrusted to him are essential.

This is an almost certain road to advancement for himself, for corporations as well as individual employers are generally on the lookout for young men of character and fidelity to duty in their employ, with a view to their promotion.

A young man should be satisfied to fill the niche he occupies until he raises himself to a higher one, and not to try to appear to fill another than that in which he is actually placed.

No end of men wreck their careers by endeavoring to lead a life which is a lie. They would wish to be considered richer, or more important in the world, than they really are, and this leads to their downfall.

A young man should make it a cardinal principle of his life to act and be what he is, and not pretend to be somebody else, whom he knows very well he is not.

He should be careful in the selection of his companionship and friends. Men are judged largely by the company they keep. The maxim that "birds of a feather flock together" is as true to-day as it ever was.

The young man should not, in the outset of his life, make the mistake of believing that the mere accumulation of wealth constitutes success. He who bends all of his energies to that one end pays the penalty at the close of life, even if successful in its accomplishment, of finding himself possessed of a mind sordid and narrow, with all the finer and lovable qualities of his nature either extinguished, or dwarfed to such a degree as to be scarcely visible by his friends.

If, on the other hand, as he journeys along life's highway he will look about, it will not be difficult for him to discover many landscapes which offer delightful views to contemplate besides that of piled-up money bags. Hence my advice is that he mix with labor a fair share of the rational pleasures of life, and not wait until he is *sans* teeth, *sans* taste, *sans* smell and *sans* sight, under the delusion that there is plenty of time to enjoy himself after he has become old.

—*Lambert Tree.*

WINTON
1904 MODEL
TOURING CAR

THE new model *Winton Touring Car* is a real beauty in every line of construction and finish. It combines ever so many improved features of superior excellence. It is not a combination of fads and there is not a "freaky" characteristic in its organism.

Any one of our branch managers or selling agents throughout North America will be glad to convince, by actual demonstration, that the New Winton Touring Car is far-and-away the best automobile ever produced in America.

Don't miss our special exhibit at the National Auto Show, Madison Square Garden, New York, week of January 16th. It will interest you. Our new catalog fully illustrates the 1904 model.

The Winton Motor Carriage Co.
Cleveland, O., U. S. A.

Sensible Home Exercise

Successfully Taught by Mail

Unless you are seriously sick, we can plan for you, without apparatus, (and instruct you by mail), a series of sensible, scientific, rational, easy-to-do, at-home exercises, which will make you healthier, stronger, and happier, supply physical deficiencies, and enable each organ to better perform its full duty. **We exploit no fad or one-idea system, and have no apparatus to sell.** Our series of exercises is individual and personally adapted to your needs, and under the personal direction of Jay W. Seaver, A. M., M. D., Director of Physical Culture, (for twenty years), at Yale University, assisted by experts of international reputation.

Drop postal for full information. Don't send stamp.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE, 29 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Spare-Time Work for Boys

WE WILL PROVIDE not only the work but the capital to start any bright boy making money after school hours and on Saturdays. SEVEN THOUSAND BOYS are doing so each week. Some are making $15.00 a week or more.

We want 1000 new boys to act as agents for

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

We will send the first week's supply of 10 copies entirely without charge, to be sold at 5 cents each. After that at the special wholesale price. The work is easy. No money required to start.

If you will try it write and we will send you next week's supply and full instructions, including a booklet written by our boys telling how they made successes.

The Curtis Publishing Company, 425 Arch Street, Philadelphia

$300 IN CASH and a Trip to the ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR Next Summer to those boys who do good work Next Month.

INVENTIONS

patented and sale undertaken if patent is obtained through us. 20 years' experience. Send for booklet.

PATENT DEVELOPMENT COMPANY OF AMERICA
180 Broadway, New York City

300 FOREIGN STAMPS, 10c. 104 var. from Malta, Bulgaria, etc., **10c. 200** var. **25c. 300** var. **50c. 500** var. **$1.25. 1000** var. **$4.70. 40** var. U. S. **10c.** 32-page list free. Agents wanted. Stamps on approval at 50 per cent. **L. CROWELL STAMP CO.,** 514 Caxton Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.